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THE NEW RELIGIONS OF AMERICA

JULES BOIS

AMERICAN civilization is commonly regarded as essentially materialistic. It is said of us that we have contributed little or nothing to philosophy and to religion. Our symbolic products are Ford cars and standard plumbing fixtures. . . . And yet no people of modern times have struggled so poignantly to find spiritual expression. The evidence to this is ample, but unrecognized. That Americans are church-goers and, in large measure, members of the various orthodox Christian churches, everyone knows. But outside the orthodox ranks there are thousands, even millions groping toward God, — struggling to relate themselves to the Infinite in some way that is satisfying to them. Out of these struggles have arisen the many new religions of America. Often the butt of the ridicule of the orthodox and skeptical, these religions have, nevertheless, grown and prospered; whereas in other countries, the confessors of minor faiths number only hundreds and thousands, in America they number thousands and millions! Beginning in this number with the little-known Pentecostal Movement, popularly called Holy Rollers, M. Bois will discuss each one of the new religions of America with sympathetic understanding, pointing out that in spite of extravagance and hysteria, there is in each a modicum of healthy undertone and at least some one thing which the rest of us may learn to our profit.

I — THE HOLY ROLLERS

The American Dervishes

AS in Arabian Nights, I, a disguised Sultan, with my two favorite viziers, — the one a psychiatrist and the other a theologian, — sallied forth at eve into Brooklyn, in quest of a Holy Rollers meeting. How far away from feverish New York and scintillating Broadway we felt ourselves in the

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dismal district crossed by the interminable Myrtle Avenue! The night was dull. So poorly twinkled the electric lamps that entire blocks were obliterated in sinister obscurity. Dampness the invisible demon in the air, chilled us to the bone. Here and there floated before our eyes decrepit phantoms of low wooden or brick houses, with junk shops, notions stores, scanty poolrooms, and old time melancholy saloons. Sometimes impersonal buildings suggested fantastic garages, factories, or walled garbage heaps.

At a cross-corner of Myrtle Avenue a dim electric sign cried faintly the legend "Mission." In this shabby building we detected at last a church of the Holy Rollers. It does not seem a church at all, rather a lecture-hall, a society meeting place, or a store converted into a chapel. On either side of the entrance show windows expose a Bible open at the page of the Acts of the Apostles describing the coming of the Holy Ghost. Access is free. When we enter the service has just begun.

No altar, only a raised platform with a pulpit and a piano overloaded with books and music. The hall is crowded with nearly a hundred people, men, women, and children seated in rows. "Testimonials" and individual prayers are interrupted by warm congratulations and thanks to the Lord.

Poverty saturates the atmosphere, but not sadness; these parishioners are rich with faith. Even in their worn clothing, with shoes down at heel, the neediest show an unshaken behavior pleasant to see. They hold a secret. They have found something and they are kind enough to offer to share it with you.

There, sorrowful widows surrounded by their children, neighbor with unfrivolous girls who too early lost their illusions about the enticements of life. This is, I think, the only place in America where I have met women obviously fat. Just facing me, towering out in the centre of the hall, an adipose matron prays to God and weeps with a generous ardor and, — despite her corporeal massiveness, — with a soul-diaphaneity to be envied, I am sure, by the majority of the fair ladies we come across in the drawing rooms of great cities. . . .

The back wall, facing the audience, exhibits a clumsy and melodramatic fresco depicting a "Lighthouse" on a rock beaten by raging billows. Under violent lightning flashes and tossing break-

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ers a ship sinks; but the Holy Rollers' life-boat picks up the passengers to bring them to the beacon and to salvation.

Then, after a few announcements of healing and pathetic thanksgiving, the pastor calls the most fervent close to the platform, while the others turn around and kneel between the rows of seats, burying their heads where a moment before they were sitting. On all sides break forth lamentations mingling with cries of joy. The great complaint alternates with the inexhaustible hope, both dividing the human heart. In the chorus of this modern tragedy are expressed together the litany of the forgotten, the petitioning of the hungry, the praise offered to God by the humble.

"We need a shower of thy blessings, O Lord, in the curse of life."

"We'll give you all the praise, O Comforter! Bring in the unsaved, O Jesus!"

Soberer voices worship the Dweller in the heart: "We know our good deeds come from Thee. It is Thou working through us."

Then, like the snapping of sparks bringing no light, burst out incomprehensible, unhuman sounds, disquieting phrases, angelic or demoniac, vocal aërolites fallen from the mountain of the moon, or the vibrations of a mystic radio from a distant star. . . .

"*Cora Mai Kaira Ya Souria.*"

To my ear bends my companion, the psychiatrist; "You witness here," he says, "the phenomenon of glossolalia. In our laboratories somnambulists also pronounce disconnected and unknown words."

But I turn to my other friend the theologian; he is whispering to me in a low voice, "This looks a little like 'the gift of tongues' and carries us back to the time of the first Judeo-Christian gatherings. But really it has nothing 'Pentecostal.' These broken syllables probably have no meaning at all and, at any rate, as St Paul advises us, are without value when no interpretation can be afforded."

For a moment sobs and soliloquies are hushed, as if a strange wind had passed over the Holy Rollers. But, behind his pulpit, the leader is watching. By a long metallic yelling he prompts renewed paroxysms.

A maiden of about sixteen with a faded purple hat and a stereotyped smile lies in a swoon on the floor, her arms stretched

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out. Loudly, for at least twenty minutes, she confesses a pitiful romance of solitude, misery, orphanhood. . . .

Motionless, overthrown between two seats in the row, a corpulent brother interrupts from time to time by abrupt and noisy interjections: "Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!" More witching intonations are emphasized by an energetic Shakeress with sharp jumps and astonished, happy outcries.

On the steps of the platform-altar, bodies lie cast down, some of them scarcely wearing the appearance of life, others indescribably agitated. A weak and dimly outlined form utters with earnestness: "Make me a shining light wherever I go, O Lord!" In the heaviness of the air a cry of mystic love leaves a path of fire: "We want to give you our body, our mind, our soul, our everything! Come, come at once, O Jesus!"

The time is up. With a prayer, which is also a short sermon, the minister gathers into a sheaf those autumnal, scattered, withered branches that the dew of tears has made to bloom again. Sunken on his knees, he speaks, his head drooping, in a sort of despair in which yet there is faith. Then he intones a hymn, scanning the words to measure marked by the clapping of his hands. One by one, the entranced believers awake. Their eyes open. Now each one is seated again in his place. At the end of the hymn the clock strikes ten. . . . Just the hour when the service should end. . . .

Into the anaemic *éclairage* of the street pours the throng, each one returning comforted to his pains and duties. On the sidewalk a voice addresses the obdurate psychiatrist with compassion. "Are you saved?" On the theologian's arm a hand is gently laid; and, indignant at the hint of such a doubt, he hears as a suave and quaint exhortation: "Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

* * *

"The Holy Rollers", though famous, are in reality almost unknown. To tell the truth this denomination is still without a name. They are casually spoken of as "Pentecostal Movement", "Glad Tidings Tabernacles", "Assemblies of God", "Light-House", etc. The passer-by witnessing in the street or in camp-meetings or in improvised temples their clamors, gesticulations, and oddities, calls them sarcastically, "Holy Howlers", "Holy Yowlers"; but without outrage and with a mild irony they have

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been most often christened "Holy Rollers" or "Happy Weepers", and so they will doubtless go down to posterity with the undisputed renown of "American Dervishes."

There is a good chance that they did not read Voltaire or Ingersoll, Anatole France or Santayana. . . . I remember my last conversation with Anatole. "There is not a thing I believe in," he confided to me, "it is terrific, *je ne crois à rien.*" The Holy Rollers believe in everything biblical. They enjoy, as we French say, "*la foi du charbonnier, la foi qui sauve*". Theirs is the answer of the common people to the effulgent reasonings of Modernism. Religion to them is an act of faith. William James's "Will-to-believe", they have reinforced into the urge-to-believe. Through this imperious need they are drawn to prayers and thanksgivings. *Sancta Simplicitas!*

As they are poor in spirit, Holy Rollers are usually poor in estate; still "*pauvreté n'est pas vice*," according to the French diction. On the other hand, plutocracy, love of money, has invaded every nook and corner of our material world and also some districts of the intellectual and ecclesiastical life. Holy Rolling, one objects, is proletarian; but we will soon have the opportunity of sympathetically discussing other cults, corresponding to the aspirations of classes higher in cultivation and in fortune, — cults indeed aristocratic. . . . Well, the Apostles gathered their disciples from among the plebeians. During several centuries such was the rule. Though compressed into few paragraphs, the history of the Pentecostal movement has the thrill of a romance of the crowd. After a tumultuous revival in Wales twenty years ago, there started, here and there, as in Mesmer's century, an epidemic of restlessness with convulsions. By the elect this was attributed to Heaven, when in most cases, according to physicians, neurosis was responsible.

Of course there are Holy Rollers and Holy Rollers. Some had colonized an Atlantic island, now deserted after a disastrous expedition to Africa. A pamphlet of the "General Council" specifies that "a leader fell into disrepute . . . already under charges in Texas, he proceeded to Los Angeles and was turned down in this Centre." California was preordained to be the Promised Land of this "exploding humanity". In April, 1906 a storm of trances swept after a revival. Missions were sent out to all parts of the

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world, especially Sweden, Norway, Denmark. At present they claim that one hundred and fifty of their ministers work in the States, two hundred in foreign fields, and the faithful are counted by the hundreds of thousands throughout the world.

* * *

In New York, the six Pentecostal Churches enjoy a lesser privacy than in Brooklyn, but the facts are reproduced on a larger scale, with six or seven hundreds attendant including the Negroes. A low handrail encircles the elevated platform wherefrom the Pentecostal clergy leads the service. In an angle of the hall, the ministers have organized a little orchestra of three violins, two huge trombones, and a piano. Naturally, as was proved later, the whole membership became the real chorus.

Children clap their little hands and tap their feet, while a young assistant, apparently of the church, vigorously encourages them from behind. The congregation follows, with insufficient synchrony and overflowing zeal, — especially the matrons and girls, with raised hands, exultant chanting, and vibrations of the body. The colored ones are frantic. All this human mob, white or black, is exhilarated by celestial felicity. I remember one blind creature who wore indelible expressions of ecstasy in his awfully mutilated face.

Each one speaks in his turn, praising and blessing the Lord with lyric optimism for the various graces received. And we, the happy ones of the world, are often so bitter and exacting. A colored woman said she was, — the innocent creature, — gripped by a devil at her throat and breast last Sunday. Ready to die, she implored the Lord, and immediately all pain flew away. Another declares that, in three months in Pentecostal, he, a failure with the Methodists, succeeds now in everything. "Hallelujah! Glory!" punctuates the crowd. A true miracle! Those people are happy with the happiness of their neighbor.

I noted a quaint lady, celebrating with a seraphic voice the freshness of the Christ within. "He is fair," she claimed. "He is sweet as honey and sweeter still; He is brighter than the stars, more beautiful than the rose and also the lily. . . . Oh, He is so lovely and refreshing!" And the chorus to answer: "*E-Amen! E-Amen!*" Decidedly "Amen" was not enough.

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On the minister's appeal, and above all under the irresistible goad of an inner uprush, these excited folks flock *en masse* towards the wooden rail encircling the platform. On the familiar carpet they pack together; yet each of them lives his own subjective life apart from the others. The first posture is kneeling; then begins the shaking, until the body staggers and falls. Those going deeper and deeper into trance throw themselves on the parquet. Whilst their arms move automatically and their bodies make sudden leaps, their eyes close and from their lips proceed inarticulate sounds. . . .

Desperate women beat their breasts, as if in a mad passion. Here a sobbing matron begs for her absent child's health; there, a laborer of middle age searches feverishly for the redemption of his body which he has sinfully lent, he says, to the pleasures of the Devil. In a dark corner a beautiful, silent creole, deprecatively buries her face in her hands. She does not move. An earthquake would find her untroubled. For what she asks, God knows. Near to this modern statue of Niobe (perhaps a wife of Lot petrified), a homely hag bends, and from time to time, her forehead touches the floor, like a withered leaf in a forest whirlwind, she vibrates and trembles. Little by little, her already rapid quiverings accelerate; then reaching a state of convulsion, she falls backward, perspiring, on the carpet. Those around look on in admiration and with envy.

* * *

. . . "Hysteria, hysteroepilepsy," this is easy to say; and my colleague the psychiatrist has no difficulty in fulminating those few cutting words; but be it holy or unholy this Rolling cultus is more than a Charcot's revival.

At the dawn of our religious dissensions we, in France, also had sects of this type. St Medard's Convulsionists did not content themselves with "rolling", they performed any kind of miracles. This displeased the "Very Christian King", who cherished order above all else. Near the tomb of Diacre Paris was posted an edict summed up in the following epigram:

De par le Roy, défense à Dieu
De faire miracle en ce lieu.

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(In the name of the King, God is forbidden to perform miracles in this place. . . .) As by magic miracles ceased; fear of the Law proved stronger than the urge to indulge in wonders.

In the essence of every religion, however, resides a human element of vertigo, trance, and delirium. Paganism gave it free course in its mysteries, while Christianity has brought equilibrium into this derangement of senses and intellect. Mystic phenomena, frequent in the earliest churches, were gradually less heard of and led aside into the pious shadow of cloisters.

Contrariwise other religions have taken pleasure in cultivating methodically this vertiginous spirit. Hindooism has its sanyasin, and Mohammedanism its dervishes. But this is the first time in the modern era that trance has been accepted as a ritual in temples consecrated to Christ.

And yet from the "Holy Rollers" we may grasp some practical lesson, profitable to our time and to ourselves.

To begin with, should we not do well to reform our manner of praying, not by imitating them, but by finding again that confidence, that liberty, that sacred familiarity which we have lost through indifference or the monotony of habit? If they have yielded to contortion and a nervous fit is it not through reaction against the prevalent chill? Excess in one way brings excess in the opposite direction.

In vain has prayer entered the domain of psychology; in vain has it become scientific in a manner, through the verifiable marvels which it works; there is none the less, in many denominations, a tendency to aridity, a lack of abandon. Apostles and saints, on the contrary, were accustomed to exquisite intimacies with God. Alas! Our prayer is rather a pharisaic attitude, solemn, conventional, at the very best, a meditation. There are Christian temples in which none ever kneels. It would be a thing to be ashamed of, or at least, a fault in taste to prostrate oneself. Now the Holy Rollers go off to the other extreme with their storm of gestures and cries. We no longer sufficiently bend the knees, they sink to the earth, shake themselves, writhe, throw themselves backward, and roll.

Another service again! "Pentecostalists" brought to light our partial neglect of the Holy Ghost.

Of the three persons of the Trinity, He is the one most fre-

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quently omitted. In the Creed we pronounce His name, but of Him we have a rather confused notion. As a French Bishop once asserted, the Holy Ghost is far too much the "Unknown God".

My friend the theologian put a strong emphasis on this fact: "This is an era of the Holy Ghost," he maintained, "He works more perhaps in scientific laboratories than in certain formal temples. The generations since 1870 have witnessed the hugest accumulation of discoveries since the beginning of our civilization. There was never a time so fertile in inspiration and in accomplishment. The atom has been read, electricity tamed. The elusive fairies of the air have been enslaved. Airplane, radio, radium, wireless, X-ray, etc., chemical and physical inventions have been surpassed perhaps by new conquests in the psychological field. And we have used these wonderful gifts much less for peace and progress than for war and greed. We have forgotten who was the giver; He was the Comforter and not the Pain-Maker."

At the present day, to be sure, we take into account only historically, or rather legendarily, that great event related in the Acts of the Apostles, "And when the day of Pentecost had now come, etc." One day on this earth human beings were transfigured by an uprush of the Spiritual Fire. They were transformed into new men; and that with a definite aim. They received not glossolalia, but the faculty of speaking tongues unknown to them before, because they had to preach in the various parts of the world. Their superhuman strength met martyrdom smilingly and they could accomplish not only *our* prodigies but also *God's* miracles. Greater still, thanks to this power from on high, they caused to triumph the Gospel of the Crucified, regardless of the persecution of civil and military authority, leagued with the paganism inborn to man, and also in spite of their own weakness and native frailty.

If we have too much forgotten this, the Holy Rollers, for their part, have made of the Pentecostal event the fact absorbing all others, and their own prerogative and privilege, the sacrament of the Holy Ghost to vivify our baptism; thus they are wrong. We need Confirmation, but to imagine that we shall enjoy the same favors as the Apostles, and above all that we can supersede

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them, is pure presumption. There is only one Pentecost as there is only one Christmas, but Confirmation is ours.

In fine the Holy Ghost is "calm and calming." The more serenity, the more revelation. Saints and geniuses are witnesses to this inner truth. The sibyl is agitated on her tripod, but Francis of Assisi or Teresa of Avila remain serene in their higher transports.

How make this understood by worthy people living, by necessity more than others, in material contingencies, and whose imagination is easily bewildered? They candidly identify convulsion with Pentecostal gift. These shakers of utter unrestraint appear a little like the dervishes of the West.

The third and final message of this turbulent sect is that benediction and grace come to us from tears. To weep is both a release and a solace. But how and where shall we weep? Where is the temple of tears?

Let us plead the cause of the Holy Rollers, who are also the Happy Weepers. Life is growing harder and harder with the poor, especially in the greater cities. If wealth is constantly increasing there is perhaps a proportional reduplication of wretchedness and despair. At any rate this is a harsh world. Since the Great War it seems that there has been a little more brutality and less gentleness everywhere. But the manners in vogue among the "Assemblies of God" recall the amenity of the early Christians. Even when unacquainted, Holy Rollers salute each other as "friend" and "brother." They shake hands, sometimes they piously kiss. "Glory, Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!" Their faces shine. It is because they have wept or are about to weep.

A great poet, Alfred de Musset, has said, "The flower dies without dew; to live the soul has need of tears."

Yet we usually criticize those who weep, or at least we pity them. They seem to us effeminate; but dryness is not true strength. Jesus wept. There is in the Talmud a saying which I never remember without emotion: "God weeps every day." (And much reason is there for it, when we think of our follies.) The man who never weeps, or who weeps no more, is a brute or truly an unfortunate. He who weeps, on the contrary, is, or is becoming happy. He is aware of his soul, he senses an infinite liberation; he plunges into the cosmic currents. In spite of regret-

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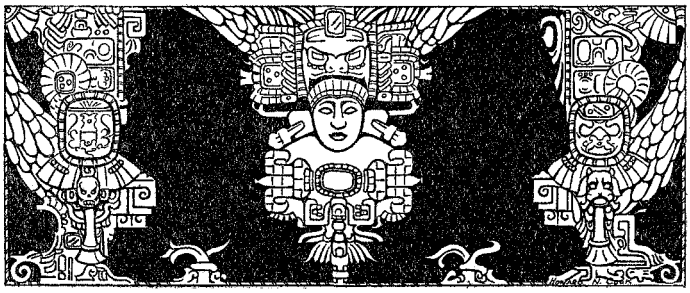
table eccentricities, there are, it seems to me, torrents of sincere tears shed in the "Assemblies of God." And they are a compensation for the cynicism, the derisive laughter, the hardheartedness which reign too widely in our day.

Certainly a cold-blooded man becomes oppressed at the sight of this deluge of yelling and wallowing and sobbing bodies. But what to him is a painful exhibition, is to the Holy Rollers an edifying example. The masses, usually uninformed, have more sensibility than reflection. Were they compelled to attain a metaphysical state of soul before drawing nigh to God, their lives would pass without religious experience. In any case, though to our eyes their method be as vain as it is pathetic, these people long to reach God; and it is faith, abundant faith, which prostrates them in these halls, bare of adornment, without altars, without beauty, without even the atmosphere of piety, in front of a wooden rail or a nondescript platform — Faith! It exists, it overflows, and lacks only true apostles and true saints to purify and guide it.



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THE DEATH PENALTY — A DEBATE

DURING the entire period of recorded history society has deemed it a right and necessity to take human life in punishment for major crimes. Gradually, with increasing humanitarianism, the number of crimes regarded as deserving of the death penalty has diminished, until to-day, in most civilized countries, only wilful murder and treason in time of war are punishable by death. Within recent years the movement to abolish the death penalty entirely has gained momentum. It is argued that for society to take life is unchristian, inhuman, and inexpedient. On the other hand the great prevalence of crime since the World War, and the large percentage of criminals escaping punishment have aroused many to a campaign for the strict enforcement of the death penalty. The matter came to a climax during the recent trial of Leopold and Loeb for the murder of young Franks. Ever since that event most intelligent persons have felt that the state must assume some settled policy, that either the extreme penalty must be abolished or strictly enforced. In the present debate, Thomas Mott Osborne, former warden of Sing Sing, demands the abolition of capital punishment, while Judge Robert E. Crowe, State's Attorney for Cook County, Illinois, Prosecutor of Leopold and Loeb, demands its strict enforcement.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL

THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE

THERE is only one argument in favor of capital punishment, — that it instils fear into the hearts of would-be murderers and thus prevents crime.

A moment's reflection will show that this argument is purely hypothetical; it is impossible to determine how many men are restrained by fear from committing murder. It used to be considered desirable, in order to instil the proper amount of fear, to have public executions, until intelligent people woke up to the fact that public executions actually encouraged crime. So now we hang or electrocute men in secret.

Some day intelligent people may wake up to the fact that while private executions are less demoralizing than public ones, it is only a question of degree. If executions really engendered fear, according to our theory, it stands to reason that more fear would follow public executions than private ones.

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In other words, when public executions were found to be harmful a wrong remedy was applied; they abolished publicity instead of abolishing executions, — very much the same as if an invalid should find that taking a certain drug which came in a red box was harmful, but should continue to take the same drug, provided it came in a blue box.

It is the drug that is harmful, not the color of the box; it is the execution that is harmful, not the degree of publicity.

There is an old proverb: "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." All attempts to stifle religious propaganda by persecution end in spreading the religion. It is also true of crime; brutal punishments increase it. "Punishment or torture never halted virtue, it can never conquer vice."

We read in history about epidemics of witchcraft, and Sir Walter Scott writes of Scotland in the 17th century:

> "It is remarkable that the number of supposed witches seemed to increase in proportion to the increase of punishment. It is strange to find that the persons accused of this imaginary crime in most cases paved the way for their own condemnation by confessing and admitting the truth of all the monstrous absurdities which were charged against them."

And again:

> "The laws against witchcraft. . . were abolished. . . . Since this has been the case, no one has ever heard of witches or witchcraft; . . . since it ceased to exist so soon as men ceased to hunt it out for punishment."

No one would claim that murder would cease if capital punishment were abolished; the point is that severe punishment may often, instead of diminishing crime, increase it.

In referring to Professor Kirchwey's article on the Death Penalty, in the Bulletin of the National Society of Penal Information for November, 1923, we find the following significant facts:

> "The electrocution of the notorious Kemmler at Auburn Prison, New York, some years ago was celebrated by twenty-four murders in New York, ten in New Jersey, and ten in Pittsburg, all within the space of thirty days. . . . On June 21, 1877 ten men were hanged in Pennsylvania for murderous conspiracy. The 'New York Herald' predicted the wholesome effect of this terrible lesson. 'We may be certain,' it said, 'that the pitiless severity of the law will deter the most wicked from anything like the imitation of these crimes.' And yet

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> the night after this large scale execution, two of the witnesses at the trial of these men had been murdered, and within two weeks five of the prosecutors had met the same fate."

It may be urged that capital punishment is justified on the theory of retaliation, — that if a man takes a life, then his life should be taken in exchange.

This is the old, so-called *lex talionis*, against which the Founder of Christianity expressly enjoined his followers. In the Sermon on the Mount we find this: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil." This does not mean that we should not oppose force, if necessary, to the criminal; but it does mean that we should not attempt to balance one evil by another evil; one killing by another killing; one debit by another debit. The only way to balance a debit is by a credit. Resist not evil, but overcome evil by good.

* * *

There are, on the other hand, a number of strong arguments against capital punishment.

It is wrong. As I have already shown, it is expressly forbidden in the New Testament; it is also forbidden in the Old Testament. The Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," is subject to no qualification. It does not add: "Unless the authorities of the state decide otherwise." There is no warrant in religion for the state to kill any more than for an individual to kill. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

It is brutalizing. If the state kills men in cold blood, it sets a bad example to all the weak and wicked in the state. A man would say: "The state kills; why should not I?" Sometimes a man has better means of knowing whether a criminal is guilty than the state; is he then justified in taking the law into his hands? Many feel so.

There was once a man in Auburn Prison who had determined to murder another when he got out. I learned of it, and asked him if it was true. He said: "Yes," and told me the circumstances. "Don't you think he ought to die?" he asked. I had to confess that, if anyone were to be put to death, he ought to be one of the first. I am glad to say that the prisoner changed his mind before

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he left the prison; but had I believed in capital punishment I do not know what argument I could have advanced.

The effect of the state's killing men is to create a disregard for human life; this tends to increase crime.

It fails to instil fear. It is a fact that a large percentage of murders are committed in the heat of passion, when the murderer is not in a position to reason; fear of the law plays no part at all. In the remaining few, whatever fear there may be is more than balanced by the belief on the part of the criminal that he is not going to get caught. There are also some who deliberately kill; but the knowledge that they will be caught and punished does not deter them. The remark will be made: "I'll go to the chair for you," or "I'm satisfied; I got even; I don't care whether they burn me or not."

How many men would commit crime if they were not afraid of the death penalty, no one knows or can know. I have had a rather extensive acquaintance with criminals, and I do not believe that there are *any*. If men were afraid of capital punishment, they would be equally afraid of a long term of imprisonment. It does not deter the present criminals; and there is nothing to show that a change in the law would increase murders. It is only a theory, at the best.

On the contrary, various States of the Union have abolished capital punishment without an increase in the number of murders. In Maine, where they abolished the death penalty, then restored it, and then abolished it again, there was no increase of murder when there was no death penalty.

It is unjust. In all schemes of punishment the first thing is to have it equitable; if it is unjust, it defeats its own object. Now it is a fact that by far the greatest number of murderers escape the death penalty; it is estimated that less than one and one-half per cent are actually executed. Some are never discovered; some are never brought to trial; some escape conviction through lack of evidence; some escape through the specious pleas of clever lawyers; some have their sentences commuted. By the time it comes to execution, it is only a very small percentage that get the punishment. This, of course, embitters the friends of those who are killed, and they often determine upon a murderous revenge.

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It glorifies crime. Rabbi Goldstein, Jewish Chaplain of Sing Sing, once wrote the following:

> "The night the gunmen died at Sing Sing, the youngsters of the East Side turned out and came to Sing Sing until it became necessary for the warden to place armed keepers on guard outside the prison walls. They were there for the purpose of being able to say afterwards for their own glorification that they stood beyond the walls when their heroes were put to death. It is a common experience that you find no cowards either in the halter of the gallows or in the electric chair. No case has ever come under my observation where a victim of the death penalty has not met his doom with fortitude. This makes heroes of them. It makes the men who die in expiation of their crimes against humanity, akin to the heroes and martyrs who die for humanity. Death is too great a thing to be vulgarized through capital punishment. We should not demean the dignity of death by using it as a penalty for a heinous crime."

When we send a man to death, we invite misplaced sympathy for a criminal, — we make a hero of a murderer. This has a specially bad effect upon the young.

It is futile. From the foregoing it is seen that in my opinion the death penalty is futile, as it does not succeed in its purpose. The only thing it does is to remove the possibility of the murderer committing another crime; but if this is desirable, why not kill all criminals, when we catch them.

Innocent men are killed. If there was no other reason for doing away with the death penalty, the number of mistakes that are made would be reason enough? Of the thirty-nine men who were executed during the two years I was Warden at Sing Sing, the Warden's office was certain that four men were innocent. Even making allowances for our being mistaken there is still too much chance.

There was another case, where a man came three times within twenty-four hours of execution but was reprieved. Finally it was discovered that he was entirely innocent; the guilty man confessed, and the Governor pardoned the innocent man. Had it not been for the indefatigable efforts of my assistant, Mr. Spencer Miller, Jr., who became interested quite by chance, the man would have been killed by the state.

If you want another case, — a very pathetic one, — you will find it described in "Through the Shadows with O. Henry," by Al Jennings.

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Not long ago a life prisoner in Pennsylvania, after being in prison twenty years, was pardoned as he was found to be innocent. Many innocent men are executed; but we don't learn about their cases because there is not enough incentive to agitate the case after the man is dead.

The real case against capital punishment was once put to me in this way: On the night before his execution, a young man of twenty said to me, "I am not afraid to die; we all of us have to die some time; and what difference does it make to me whether I go now, or five years from now, or ten years from now? But there are two reasons why I am sorry to go now. One is on my mother's account. . . . The other is this, — I should have liked the chance to do enough good in the world to balance the harm I've done."

He had the right idea. The only way to balance a debit is by a credit. Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good. Balance wrong by right. Give the man a chance to redeem himself after his sin by doing good to make things balance. That can be done, even in prison.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT PROTECTS SOCIETY

ROBERT E. CROWE

I BELIEVE that the penalty for murder should be death. I urge capital punishment for murder not because I believe that society wishes to take the life of a murderer but because society does not wish to lose its own. I advocate this extreme and irrevocable penalty because the punishment is commensurate with the crime. The records, I believe, will show that the certainty of punishment is a deterrent of crime. As the law is written in most of the States of the Union, every other form of punishment is revocable at the will of an individual.

It is the finality of the death penalty which instils fear into the heart of every murderer, and it is this fear of punishment which protects society. Murderers are not punished for revenge. The man with the life blood of another upon his hands is a menace to the life of every citizen. He should be removed from society for the sake of society. In his removal, society is sufficiently pro-

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tected, but only provided it is a permanent removal. I should like to see the experiment of the inexorable infliction of the death penalty upon all deliberate murderers tried out in every State of the Union for a sufficient period of time to demonstrate whether or not it is the most effective and most certain means of checking the appalling slaughter of innocent, peaceful, and law-abiding citizens which has gone on without check for so many years, and which is increasing at a rate which has won for the United States of America the disgrace of being known as "the most lawless nation claiming place among the civilized nations of the world."

The attitude which society must take toward offenders, — great as well as small, — must not be confused with the attitude which the individual quite properly may assume. Neither may officers of the law nor leaders of public thought, if they are mindful of the duty which they owe to society, advocate a substitution of any other penalty for murder than that penalty which will give to society the greatest degree of protection.

I have the right, as every man has, to forgive those who trespass against me, and I do in the hope that I in the hereafter will be forgiven my trespasses. As a private citizen, I have that right, and as a private citizen I try to live that religion. But, as a public official, elected by the people, and charged under the oath of office which I have taken as State's attorney of Cook County to enforce the laws of my country, I have no right to forgive those who violate their country's laws. It is my duty to prosecute them.

No judge or no jury has the right to forgive those who trespass against the law of the state. It is their duty as temporary spokesmen for the unit of society they represent to deal with them as the law prescribes.

In Illinois the law ordains that murder shall be punished by hanging. It is therefore an evasion, if not a violation, of the law and an assault upon society itself to prescribe any other penalty.

In cases where,—in a properly constituted court over whose deliberations a properly elected or appointed judge has presided, and in which, after hours and days and sometimes weeks of patient and deliberate inquiry, a jury of twelve men selected in the manner which the law provides,—a man charged with murder has been found guilty and sentenced to death, it is an unpardonable abuse

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of the great power of executive clemency to nullify the verdict by commuting the sentence to life imprisonment. It is in effect a usurpation by the executive authority of the state of powers and duties deliberately and expressly assigned by the representatives of the people in the constitution to the judicial branch alone.

I do not believe that the American Bar is ready to plead guilty to the charge which this action infers that lawyers for the prosecution and lawyers for the defense are so venal, corrupt, and blood-thirsty through ulterior motives as to deliberately conspire with an unrighteous judge, an unprincipled or irresponsible jury and witnesses prompted solely by the spirit of revenge to doom to death any man on a charge of murder unless the testimony truly shows him guilty beyond all reasonable doubt.

Active participation in the trial of a murder case is not a pleasant duty. It is one of the greatest sacrifices which society has a right to demand of any citizen. But it is a sacrifice which no truly patriotic citizen conscious of his duty to society can avoid merely because he finds it distasteful or abhorrent. Every judge who has presided over a murder trial will tell you so. Every citizen who in the performance of the duty he owes to society has sat upon the jury in a murder case is fully aware of it. It is even more unpleasant for a citizen through accident of circumstances to be compelled to give testimony which he realizes may send another human being to his doom. And greater than these is the weight of responsibility put upon the attorneys charged with the prosecution of the case. But because of the unpleasantness and distastefulness of the thing, it can no more be avoided by the citizen who measures up to the full standard of American ideals of individual responsibility to society than can any other duty which society demands of him be avoided.

It is because of my faith and trust in the integrity of our American citizens that I believe that there is no considerable danger that the innocent man will be convicted and that society may be charged that in a blind zeal to protect itself against murder it actually commits murder by the infliction of the death penalty.

The man who kills is society's greatest enemy. He has set up his own law. He is an anarchist, — the foe of all civilized government. If anarchy is not to be met with anarchy, it must be met by the laws, and these laws must be enforced.

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I have been a judge of the criminal court in Cook County which includes Chicago. In the Loeb-Leopold murder and kidnapping case, counsel for the defense criticized me severely because in that capacity I had sentenced to death an unfortunate man who had pleaded guilty to murder. He was a man of my own race, of my own faith, but I knew under the law that he had committed a dastardly crime. He had taken a little six year old girl, a daughter of the poor, and he himself was a poor man, and he had outraged her and taken her into a basement and covered her over with coal. He did not have even the decency or heart to put a handkerchief over that little dead face as he heaped the coal upon her.

The law in Illinois says in extreme cases death shall be the penalty. As a judge I had no right to set aside that law. I had no right to defeat the will of the people as expressed by the legislature of Illinois. I had no right to be a judicial anarchist even if Clarence Darrow, great lawyer though he be, is an anarchistic advocate and says that hanging does not stop murder. I think he as well as others who share this view may be mistaken.

For I know that from the time Thomas Fitzgerald expiated his crime upon the gallows I have not heard of another little tot in Chicago who met a fate like that which little Janet Wilkinson met. I also know that in the year 1920 when Judge Kavanagh, Judge Brentano, Judge Barrett, and Judge Scanlan came to our criminal court in Cook County, from the fifth day of May until the first day of July, and tried nothing but murder cases, that there was an almost immediate decrease in murder in Chicago.

In addition to the many men that they sent to the penitentiary for manslaughter or a term of years for murder, in that brief time of less than sixty days, fifteen men were sentenced to death in the criminal court of Cook County. The records of the police department and the records of the Chicago Crime Commission show that as a result murder fell fifty-one per cent in Cook County during the year 1920.

We had a time in Chicago when every night in every newspaper there was a column devoted to the number of automobiles stolen. We established an automobile court, and I presided over it, and after we had sent several hundred to penal institutions for stealing automobiles, the Rolls-Royce became just as safe as the flivver when left upon the streets of Chicago.

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We also had a reign of terror in our city, which for years was in the grip of criminals who dominated labor unions. They were above and beyond the law. They laughed at it. They spat in its face, just as does the murderer who has no vision of the gallows or the death chair before him. Forty-nine of these labor crooks were convicted in the courts of Cook County. The building industry that had been strangled for years began to revive and take on life, and we have not heard anything more of this sort of criminality. Does this not convince you that punishment actually deters crime? Does it not justify my suggestion that actual infliction of capital punishment be tried as a check upon murder in the United States?

Why are there so few violations of the laws of the United States? When a man files his income tax schedule, why does he hire an auditor to see that he makes no mistake, and why does the same man when he goes before our Boards of Assessors and Boards of Review and schedules his personal property for taxation in Chicago as well as elsewhere conceal millions upon which he should be taxed? Why? Because when you get into the United States court after having violated the laws of the United States, if you are guilty, no plea of mercy, however eloquent or by whomsoever delivered, will cheat the law there.

We hear much about England. There murder is murder. Justice is swift and sure. There are fewer murders in the entire Kingdom of Great Britain yearly than there are in the city of Chicago.

In recent years the American public has been influenced to some extent by an active, persistent, and systematic agitation based upon an unfortunate and misplaced sympathy for persons accused of crime. I say unfortunate and misplaced sympathy because it is a sympathy guided by emotion and impulse rather than upon reason and compassion for the prisoners at the bar. It is so deep and soul stirring that it loses its sense of proportion. It forgets the life that was blotted out. It forgets the broken-hearted left behind. It forgets the fatherless and sometimes homeless children which should be the real object of pity. It forgets that they become charges upon the state and it also forgets that there has been established a broken home, — the one in the group of homes from which twice as many criminals come as from those which remain intact.

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Opponents of capital punishment think somewhat along the same lines. They forget that murder is inexorable and that the victim never returns. They forget that society is protected best by punishment which is proportionate to the crime. They are moved to abolish hanging because it is an unwholesome spectacle. They overlook the unwholesome and harrowing aspects of a murder scene.

Some who admit the justice of capital punishment deny its necessity. They argue that in taking the life of an offender society is wreaking vengeance upon a helpless individual, while, as a matter of fact, the exact opposite is true. If an individual were to slay another who was guilty of murder, especially if he had no fear of him, the act would be prompted by revenge. And when we realize that many of our present-day murderers are professional criminals whose victims were slain in the course of holdups, robberies, and other crimes committed for profit, and that the victim was killed deliberately on the theory that dead men can make no identifications, we know at once that they did not kill for revenge and that they had no malice against the individual they killed. Society for its own protection should make it impossible for these men to kill again.

Murder like all other crime is a crime against society. It is for assault upon society that the state inflicts punishment. Too many confuse the relation of the victim of a crime with that of the interest of the state in the prosecution of criminals. The state is impersonal. It is the voice of all of the people expressed by a voting majority. What happens or has happened to any individual is not of great importance. The civil courts exist for the adjudication of the individual and personal wrong. The criminal court exists to punish those who have offended against the state. He who violates the criminal code offends against and injures us all. When he injures to the extent of unlawfully taking human life, he has committed a grave and irreparable injury.

Punishment of the slayer will not bring back life to the victim. But punishment for crime is not inflicted upon any theory of relationship to the victim except to consider the fact that the victim was a part of society and that in wronging the individual that society itself has been assaulted.

I am not ready to agree to the theory that all or most murderers

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are not responsible for their acts. I believe that man is entitled to free will and that except in rare instances he is both morally and legally responsible for all his acts. I cannot accept the theory that murderers should not be punished for their crime because they are irresponsible. If they are so irresponsible as to constitute a danger to society, I do not believe that society can carefully preserve in existence the danger they represent. I believe that society is justified in destroying even the irresponsible murderer if he is known to imperil the life of other persons. There should be no sentiment about it. Persons whose existence means death and disaster to others who have done no wrong have no claim upon society for anything, — not even for life itself.

Few men who murder have previously lived blameless lives. The act of murder is the climax, — a cumulative effect of countless previous thoughts and acts. The man's conduct depends upon his philosophy of life. Those who want to grow up to be respectable and useful citizens in the community have a correct philosophy. Those who want to excel in crime, those who tear down instead of building up, deliberately choose to adopt the wrong philosophy of life and to make their conduct correspond with it.

Society and particularly the state would not be much concerned with individual codes of conduct if, at the present time, they were not adopted by the youths of the land and were not creating an army of virtual anarchists who look upon the criminal code, including that part of it forbidding murder, as a mere convention of society which "advanced thinking" and crazy social theories permit them to set aside as a matter of no consequence.

Because some of the youth of our population are saturated with these ideas, we are asked to accept fantastic notions, abnormal actions, and even defiance, disregard, and violation of the law, as the reason for turning them loose when charged with murder. We are compelled to listen to the weirdest, wildest, and most fantastic theories expounded by expert witnesses to show why capital punishment should not be inflicted.

We have this spectacle in our modern youth. Loeb and Leopold are of this sort. They are young intellectuals endowed with superlative natural advantages, surrounded with everything that money can buy, afforded the opportunity of acquiring unlimited education, but, like so many other youths of to-day, lacking the

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proper view of life. Their minds were poisoned by immoral literature of ancient and modern times. Their consciences were dulled by the philosophy which taught them that the criminal code of Illinois and the laws of their country were mere conventions of society which super-intellects could disregard. They kidnapped for ransom. They murdered. But it was not their first offense against society. The killing of little Robert Franks was a cumulative effect, the inevitable result of the kind of wrong thinking which is more extensive among the youth of the United States to-day than most people realize. It is leading in the direction which induces people to believe that each is a law unto himself; that each may choose the laws which he will obey, and that he may violate the rest. It is one of the causes of murder and it is the cause of the kind of murder for which capital punishment is the only cure.

If the United States of America has the power to take boys of eighteen years of age and send them to their death in the front line trenches in countries overseas in defense of our laws, I believe that the state has an equal right to take the lives of murderers of like age for violating the mandate of God and man, "Thou shalt not kill."

I base my belief that capital punishment is a deterrent of crime upon the fact that where capital punishment has been inflicted for even a comparatively small period and in a relatively small number of cases, there subsequently has been an immediate decrease in murder. Those who argue against capital punishment should bear in mind that where capital punishment has actually been inflicted, this has been the result. But, capital punishment has never been given a fair trial throughout this country over a sufficient period of time and in a sufficient number of cases to justify the assumption that it is not a deterrent of murder.

Until American society finds a way to protect itself from the murder of its members, this country will continue to be known as "the most lawless nation claiming place among the civilized nations of the world." I am not proud of that appellation. I hang my head in shame whenever I hear it. I believe society should have no hesitancy in springing the trap every time the noose can be put around a murderer's neck.

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EVOLUTION AND DAILY LIVING

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

ALL that the old Romans summed up as Virtue in the conduct of life is affected by Evolution. This article is not a sermon unless it be a sermon in stones. The distinguished scientist limits himself to showing that belief in Evolution demands the highest ideals in conduct; it bears directly on our daily "mores",—our usages, fashions, customs, and behavior. Belief in Evolution and faith in Christianity are by no means incompatible, on the contrary, as Professor Osborn points out, one can be both Evolutionist and Christian.

EVOLUTION is challenged today by many good and well-meaning people, at once as an enemy of religion, as the cause of the rise of animalism, and as the chief cause of decadence in conduct. I am informed by the bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Arizona that before a crowded house in Texas William Jennings Bryan recently classed me as an atheist, with Voltaire, Thomas Paine, and Robert Ingersoll, because I believe in Evolution. Nearer home, John Roach Straton posted this charge on the front of Calvary Baptist Church: "Is the American Museum of Natural History Misspending the Taxpayers' Money and Poisoning the Minds of the School Children with False and Bestial Theories of Evolution? Should not the Bible be Displayed in the Museum as well as Old Musty Bones?" I immediately sent to Doctor Straton the following letter:

> "Such a notice is very serious indeed. I am quite mindful of the Scriptural injunction which, as I recall it at the present moment, reads: 'Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.' The American Museum is visited annually by hundreds of thousands of children, and its lectures are attended altogether by millions of children. No one can point out either in the exhibition halls of the American Museum or in its lectures a single untruthful statement, because the lectures and the exhibition halls do not set forth theories, but what may be actually observed in Nature by an intelligent child, if the opportunity is afforded. If you will examine carefully an exhibit in the Hall of the Age of Man you will see that it demonstrates very clearly not that man has descended from the monkeys or from the apes, but that he has a long and independent line of ascent of his own.
>
> "It is not for man to question his Creator, but to accept every act of creation as the Act of God."

If there is in the world anything that I love it is the children, and anything that I reverence it is the beauty of the child soul, —

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the kind of pristine, natural beauty which Wordsworth portrays in his "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." I am myself, or endeavor to be, a consistent evolutionist. I also undertake the far more difficult task of being a consistent Christian. I believe in the past evolution of man, in the present evolution of man, and I am hopeful of the future evolution of man, unless his conduct leads to his extinction, as it is now doing in many parts of the world. As summed up in my rapidly written reply to Bryan's article in the Sunday "Times" of February 26, 1922, "this simple, direct teaching of Nature is full of moral and spiritual force, if we keep the element of human opinion out of it. *The moral principle inherent in evolution is that nothing can be gained in this world without an effort; the ethical principle inherent in evolution is that the best only has the right to survive; the spiritual principle in evolution is the evidence of beauty, of order, and of design in the daily myriad of miracles to which we owe our existence.* I believe that not alone our physical but our moral, our intellectual, even our spiritual powers have ascended through a long, slow, upward movement, which we partially express in the utterly inadequate word *Evolution;* Bergson's term *Creative Evolution* is far nearer the actual truth, because through lifelong researches in palaeontology I have come to define Evolution as a continuous creation of life fitted to a continuously changing world. This definition is made, not from reading the works of other biologists, but from my own close observations on animal and human evolution. The process consists of incessant creation of new forms and combinations of energy in the animal world, of new means of enjoying the rest of the universe both in the animal and in the human world, of new moral, spiritual, and intellectual powers gained sometimes slowly, sometimes suddenly. This is the outstanding result of forty years of observation. Evolution as a greater or less development of existing powers is the least difficult part to comprehend; creation of new powers and faculties is the most difficult, — in fact, the incomprehensible part of the whole process.

Our knowledge of the physical evolution of man, of his bodily structure, has advanced so rapidly that the end is almost in sight, namely, the whole of the Age of Man of the last 500,000 years and the physical structure of man of the Tertiary period preceding it. But the physical structure of man is a relatively simple problem

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in comparative anatomy and palaeontology. It is not his physical structure which makes man human; it is his moral, intellectual, and spiritual nature alone that makes him a primate. The foundations of the moral nature were apparently laid in the subhuman stages, for certainly three of the cardinal human virtues, — such as protection of the family, observance of the rights of others, including the rights of property, and union for collective rights, — exist in a very high degree in many of the living primates, and probably existed as well in those as yet entirely unknown primates of the Tertiary period from which we are descended.

Regarding intellectual evolution, the case immediately becomes more difficult. I was never so impressed with this fact as in my journeys among the former habitations of the cave men in northern Italy, France, and Spain. I soon conceived a great admiration for these men because of their undoubted intellectual powers as observed not only in the superb development of the brain, but also in the high observational and artistic powers manifested in their art. I am perhaps more proud of having helped to redeem the character of the cave men than of any other single achievement of mine in the field of anthropology. The cave man bore, and still bears, an evil reputation of being a brute, because few people recognize that during the long cave period there were two entirely different types of man, — one of an extremely ancient lower order, suddenly succeeded in Europe by one of much higher order. Creation of this man of a higher order, known as the Crô-Magnon, with his moral, spiritual, and intellectual powers, is utterly incomprehensible as purely a process of the survival of the fittest. This is the chief contention of Huxley in his Romanes Lecture.

We have every reason to believe that the Crô-Magnon men, who dominated northern Spain, France, and England between twenty-five and forty thousand years ago, could compete in the art schools with any of the animal sculptors and painters of our day, and judging from the size and form of the brain of the Crô-Magnon youth I believe that they could enter any branch of the intellectual life of to-day on equal, if not superior, terms. We know that they were mystical and superstitious and believed in magic; we know that in their art they were absolutely truthful. We know that they were reverent because in the thousands of drawings, etchings, and paintings they have left not a single ir-

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reverent one has been discovered, except in some of their representations of man. We know that they were conscientious because their drawing has the marks of fidelity to truth, to the last detail. We know that they loved beauty because they rapidly attained the full expression of beauty.

This emergence of the soul and of the mind of man prior to the poetry, the art, the literature, the philosophy, and even the science of early civilization is what I refer to as the creative element in evolution. The case of the Crô-Magnons is by no means unique. The men who wrote the epics of Homer had barely emerged from the northern forests. An Eskimo boy brought by Peary from the Arctic Circle, who counts only up to the number 5, competes successfully in our public schools. Two Peruvian brothers taken directly out of the forests attain high rank in a parochial school.

The genesis of the intellectual and spiritual powers of man through the Lamarck-Spencer hypothesis of use and disuse fails as entirely as does the survival of the fittest or any other utilitarian theory of genesis of the mind and of the soul. All the Lamarckian and purely materialistic hypotheses, which were current when I was studying philosophy and biology in 1876, have fallen by the wayside. Every day during these forty-eight years' observation and philosophy of Nature and of the biology of man I become more of a *naturalist*, less of a scientist, still less of a rationalist. What has been the fate of the rationalism of 1876 or of the materialism of that day or of the other "isms" which were held up to our tender student minds as bogies? I remember the catch phrases: of materialism, for example,

"What is matter?"
"Never mind."
"What is mind?"
"No matter."

Or of intellect: "The brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile." Or of evolution — a parody:

"There was an ape in days that were earlier,
Centuries passed and his hair became curlier,
Centuries more, and his thumb gave a twist
And he was a Man and a Positivist."

Or of clericalism, Huxley's saying about the two chambers of the heart, referring to the resemblance of the bicuspid valve to the

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bishop's mitre: "We may always remember that the bicuspid valve is on the right side of the heart and the mitral valve on the *left*, because a bishop is never known to be in the right."

The truth is that human reason in the '70s, after having been kept indoors by the theologians for nearly ten centuries, was like a boy out of school, — it knew no bounds; it was full of brisk confidence; it did not realize, as human reason does to-day, that Nature is super-rational. The truth is that Nature is full of lurking surprises and contradictions in her methods. So far from the world being anthropocentric, man seems to have been one of the last things thought of in creation. No rationalist of 1876 dreamt of radiant energy as we know it now; no one can dream of biology as it will be fifty years hence when it is studied by physical methods. Rationalists are more humble now, because in the hunting field of human thought the scientists have taken as many falls as the theologians; the honors are even in this regard.

* * *

My great teacher Huxley felt the limitations of rationalism in defining himself as an agnostic. His system of teaching was diametrically opposed to that of Herbert Spencer, as was also his attitude toward religion. Brought up, as I was, by a devout Christian mother, Huxley retained his love and reverence for the English Bible:

> "When the great mass of the English people declare that they want to have the children in the elementary schools taught the Bible, and when it was plain from the terms of the Act that it was intended that such Bible-reading should be permitted, unless good cause for prohibiting it could be shown, I do not see what reason there is for opposing that wish. Certainly, I, individually, could with no shadow of consistency oppose the teaching of the children of other people *that which my own children are taught to do*. . . .
>
> "I have always been strongly in favor of secular education, in the sense of education without theology; but I must confess I have been no less seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures *the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct*, was to be kept up, in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion, without the use of the Bible." (Italics my own.)

For these reasons I regard Huxley's influence on Conduct as far more lasting than that of Spencer. While in 1879 the works of Herbert Spencer were regarded with reverence and awe and were

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read by thousands of students like a new revelation of truth, the Herbert Spencer system has crumbled so far as it depended on pure reason, so far as it departed from direct methods of observation. Haeckel was the great proponent of Darwinism on the Continent, and the chief elements of his anthropogeny have crumbled like those of Spencer. Darwin is still strong and will always be our master; so far as his works were drawn directly from Nature they are truer and more wonderful than ever, while the entirely speculative or rationalistic side of his philosophy has largely failed. Huxley, from 1863 until his death in 1895, the boldest proponent of the evolution of man among English-speaking people, was always a very cautious thinker.

Huxley never committed himself to the survival of the fittest theory as adequate, and in his last public utterance, the Romanes Lecture, he declared that we could not derive the moral evolution of man from Darwin's hypothesis of the struggle for existence. In this declaration, which has been quoted so often as divorcing evolution from conduct, I do not for a moment agree with my great master of 1879–1880. We know far more about the actual evolution process than Huxley did, because in his time the creative element in evolution had not been discovered. A challenge to evolution now is a challenge to Nature, and Nature is the oldest and wisest instructor of both minds and morals. Cicero observed, "I turn to Nature as I would to God," and this is the underlying thought of modern conceptions of evolution in relation to conduct; great religious thinkers, like St Augustine, Dante, Charles Kingsley, Ralph Waldo Emerson, have from time to time reminded us of this chief doctrine of Cicero; Kingsley, who followed in the steps of Cicero, St Augustine, and Dante, declared that there could be no antithesis between the order of Nature and true religion. While the Church at large opposed the idea of evolution as inimical to conduct, in a recent declaration on the occasion of the Centenary of Darwin, leaders of thought of the Roman Catholic Church in the University of Louvain placed Darwin beside Newton.

* * *

It may be said without scientific or religious prejudice that the world-wide loss of the older religious and Biblical foundation of

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morals has been one of the chief causes of human decadence in conduct, in literature, and in art. Whereas little knowledge of evolution has proved to be a very dangerous thing in human history, a more profound knowledge of evolution makes it a very safe thing for the present and future progress of the human race. Lest we become too serious, let us refer to the immortal Pickwick. We recall where Sam Weller speaks of the fascination of widows he says, "A little widow is a dangerous thing." I am often reminded of this when I see the first effects of science and of the principle of evolution not only on the student mind, but on the mind of the man of the street and on the mind of the man of letters. As to Nature's foundations for religion and morals in our day, may I refer to the bearing which the new creative idea of evolution has upon the old teleological argument for Design as set forth in Paley's *Evidences*, the standard text book of my student days. Huxley once told me that Paley's argument for the direct handiwork of the Creator was so logically, so ingeniously, and convincingly written that he always kept it at his bedside for last reading at night. So long as the chance or fortuitous hypothesis of adaptation reigned, Paley's argument for the existence of God was set aside, but our more profound knowledge of creative evolution, gained by direct observation of Nature, leaves his argument just as strong as it ever was. Paley's *Evidences* may be challenged now no more effectively than they could be challenged in 1858.

"*O tempora, O mores*," exclaimed Cicero when he was outraged with the conduct of life and particularly with the political life of Rome; Horace at the same period lamented the loss of the ancient virtues. Times have changed little since 80 B.C. and both man and Nature are exactly the same now as they were then. Bryan and Straton take the place of Cicero and Horace, without any of their literary genius. We are told that Nature and Evolution are inconsistent with Religion and are undermining Conduct. Let us admit that freedom of thought has led to license of thought and expression; let us lament the loss of the Bible in its eternal influence on conduct; but let us not for a moment imagine that belief in evolution or any other great principle of Nature releases us from the highest ideals of conduct. Let us rather put every one of the daily practical problems of conduct to the crucial test of its

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bearing on human evolution and on the future of our race and of human society. What will be the influence on human progress of our attitude on Individualism, on Marriage, on Fashion, on our Intellectual and Spiritual Life, on Government, on Freud's Psychology, on the Stage and the Movies, on Problem Literature?

It may interest my readers to know that I invariably study the daily press from the standpoint of human evolution; the daily press and the movies are by far the most potent influence upon conduct in America at the present time. The editorial influence of the press is almost uniformly good, — in fact, it could not be better. The news column influence of the press is partly good and partly bad; publicity tends on the whole to elevate morals. The advertising pages of the press are divided in their influence: health advertisements are to the good; feminine fashion advertisements are mostly to the bad. The sum of press influence is morally good but intellectually bad, because it creates what I call the jazz mind and a disproportionate sense of relative values. With the aid of the School of Journalism I made a quantity survey of the amount of space devoted by three great newspapers of the day to ten principal subjects for the month of February, 1924. The measurements are made in linear columns, twenty-one inches to the column, and advertisements are included:

	Fashion	*Athletics*	*Political Misconduct*	*Politics — Domestic*	*Stage and Movies*	*Private Misconduct*	*Politics — Foreign*	*Education*	*Food and Health*	*Religion*
World	7589	8272	5757	2889	2352	3531	2745	1409	932	1037
Times	29317	11850	6070	9148	5027	2730	4774	956	656	1043
American	438	7103	4692	1834	3294	3613	955	57	692	182
	37344	27225	16519	13871	10673	9874	8474	2422	2280	2262

All of these headlined subjects are related to our daily life and conduct in a manner we may not be conscious of.

It is observed in the above table that the press treats in descending order of importance the following subjects which daily affect our lives: Fashion, Athletics, Political Misconduct, Politics, national and local (i.e. government), the Stage and the Movies, Private Misconduct (crime, etc.), Foreign Politics, Education, Food and Health, Religion. Small wonder that this is not a reli-

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gious age; small wonder that education, which Lincoln regarded as the very first concern in the conduct of the state, is little in our thought; small wonder that the average young American is convinced of prevailing political misconduct; small wonder the craze for athletics. It is a question whether the fine influence on conduct of the editorial writer is not more than offset by the man who arranges the news and advertising columns.

And what is our attitude? Is it constructive or creative? Does it tend to human ascent? If our conduct works well now how will it work a century hence? This is the very newest aspect of the human evolution problem, — namely, what will be the bearing of the present-day attitude toward daily practical question of conduct on the future of our race. It is not immediately obvious, but a moment's reflection shows that our future is inevitably bound by daily practical questions of conduct.

For example, we may smile at prohibition, but when we look at it from the standpoint of the future progress of man we become serious; every drinking man I knew in 1876 and every drinking student of mine up to the year 1890 has paid the death penalty, and they were all fine men who could hardly be spared: As the great English surgeon, Sir Andrew Clarke, said to one of his wayward patients, "Nature forgives but never forgets." It may amuse us to read of individualistic young women abandoning their husbands and children, but when we Americans learn that as a race we are rapidly dying out our amusement ceases. In this connection read the Very Reverend Dean Inge of St Paul's, called "gloomy" because he has the courage to tell the truth; he is at once the leading moral and scientific preacher of our times. I am not gloomy either, but as a consistent evolutionist I desire to see the men and women of America evolving in the right direction.

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WHAT IS CIVILIZATION?

II — *Africa's Answer*

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

Decorations by Winold Reiss

WHAT is Civilization? Last month India answered this question. Now it is Africa's turn. According to Dr. Du Bois world-civilization owes a surprising number of things to the Negro, more things, perhaps, than the average white man will be willing to concede. Dr. Du Bois gives credit to his race for the beginnings of all culture, for the beneficial influence of the village unit in developing religion, government, and industry. He also regards the Negro as the originator of the arts of sculpture, painting, and music.

THREE things Africa has given the world, and they form the essence of African culture: Beginnings, the village unit, and Art in sculpture and music.

Long before the last two thousand years, which we call the years of modern civilization, lay the beginnings of human culture. For ten thousand years, — perhaps fifty thousand years and more, — mankind struggled with the first steps of advance; struggled and wavered, forged forward, retreated, fell, and arose again. This was a period fateful for all mankind, — for all culture. It was far more tremendous in its ultimate significance than anything that has happened since.

It was during these years that the black race, in its own land, Africa, and in all the paths by which it wended its way thither, seems always to have been first. Wherever one sees the first faint steps of human culture, the first successful fight against wild beasts, the striving against weather and disease, there one sees black men. To be sure, they were not the only beginners, but they seem to have been the successful and the persistent ones. Thus Africa appears as the Father of mankind, and the people who eventually settled there, wherever they may have wandered before and since, — along the Ganges, the Euphrates, and the Nile, in Cyprus and about the Mediterranean shores, — form the

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largest and often the only group of human beings successfully advancing from animal savagery toward primitive civilization. The ancient world looked upon them continually as creators of human culture and rang with their tributes. Hammurabi, law giver of Babylonia, is called "to go forth like the sun over the Black race." The Greeks sent Zeus and Poseidon to feast annually with the "Blameless Blacks", and the Roman historians tell us that the Blacks "conceive themselves to be of greater antiquity than any other nation. They suppose themselves also to be the inventors of divine worship, of festivals, of solemn assemblies, of sacrifices, and every religious practice. They affirm that the Egyptians are one of their colonies."

Out of many things that these beginnings emphasize we may select one: the discovery of the use of iron. Probably the properties of iron have been discovered in the world many times and in many places, but it seems likely that while Europe was still in its stone age and while neither Egypt nor Western Asia nor ancient China knew iron, the black Africans had invented the art of smelting. It was a moment big with promise for the uplift of the human race. No effective industry, no sure defense was possible for mankind with laboriously chipped stone tools. Copper and bronze made great advance over stone, but only hard iron founded modern industry; and this marvelous discovery was made by African Negroes.

The second thing that came out of the early strife of black folk was the village unit. I shall never forget my first glimpse of an African village. The night before, we had ridden the bar in the moonlight with the curious singing of lithe black boys. Above on the great headland twinkled Monrovia; below lay the black and silent forests beside a sombre sea. But this morning down by the sea and down by the forests suddenly we walked out into a little town. It was a town of the Vais. It was a thing of clay, colored cream and purple; clean, quiet, small, with perhaps a dozen or

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more homes. Authority was here and religion, industry and trade, education and art. It was not a complete thing from a modern point of view. It had little or no machinery; it lay almost defenseless against surrounding malaria. Of news service with the greater world, there was none. Though its whole inner being had been changed and in some respects upset by a new surrounding and invading economy, this little village was a mighty thing; it had come down from a mighty past. Its beginning stretched back in time thousands and thousands of years; it gathered to itself traditions and customs springing almost from the birth of the world. In space alone it stretched back along a path leading from the low thunder of the sea on the black West Coast to the great central plateau of Africa with forest, lake, and sand, two hundred miles away. Perhaps the great successive movements of this vast continent, so veiled to-day in mystery, had brought it even further seaward from the regions of the Mountains of the Moon, past Ethiopia and Nubia, Melle and Songhay, Haussaland and Benin, those shadowy empires of the past. Perhaps even this little village here once knew Atlantis itself, and Greece and Phoenicia.

No matter whence the African village came and how it is to-day distorted and changed, and has been in the past glorified and degraded, it is a singularly persistent and eternal thing. Again and again this village with its conical huts, its central fire, its grassy streets, its fields of grain and fruit, and its cattle has been reborn in Africa and has spread itself over the endless miles of the continent. Even the African city as it rose time and time again was a city of villages. Ancient Jenne, whence comes our modern word Guinea, "had seven thousand villages so near to one another that the chief of Jenne had no need of messengers," but cried his messages from gate to gate and village to village until within a few moments they had gone a hundred miles to Lake Dibo.

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We know the village unit the world over and among all people, but among most folk the village early lost itself in some larger unit, and civilization became a matter of city and state and nation. But the African village, because of geography and climate, because perhaps of some curious inner tenacity and strength of tradition, persisted and did on a small scale what the world has continually attempted on a wider scale and never satisfactorily accomplished. The African village socialized the individual completely, and yet because the village was small this socialization did not submerge and kill individuality. When the city socializes the modern man he becomes mechanical, and cities tend to be all alike. When the nation attempts to socialize the modern man the result is often a soulless Leviathan. The African village attempted a small part of the task of the modern city and state, and accomplished that part more successfully. It lost thereby breadth and power, it failed to integrate into a larger permanent imperialism. It never succumbed wholly to a militarism of its own but for that very reason it tasted slavery of every sort to others. But it was and is and perhaps will long be in its limited way a perfect human thing.

In the African village were bred religion, industry, government, education, and art, and these were bred as integral interrelated things. The primitive religion of Africa as developed by the African village underlies the religions of the world. Egyptian religion was in its beginning and later development of purely Negro character, and mulatto Egyptian priests on the stones of Egypt continually receive their symbols of authority from the black priests of Ethiopia. The Negro religion thus developed had something about it that was grim and terrible, and for that very reason it powerfully expressed the feelings of the first fighters in the world. The fire and desert, water and jungle of Africa, the beast and bird and serpent, the devil of disease with his flies and insects and worms and the infinitesimal germs that creep in the

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skin and veins and marrow of men, — all these are personified by the African Fetish. Fetish is a primitive philosophy of life. It is a spiritual explanation of physical evil and it explains by making all things spirit, both the good and the bad, and by seeking spiritual cure for physical ill.

The religion of the black man spread among all the Mediterranean races. Shango, god of the West Coast, hurler of thunderbolts and lord of the storms, render of trees and slayer of men, cruel and savage and yet beneficent, was prototype of Zeus and Jupiter and Thor.

The African villagers from early days wove cloth, baked earthenware, manufactured instruments and arms, baskets and shoes, soap and glass. They worked in iron, copper, brass, bronze, gold, silver, bone, and ivory. They built in fibre, wood, and stone. They developed an original division of industry, a division first by families and clans, so that even the militarized Zulus are to this day divided according to ancient industrial designation like "the men of iron" and "sons of corn cleaners". Beyond that, division of industry appeared among the villages so that they were grouped according to their reciprocal activities and became complements one to another. One village specialized in fishing, another in wine, another in metals, and still another in trade, — importing from without. Sometimes the division was even more delicate: One Congo village carves elephant tusks, another makes a particular style of hat, and others swords, copper rings, wood carvings, and burnt clay pitchers.

Out of this industry developed the African market-place which knit the continent together with paths and trade centres, from the Gulf of Guinea to Zanzibar and from Walfish Bay to Lake Chad, long before the modern coming of Europe. The trade of African villages early reached the world, — Egypt, Persia, and India, Cyprus, Greece, and Rome, Byzantium, Spain, and Italy.

What the village system lacked in breadth and vision it gained

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in depth and personal knowledge. There was no monopoly, no poverty, no prostitution, and the only privilege was the definite, regulated, and usually limited privilege of the chief and head men, given in return for public service and revocable for failure. This primal village life has to-day largely disintegrated before the white invader, before machine goods and imperial compulsion, but it played its part in the world and was a rare contribution to civilization.

For stubbornly clinging to this fine and narrow village type of government and association, Africa has paid with dispersion and slavery. Dispersion came because the Village could not corral and hold its strongly developed individualities as could the state and empire. So that from days before the dawn of history down to our era a stream of black men have passed out of black Africa and into the world and profoundly influenced Civilization by their genius. There was Nefertari, the black queen of Egypt who drove out the Hyksos and was as Flinders Petrie says, "the most venerated figure of Egyptian history"; there was the black Mut-emua, mother of the great Amen-hote III who built the temple at Luxor and whose direct descendant was the royal princess who by marriage made Tut-ankh-amen, Pharoah of Egypt. As the late Professor Chamberlain wrote: "Besides these marked individual instances, there is the fact that the Egyptian race itself in general had a considerable element of Negro blood, and one of the prime reasons why no civilization of the type of that of the Nile arose in other parts of the continent, if such a thing were possible, was that Egypt acted as a sort of channel by which the genius of Negroland was drafted off into the service of Mediterranean and Asiatic culture."

The second and more terrible way in which Africa paid for her individualistic village culture was by the slave trade; Christian Europe traded in human beings for four hundred years. The slave trade alone cost Africa in dead and stolen nearly one hun-

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dred million souls. And yet people to-day ask the cause of the stagnation of culture in that land since 1600!

Nevertheless for all this there was compensation, and this compensation was African art. The sense of beauty is the last and best gift of Africa to the world and the true essence of the black man's soul. African art is the offspring of the African climate and the Negro soul. The sunshine of central Africa cloaks you like a golden blanket; it hangs heavy about your shoulders; it envelops you; it smothers you in a soft but mighty embrace. The rain of Africa is a consuming flood, a river pouring out of heaven, without banks or current. In Africa the swift, the energetic are the dead. In Africa the "lazy" survive and live. This African laziness is several things; it is shelter from the penetrating rain; it is defense from malaria. And it brings with it leisure and dreams and human intercourse.

Deep in forest fastness and by the banks of low, vast rivers; in the deep tense quiet of the endless jungle, the human soul whispered its folk tales, carved its pictures, sang its rhythmic songs, and danced and danced. The languages of Africa grew and developed for their unique work, "so simple and clear in their phonology, so logical in their syntax." From these has descended one of the richest masses of oral tradition of poetry and folk lore which the world knows. To this was early added the art of sculpture.

We have long known of the African artist. Traces of his work have been found in prehistoric Europe, in parts of Asia, and of course in Egypt. Later rich centres of African art were brought to European knowledge on the African western coast. It was long customary to think of this art first as imitation, secondly as inexpressably crude and funny; but to-day more recent interpretations show that the primitive art of Africa is one of the greatest expressions of the human soul in all time, "that black men invented art as they invented fire," that they spread their

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ideas of art among their white neighbors, and that their earliest expressions had an originality and fidelity of purpose that the primitive world never surpassed.

Finally, out of Africa and out of the soul of black folk came music and rhythm. The African not only sang beautiful melodies but he invented part singing, and his instinct for rhythm developed syncopation. He early made musical instruments, and especially did he make the drum a living and speaking thing. His songs "rich as is their weave of rhythm and polyphony are not the only music of the African, but through other instruments of his own invention the black man achieves the independence of human voice that presupposes a conception of music as an art, demanding an understanding of tone qualities and again a sense for the structural building of rhythmic and melodic balances of sound."

What is African music? Have you heard the tom-tom in O'Neill's "Emperor Jones"? Below this ecstasy of Fear runs that rhythmic obligato, — low, sombre, fateful, tremendous; full of deep expression and infinite meaning; have you dancing in your soul and have you heard a Negro orchestra playing Jazz? Your head may revolt, your ancient conventions scream in protest, but your heart and body leap to rhythm. It is a new and mighty art which Africa gave America and America is giving the world. It has circled the world, it has set hundreds of millions of feet a-dancing, — it is a "new" and "American" art which has already influenced all music and is destined to do more. Or again, have you heard the Sorrow Song?

Once upon a time, — I was a youth of eighteen, — I taught school in the hills of Tennessee. I was new to section and people, and of a soft and dark and lovely night, I went out under the stars. And there rolling down across the valley came music. It was as the Voice of Angels upon the Hills of God. It was the sorrow of riven souls suddenly articulate; it was the tears of

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slaves, the sobs of raped daughters, the quiver of murdered bodies, the defiance of deathless hope. I shivered and ran. I hurried along the stony creek, and up hard hills, and through the gray and twinkling village. And ever as I ran the music, the terrible, beautiful music swept nearer. It became more human, louder, pulsating with life and vigor and yet more poignantly sweet.

There was a building set upon a hill, — a dim, dilapidated thing, half-furnished with bench and board and far-flung door and window. There within swayed and danced a people mad with song. It was the demoniac possession of infinite music. Wild arms waved in air, wild feet beat out the time, wild faces, dark, sweat-creased, stared up to God and wild and wilder words cut the night: —

"Stand the storm, it won't be long, we'll anchor by and by!"

"Oh, the stars of the elements are falling and the moon drips away into blood, —!"

"Roll, Jordan, roll!"

Oh, it was bizarre, — the people were black and dirty and funny but I stood and wept, and when, in a flash of silence, a woman leaped into the air and shrieked as the dying shriek I sat down cold with terror and hot with new ecstasy.

Again and yesterday I sat in old St George's, New York, and heard a whole service intoned to the music set by a Negro composer, built on Negro music and sung by a white choir. The audience within was spellbound, and without, a thousand friends of Harry Burleigh clamored for admittance in vain.

And finally, last Christmas, I looked out of my window. The moonlight drifted down on palm and mango. Strange blossoms spread their scent on the soft hot breeze. I could hear the dull roar of the Atlantic beyond Cape Mesurado. I could hear music, — songs that rose and rolled nearer. Words half English, half Vai, tunes that were once gospel hymns, but Africa had taken them, Africa had given them rhythm and syncopation; high

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soared the soprano obligato, low rolled the strong big voices of men. It was the strangest combination, re-weaving, new-birthing of an old thing, I had ever heard. Such is the gift of music which Africa is still giving the world.

The essence of African culture then lies in its initial strife which began all culture; in its development of the village unit in religion, industry, and government; and finally in its art, — its realization of beauty in folk lore, sculpture, and music. All this Africa has given the modern world together with its suffering and its woe.

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NEW LIGHT ON BALZAC'S MARRIAGE

Part Two

CATHERINE, PRINCESS RADZIWILL

THE three letters which follow throw light on the events which preceded the marriage between Honoré de Balzac and Evelina Hanska.

The first letter must have been written in 1848 or 1849. I have not been able to make out the identity of the person referred to as "Stanislas":

"I have been extremely annoyed by all the gossip which this imbecile Stanislas has so unnecessarily started. This has been done with the evident intention of causing me pain. Yet I have always been kind to him, even when he did not deserve it. Who was it who said that 'one's relatives are enemies given to us by nature?' Whoever he is, his definition is justified by Stanislas and his conduct. Not that I would have minded it if it had not brought me another of those irritating letters from Aunt Rosalie, who seems determined to have the last word in regard to what I am to do with my life. And to think that the whole tempest arose because I was unlucky enough to drop an envelope bearing a Paris stamp, which gave rise to all kinds of silly conjectures, as if I had only one correspondent in France. As a matter of fact the envelope in question was not that of a letter from Monsieur de Balzac, but from another person. I know why people imagine that he is the only being in France who is of interest to me. This disgusts me, because it draws attention to all my acts, and I would like to be forgotten by the world. After all, the only person I have to consider is my daughter, Anna. Anna is just as attached to Monsieur de Balzac as I am myself, and, besides, she would never wish anything but my happiness.

"Regarding my happiness, I cannot say that I am expecting much of it in the future. On the contrary, I am prepared to suffer annoyances and even sorrows. But I am sustained by my faith in God and by the knowledge that I am trying to do my duty, which by no means indicates that I succeed in this pious intention. My mental struggles are just as acute to-day as they were years ago, in fact, just as acute as they have always been since Monsieur Hanski's death. God knows my life with him was sometimes hard, yet I am glad to say I never allowed myself to grumble or to complain of my fate.

"But I think that I have earned a reward for those years of bondage. If I were a child, or even a young woman, I could understand this solicitude of my family. But I am a woman who has reached middle age, if not passed it. I shall soon be fifty years of age and have surely attained the right to be left alone to do what I please in regard to my own destiny. If I consider that it is my duty to renounce certain advantages of fortune and position in order to bring happiness to a man who

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has loved me for years and years, in whose life I have been a consolation and a joy, whose work I have encouraged, and whose faith I have sustained, this is my own business and not that of Aunt Rosalie or any of our thousand and one relatives. Why cannot I be left alone? Why will people perpetually try to mix themselves up in what does not concern them? I am sometimes so exasperated at it all that a sea of bitterness rises in my soul and heart.

"Dear brother, forgive me this complaint. You know it is not often that I allow myself to be thus carried away by my feelings, and that you are the only one before whom I can let loose my indignation and cry out my misery. May God keep you and watch over you always."

The next letter was written early in 1850, during Balzac's long sojourn at Wierzchownia, Madame Hanska's Ukrainian home:

"I have wished to write you for ever so long, but never got to it. Monsieur de Balzac has been ill again, and I have spent most of my time with him, reading to him and talking with him. During these long weeks I have learned to know him as I have never known him before. During our long conversations he has opened up my eyes to so much that, before he explained it to me, I had never properly understood or realized. His knowledge of history is quite remarkable, and when he speaks of those dark days of the Great Revolution one seems to live it over again in its horror.

"His remarks on the influence of this cataclysm on the general condition of France are always profoundly true and well chosen. Listening to him is an education in itself. Certainly I had never appreciated the psychology of the French mind until we had discussed it together. I have discovered that in many things I have been profoundly ignorant, because those who had explained them to me were prejudiced and unable to form a proper opinion as to the great revolutionary convulsion which, in spite of its crimes, has done so much for humanity and given birth to so much progress unknown to us before it had taken the world by storm. I am beginning to change my opinions on many points, or at least to modify them. Certainly I shall owe a great deal to the kind master who is taking such pains with me to-day. No, dear brother, these are not the words of a woman in love, but the remarks of one whose mind is stimulated by contact with a mind far superior to hers.

"Monsieur de Balzac is unquestionably one of the greatest men of his time, despite his faults and the exaggerations of an imagination not always under control. Certainly he will live as such in the history of the literature of the nineteenth century. To know him is an honor; to have the advantage of enjoying his conversation is a privilege for which many would pay a great deal. So how can anyone blame me for having fallen under his spell? This spell is so great that Anna and her husband are also feeling it, and I am glad to say that my children are just as devoted to him as I am myself, and will hail the day when it will be possible for us to marry. It is only outsiders who will blame me for consenting to expatriate myself for love of this extraordinary man.

"And yet there is so much sadness in our wonderful romance! So much sorrow and so much anxiety on my part, at least. I know only

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too well that Monsieur de Balzac is doomed. Even with the best of care he cannot live very long, for his organism is entirely worn out by the hard battle he has had to fight, and by all the disillusions which have crowded upon him. Fortunately for him he does not know this. He is full of plans for the future,—plans to which I listen with a fainting heart, knowing very well that there is no such future in store for us! But still the thought that I was able to be of some use to this great mind and to this noble heart is in its way a reward. I was not born to be happy, and the fact that I have always tried to do my duty has not brought me recompense so far. Yet I regret nothing. . . . although I fear so much. . . . Please do not judge me too harshly, and try to prevent Pauline, if you can, from being too bitter when she writes to me. It only hurts me, and it is so useless. Apart from the fact that I would never go back on my given word, there are so many reasons why I could not change the decision to which I have come after having thought it over for years and years.

"As soon as Monsieur de Balzac is able to move, and certain papers which we are both expecting have come, we shall go to either Kieff or Berditscheff and be married very quietly with no one but Anna and George as witnesses. They are so good to me, my children. They are such a help to me in all these trials. If only these trials were over! At times the dread seizes me that Monsieur de Balzac may get worse and die before the great desire of his heart is granted to him! And then I am overcome with remorse, although I know that all these delays have been none of my own fault.

"*Au revoir*, I will write to you as soon as things are definitely settled. Don't forget me, and ask your wife to keep me in her kind remembrances. You had such a wonderful romance yourselves that you will be able to understand mine and look upon it with indulgent eyes."

A week before her marriage (March, 1850) to Balzac, Madame Hanska wrote the following letter to my father:

"When you receive this letter, I shall have given up my old ties, and there will no longer be in existence a Madame Hanska. My marriage is to be celebrated some day next month, and my only regret is that you will not be able to be present. I know you would have stood by me on this occasion, and that if such an enormous distance did not separate us you would have accompanied me to the altar. I know, too, that your dear wife would have urged you to do so. I have never doubted your affection for me, nor that of your wife. I have been terribly hurt by Pauline's refusal to be present at my marriage. ("Pauline" was Mme. Pauline Riznitsch, a younger sister.) Anna has been adorable all through, and so has her husband. (George, Count Mniszech.) Both love and respect my future husband, and we shall always remain a happy and united family. But the others! Ah, my dear brother, I have indeed had much to endure. But I know that I shall have my reward. My husband and I shall both be rewarded for our constancy to each other. Don't imagine, however, that I do not realize the trials that await me. But, as you know, I have always had the courage to look situations in

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the face, and I know that certain deeds must be expiated and their consequences bravely borne.

"My romance with Monsieur de Balzac was at first the product of my curiosity; the curiosity of a very young woman who, after having been brought up in a vigorously intellectual atmosphere, was suddenly compelled to an existence composed of petty trifles, and to live with people who did not understand her and whom she also could not understand. My correspondence with Monsieur de Balzac began as a joke, — on my side, at least. It developed into one of the most serious passions and problems with which a woman has ever been confronted. He so constantly lived in the hope that it would materialize into a marriage with me; I never thought of a marriage at all. And then came my widowhood, and I came to realize the love that I had kindled and, I must say it, the love I was feeling myself, the pride which filled my heart at having inspired such affection in a man who most certainly is one of the great geniuses of the world at the present moment.

"Could I disappoint him, could I shatter all his illusions, the picture he had carried in his heart of the apparently perfect woman? No, no, this would have been impossible. I owed something to the man who had endured so much for my sake, whose inspiration I had been. He is so ill. He cannot live long. I know all this, and I take into account other things. But I am no longer a child, and I will accept the consequences of my youthful giddiness. I will give him the happiness he deserves, and I will be happy doing it. He has been betrayed so often. I will be true to him, to the ideal which I represent for him; and if, as the doctors tell me, he is to die soon, let it at least be with his hand in mine. Let his last glance rest upon my face, — the face of the woman whom he has so greatly loved, and who so sincerely and so truly loves him!"

Noble sentiments, nobly expressed, and to which she remained loyal to the last. In these sentiments Madame de Balzac never changed or wavered, although if the conclusions I have drawn are correct, — and I have based these conclusions on what I have heard and upon my observations later on in my long conversations with my aunt, — the first fires of the passions were burned out, and there was a good deal of pity mingled with the tenderness which she felt for him.

Some weeks after their marriage they departed on a journey for Paris, going by way of Dresden, where Balzac had an acute attack of heart trouble. The letter which follows gives an indication of the circumstances so fatally conspiring against their romance. It was written from Dresden on May first, 1850:

"Your letter has just reached me and it was just such a letter as I expected, full of affection and tenderness. We are here for just a few days to give my husband the opportunity to rest after our terrible

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journey, the discomforts of which have aggravated his condition to an alarming degree. For many other reasons I wish we were out of Dresden. Our stay here has not been particularly pleasant, not, at least, for me. I had hoped to escape the curiosity of the Polish colony, but it swooped down upon me like a hungry vulture, urged on by its unwholesome curiosity, and it has spared me no unpleasantness in its manifestations.

"My poor love does not understand, and happily for him has not realized the depth of sarcasm contained in the so-called 'politenesses' which have been showered upon us. In his happiness he has allowed the exuberance of his nature to take the upper hand over the dictates of prudence, which of course brought him into a silent but energetic conflict with people like our detestable 'Princesse Maréchale' who, when he told her of his joy at having become allied to her and of his gratitude for the kindness shown to him by her and her various cousins, 'who have now become my cousins too,' — replied, 'Oh, our relationship with Evelina is one of those distant ones which one can claim or disclaim at will!' I did not dare look at my beloved husband when she uttered those cruel words, but happily their sarcasm was lost upon him. Only you will understand that such incidents have not added to my comfort, and that I shall be glad to be far from all those people who find in my marriage an occasion to humiliate me through the man I love.

"Another thing that troubles me is that I lack the courage to ask my husband to be more careful in his speech and more reserved in his manner. All the small mistakes and faults in breeding, which for the most part would pass unnoticed in other circumstances, are eagerly watched for and immediately noted. More than once I have surprised whispers and remarks of a nature to wound me bitterly, — as for example, 'Evelina could at least have married a man who knows how to handle his knife and fork,' and others of the same kind. Naturally I pretend not to hear, but the wound smarts just the same, and more than once I have been tempted to give to Monsieur de Balzac some lessons in deportment. Then I remember how ill he is and how much the slightest word of reproach on my part would pain him, and I remain silent.

"But I am looking forward to our arrival in Paris where he will be in his own *milieu*, and where he will also find the medical care he requires. So please address your next letter to the Rue Fortunée, and please do not let me wait too long for news from you."

Three weeks later they arrived in Paris and went to the house in the Rue Fortunée, where Balzac was to die three months later. His wife wrote from this address to her brother on June 15:

"Here I am writing to you again and trying to seek from you affection and encouragement. Our new existence is slowly organizing itself, and I wish I could think it was for a long time, but unfortunately my husband's state of health is daily growing worse. He does not realize it, and refuses to take the precautions we all urge upon him. Lately he has

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become quite impatient with Doctor Nacquart, and the other day wounded that faithful and devoted friend by saying that he wished he could have Doctor Knothe here, for *he* would know how to treat him. This remark was all the more unfortunate in that I have heard my husband's family reproach me for having kept him so long in Russia, far away from expert medical care. Nacquart looked hurt, and later I had to explain matters to him and tell him how much I had looked forward to the time when he would take into his hands the care of my husband's health.

"But Monsieur de Balzac is sometimes a perfect child, and never thinks how much a careless word may embitter even the best and most intimate relations. He allows his imagination completely to carry him away at times, which puts him as well as others in an embarrassing position. For instance, I have never been able to influence him to the extent of preventing him from everlastingly referring to Marie Leszczinska as 'his aunt'. First of all, she was nothing of the kind; then none of us to my knowledge has ever boasted of the relationship; and furthermore, it jars on the nerves of the aristocratic old Frenchmen, of whom we see a great many, to hear him claiming it. It makes for me enemies I could have done without, because of course it is I who am credited with priding myself on my cousinship with the elder branch of the Bourbons. All good reasons why Monsieur de Balzac should hold his tongue!

"You will tell me that it is I who am getting impatient and there you will be right. You know how I hate a fuss over what, after all, is but an accident or an incident, put it as you like. You must not, however, imagine that all these petty little details have taken anything away from my love for my husband. It would have been a poor kind of affection if such small things could influence it, or change it in any way. No, my attachment to the man whose name I bear is as strong to-day as it has ever been, and you must not imagine for a single moment that I regret the decision which I made. If I did, then indeed life would be a perfect hell, whereas I am really completely happy in my new life, and expect to remain so. But we are all of us human, and perhaps I allow outside circumstances to influence me too much.

"Do not be uneasy about me, dear brother, and do not imagine that I have anything to regret. Above everything else remember that no woman in the world has ever been prouder of the man she has married than I am. *Au revoir* for the present. Please, please do not forget us, and try to pay us the visit you promised as soon as it is possible for you to do so."

Knowing that her husband was doomed, my aunt had one remaining desire, which was that his last days might be as happy as possible. She succeeded in spite of what the world has said about it, or thought it suspected about it. After all, such suppositions were based only on suspicion. My aunt was of a very secretive nature and rarely spoke of herself or of anything concerning her personal feelings.

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But one day, while talking with me and telling me some of the episodes in her unusual romance, she alluded to the last hours of her husband's life, and remarked with an accent which still rings in my ears, "*J'ai vécu un enfer de souffrance ce jour-là!*" And yet, during the short six months that their union lasted, there had been some friction between them. This is impossible to deny.

Balzac never changed in his regard for her. His dream had been to see her preside over a literary and political *salon* in Paris. This *salon*, he felt, would have opened for him the doors of public life and allowed him to become influential in French governmental spheres. Death interfered with these plans. In August, 1850, Balzac succumbed to blood poisoning, induced by Bright's disease from which he had been a sufferer for years.

Three weeks after his death, which occurred September, 1850, his widow wrote to her brother in the following terms:

> "I am only now beginning to gather together my shattered nerves and spirits. I have not yet recovered my peace of mind, and indeed I know that there cannot be any rest for me in this life. I have lost all I cared for, the only man I have loved, and one whose existence I had hoped to make so bright and happy. The only thing which is left to me at present is to try to clear his memory, to pay the debts he had accumulated, and to take care of his mother as if she were my own. My heart is broken, but I have no regrets. When Pauline wrote me that I might have spared myself all this agony if I had not married Monsieur de Balzac, I felt as though I never wished to speak to her again.
>
> "No, indeed, I regret nothing; have nothing with which to reproach myself. It has been given to but very few women to be the friend, the guide, the only real love of a man who will rank as one of the greatest writers of his time. And I can only feel proud that I have inspired him, comforted him, encouraged him when the rest of the world scorned him and refused to believe in his genius; proud, likewise, in the knowledge that, thanks to me and to my love and devotion, his last days on earth were happy ones and that for a brief space of time he lived in the full beatitude of his accomplished ambitions. How he loved me! God, how he loved me! How he believed in me, trusted me,— believed perhaps more in me than I in him. I had some jealous moments, I regret to say, during which I suffered bitterly, thinking and fearing that he might find another woman, younger, handsomer than myself, to attract him!
>
> "And now he is gone: friend, husband, companion. I lost everything when I lost him, buried everything with him. Aside from my daughter Anna, nothing is left to me except his memory to cherish, his reputation to uphold and to defend, and the remembrance of him to help me along a life now so lonely and barren. For a few short days I was in Paradise. From now on it will be earth with its cares, its worries and duties, — duty alone to guide me on the steep road of my Calvary!"

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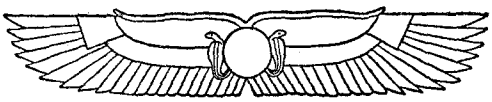
These few letters give us a better insight into the married life of Monsieur and Madame de Balzac than any other publication has ever done.

Judging from their contents, we may say, without fear of being contradicted, that their union, in spite of the slight friction of which I have spoken, was a happy one. At least it was as happy as it could possibly be under the circumstances, with the shadow of death hovering at all times over the head of the great writer, a shadow of which he himself was unaware.

My aunt survived her husband thirty-six years. Before she passed away she had paid to the last cent his enormous debts; and she had settled an annuity on her mother-in-law which was paid to her regularly till she died. Madame de Balzac herself died in the same room in which Balzac had breathed his last, his picture, on which her last glance rested, hanging over her head. My aunt left me this picture in her will, and in 1904 I presented it to the Musée Carnavalet in Paris, where it now hangs. It portrays Balzac on his deathbed and was painted by Eugene Giraud.

A volume could easily be written of Madame de Balzac. All that has been attempted here is to convey to students of Balzac's life and works, in a sketch so necessarily brief, the devotion of a wife to her husband. And I wished to put an end to the senseless calumnies that have been circulated concerning her supposed indifference to him in his dying hours. These are untrue. The letters which I quoted prove better than anything that I could write or say that such slander is false. It is useless to add anything more to them.



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THE GREAT FARM REBELLION

Its Cause and Cure

FRANK BOHN

IN THE FORUM *for October, 1924, there appeared an article,* "The Politics of Wheat," *which drew attention to the futility of attempting to bring prosperity to the farmers by legislative action. In the present article Dr. Bohn begins about where Dr. Bellows left off and, pursuing the subject further, goes into an analysis of the fundamental economic reasons for the present plight of the farmers. He points out how conditions may be improved through organized coöperation, greater education, and more scientific methods.*

IN July of the present year the writer sat down to dinner with a grocer's family in a village in Saskatchewan. The first half-dozen crates of California cherries had just been deposited by the express train from the West.

"Damn them!" said the grocer; "Damn their infernal hides! They make me buy cherries for them and strawberries, — at thirty-five cents for a little bit of a box; about a pint it holds, I guess. And they haven't paid me for last summer's sugar and coffee. I wonder what they think I'm going to eat!"

"Why do you sell them?" asked the guest.

"Why? Because if I didn't the whole gang of them would go over to my competitor and forget all about last year's credits. I should be walking out of town bare-foot in a month."

"But surely you don't blame a farmer's wife for wanting to make cherry pie, now that we are knee-deep in June?"

"Perhaps I am talking a bit strong. But I certainly do blame 'em for not making their own butter. I blame 'em for not raising any vegetables. Most of them come here to my store and buy potatoes by the peck, — on credit. Why don't they plant an acre for themselves? Why don't they put in a half acre of tomatoes and can a few hundred quarts? No! They just want to sell their wheat and buy everything else."

The western wheat fields have produced more than a new political alignment. They have given us, too, some very good poetry. To the poetic mind there is no doubt something very inspiring, something expressive of beauty and power in those vast stretches of level prairie where the deep green of the growing wheat turns so quickly into the golden brown of the harvest.

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Hundreds and hundreds of miles, and nothing but wheat. A million farm families, and no talk but talk about wheat. A million square miles where everything in human life, — its necessities, its comforts, its luxuries — life itself, — all depend upon the size of the wheat crop and its market price. As one looks more closely into the situation the poetry and romance are quickly displaced by very prosaic considerations.

The problem of our Northwestern wheat farmers, in the United States as in Canada, turns upon three factors. These are (1) The development of mixed farming; (2) Agricultural and mechanical education; (3) The coöperation in selling, in buying, and in borrowing money.

The second and third of these factors are general in character. That is, they are the same in North Dakota and Northern Alberta as they are in Nova Scotia and Kentucky. The first, the single crop curse, our Northwest shares with the Farther South alone. Plunging his capital and his labor into a single crop makes the wheat producer of the Northwest, not a farmer, but a gambler. Over most of our great wheat areas in both the United States and Canada the producer plays the game against all the world on the one hand, and nature on the other. A big crop means money in the bank only if there is a small crop elsewhere. Of course, some years there is in many sections little rain or no rain, and he harvests a very small crop or no crop at all.

Then comes a year when it rains and rains and rains. If there is no frost too late or too early; if there is no hail; if there is a short crop in Europe and the Argentine and India and Australia, — then there is joy in Kansas and North Dakota and in the provinces of Western Canada away up to the wheat frontier. Wheat is now grown from a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles north of Winnipeg and Edmonton.

The problems of the wheat farmer are subject to no easy solution. His peculiar position makes them more intricate than those of the average farmer elsewhere. That is all. So he has made himself the radical vanguard of the farmer's political rebellion. The regeneration of our American farming industry is everywhere fundamentally the same task; but that task can be best studied where the problem is most acute.

Single crop farming eventually impoverishes the most fertile

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soil. "We can raise forty crops of wheat in this district without a pound of fertilizer," said a farmer in Western Canada to the writer. Granted. But if "a thousand years is as but a day" to the everlasting mind of Providence, then forty years is a very short time indeed to human society as a whole. No people has a right to leave an impoverished soil to future generations. Everywhere in the Northwest, in Canada as in the United States, one sees manure being hauled to a dump and discarded. Sometimes the barn is moved away from the towering manure pile which has come to surround it. The poorest and most wasteful farming on this continent is now being done upon our cotton lands in the South and upon our wheat lands of the Northwest.

Agricultural Education

This brings us to the crucial subject of agricultural education. The biggest thing that any government can do for the farmers at this time is to develop the means of education among them. In Canada, as in the United States, neither the agricultural schools nor the experimental stations are yet equipped to reach the masses of the farmers in an adequate way. Two means suggest themselves, neither of which is an innovation. The first is the more intensive teaching of agriculture in the country schools. Methods of mixed farming, the use and care of machinery, and the way to coöperation, — all these should be taught along with reading, writing, and arithmetic. It is time that, in the field of rural education, the ignorant young country girl be replaced by a mature and highly trained professional teacher. In almost every community there are many farmers each of whom pays more for his automobile than the school district allows annually for its teacher.

The best secondary school for farm boys the writer has ever seen is maintained by the Government of New Zealand. He believes it to be the best combination of experimental farm and agricultural school in the whole world. The boys in New Zealand go there not primarily to listen to lectures and to read books. They learn modern methods of farming while working seven hours a day in the fields or the dairy and devoting three or four hours to books, classrooms, and laboratories. We in the United States send our tens of thousands of young people to the agri-

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cultural schools every autumn. Every spring we see the graduates turned out, after four years of specializing in classroom and laboratory, not as farmers, but as scientific experts, government job-hunters, and office clerks. Compared with the work of the New Zealand institution, the agricultural colleges of the United States and Canada are mostly failures. Why not place a large and efficient school and experimental farm well within reach of every farmer? Upon this farm every farm boy should be expected to spend a season or two learning the difficult business of modern farming as it ought to be taught in this year of our Lord 1924. To that farm as a social centre all the people of the countryside might go for picnics and entertainments, for lectures and conferences.

"But we do not wish to raise more and more crops," we have heard it said at every hand. Very true. More tons of crops may mean fewer dollars for the farmer. What the farmer is in starving need of, however, is knowledge of how to raise more and more crops with less and less labor and less and less capital. He needs more time for leisure and pleasure, for companionship and general culture, for education in his vocation, and for coöperative organization. This is the crop every right-minded citizen wishes to see grown upon every acre of farm land in every country of the world.

"What are you doing?" asked the writer, home from school in Ohio twenty years ago, of a neighbor and intimate friend, whom he ran across in the woods. It was early in the summer.

"I'm a-hunting."

"Hunting what?" The man carried neither rifle nor fowling piece.

"I'm hunting my gol-dinged mowing machine."

He had been mowing weeds on an autumn day and had left his machine in a "piece of brush" next to his wood-lot. Eight months later he couldn't remember just where. This man was the very efficient superintendent of the village Sunday school. He knew more about the Old Testament than an average professor of theology.

From the economic point of view, one of the most pitiful sights in the world to-day is a row of gang-plows, harrows, binders, and a threshing machine or two standing out in the rain and snow on a farm in our Northwest. Years ago a professor in one of our North-

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western state agricultural colleges made the following reply to the writer's criticism in this connection: "The annual rainfall in this State is only twenty inches. That much can't do a great deal of harm to machinery." Imagine the owner of a great manufacturing concern building a new plant and omitting to put on a roof, on the plea that the annual rainfall, being less than in the Tropics, would not injure his machines! To a man who has ever had a job in a machine shop, the carelessness of our Northwestern farmers in this matter is something which must be seen in order to be believed. The fact, when observed, is not only believed, it is deeply felt. The farmer of North Dakota or Saskatchewan who keeps all his machines indoors during the winter is the exception, not the rule. To one who said to the writer last summer that "It doesn't always pay to build a tool house," the writer answered by taking a pencil and paper and quickly making a simple calculation. A barn with two floors (the upper floor being finished off as bedrooms for summer help) costs in that province sixty cents per square foot. Not counting the upper floor, an area fully ample to house a reaper thus costs sixty dollars. To save that sum the farmer leaves this delicate piece of machinery, which costs him $400 or $500, out in the rain and snow for twelve months. The machinery cost to the average wheat farmer of the Northwest is at least three times as much as it should be. This alone is enough to keep him in debt.

Ignorance and carelessness in the use of farm machinery is one of the weakest links in our entire American economic system. The conditions which make up the background of American frontier farming have always invited to waste. The great West offered seemingly endless areas of virgin lands. Why save and nurture the resources of the soil? With a majority this attitude runs throughout the process. Why clean up a reaper and put it under cover when the agent in town is ready to sell another on credit? Why spend two hundred dollars to paint house and barn? Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof and the work thereof. Three or five good crops in a row, and the farm will be sold for whatever it will bring. Then off for the sunshine of California! There, twenty acres of orange trees will demand no work beyond the picking of the crop once a year. Such is the drift of western wheat farming to-day.

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With exceptions, this wretched inefficiency is the rule throughout the length and breadth of the land. In this day of the machine, the mind of our American farmer remains in the pre-scientific age of the tool process. Granted that there are many of them, — a slowly growing number if you will, — who are doing better. Yet it remains painfully true that the large majority in every State and Province do not know the rudiments of their job. Their case stands worse. From their background of frontier conditions they have inherited, generally, their careless, wasteful habits of work and business. If our railways were mismanaged as our farms are mismanaged, not one locomotive in ten would run safely on the track.

The Farmer in Politics

It is everywhere the same. The wheat farmers of the world have turned radical. Witness Russia, where with markets shut off, the farmers surrendered the pure gold of their great coöperative for the dross of the Bolshevist government monopoly. Our North American wheat farmer runs true to type. Gambling at both ends, he reaps a short crop and gets a high price; or he reaps a big crop and gets a low price. In any case he curses President or Premier, railroads and banks, grain dealers and milling trusts. What shall he do?

His ready answer is furnished out of the deepest things of this historical age in which we live. For centuries political problems have absorbed the attention of Western Civilization. But psychologically and socially we are now coming to the end of the political era, although few of us seem to realize it. *Economic factors are taking precedence as social forces.*

What has this to do with the conditions and problems of the wheat farmer of North Dakota and Saskatchewan? It has everything to do with them. Our present political gyrations are the inheritance of the centuries it has taken the masses everywhere to achieve their political manhood. This great movement toward political democracy has no doubt been vastly important and useful. But its part and lot in the process of civilization has left a troublesome aftermath. Our poor humanity, so easily self-deceived, has now come to look upon the things of politics as it looked upon the things of religion at the beginning of the thir-

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teenth century. Political power, in use and misuse, has become the source of a universal superstition. The wheat farmer is "like everybody else, only more so." He has come to believe in an entire system and rigmarole of political ghosts, political dogmas, political incantations, and political idols in the flesh.

An ax-handle makes a poor rolling-pin, and one does not use a billiard ball for a fish-hook. The modern democratic political state simply is not an industrial or commercial organization. It has been evolved as a means of giving anybody and everybody a share in government, — to the end that anybody and everybody shall feel that he is fully protected in his political rights and in his property. The theoretical basis in the creation of this modern state was, and must ever be, *laissez-faire*. Its single larger practical objective determines its very nature from top to bottom. Its greatest virtue is to be inoffensive and weak, that it may not play the tyrant. Our political parties, our State and Federal legislatures are mostly chattering, gossiping, harebrained affairs. They naturally act like a crowd of our average Americans at a public dance or a county fair. But industrial and commercial management must produce and deliver the goods. It requires, for efficiency, exactly the opposite sort of organization qualities from politics. Political power is balanced and hedged about. It is divided and subdivided among the Federal, the State, and the local governments. Power is totally denied all governments by closely drawn Federal and State Constitutions. Power is lodged with the courts, which often take years to come to decisions. Ships, shops, and railroads are simply not run after that fashion.

Mr. Henry Ford some time ago made a public declaration as to why he could not see his way clear to becoming a candidate for the Presidency. His statement included an observation which might well be printed on the cover of every text-book of political science printed for our schools in the coming generation. If my plant, he said, were cross-lined and divided into forty-eight separate parts, with forty-eight separate systems of rules, how could we turn out the products? (Quoted from memory.) This is a final answer, — it ought to be a persuasive answer, — to all our advocates of State and Federal ownership and operation of the railroads and other industries at the present time.

Very able men are now giving political leadership to our

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Northwestern farmers. Some already occupy high office, and many are hopeful of being elected to high office. Would these not do far better by their following if they were to throw more of their effort into the direct task of economic reorganization?

"We cannot continue to raise wheat for the price they pay us," said a leader of the Canadian wheat farmers to the writer last summer. "The government fixed the price for us during the War. Why can't it do the same for us now?" And as we write, there lies before us, in to-day's (October 6), "New York Times" a well-written argument to this end from a wheat farmer, not from North Dakota, but from Eastern Pennsylvania:

"What the farmers need, and the prosperity of the whole country demands," says this farmer, "is the guarantee of a fair price for wheat, — sufficient to cover the cost of raising it, which is fully $2 per bushel.

"Does not the Government fix the compensation sufficiently high to cover the cost of living for all its officials and employees, great and small, — in number exceeding 3,000,000?

"Is it not the proud boast of leading statesmen that their Commonwealths have been benefited by increasing the salaries of teachers to $100 per month and more?"

The notion that a government might presently have two hundred millions or even five hundred millions of bushels of wheat on its hands for which there was no market and for which someone, somewhere, must surely pay, — this thought was totally absent from the mind of this farmer. The universality of the political state, the superstitious attitude bred of its great physical power and authority, — these are what make the government-aid foibles so seductive. One happy thought follows another: Greenbackism; Free silver; State ownership of elevators, flour mills, and wholesale houses; Government price fixing; and now Government ownership and operation of railroads.

The farmers, first of all the wheat farmers, should organize their marketing power at both ends. Perhaps they can develop collective ownership nowhere else so successfully as in the milling of wheat and the slaughtering of animals. Another primary goal is the coöperative ownership and use of machinery. This will probably prove to be the most difficult phase of coöperation. But without it the small farmer cannot be saved.

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Fortunately the trend of the farmer's mind is now setting in this direction. He is bound, by a system of trial and error, to go on from one experience to another. What the writer holds is that, the world over, the farmer's present experience in coöperation is ample for him to go on safely toward further practical success. The collective economic institutions needed by the farmer, where they succeed, are created wholly for economic purposes. Neither the state nor the church, neither the school nor the fraternal society, should be used for economic ends. *It isn't the job any of them were made for.* The economic institutions which serve the farmer well are being built from the ground up. There is only one field of governmental industrial activity which we should be wise in entering. That is the field of super-power. Both the cities and the provinces of Canada are serving themselves well by developing hydro-electric plants. Ontario's $500,000,000 power plant stands as a brilliant example to the whole world. But we must learn to draw the line between what will succeed and what will fail. Furnishing public hydro-electricity is not much different from furnishing a public water supply.

If the Federal Government of the United States, or the Dominion Government of Canada, is going to loan money to Mr. Ole Olsen for the purpose of buying a threshing-machine to use in Montana or Alberta, by what possible process of argument can either Government deny a loan to Mrs. Bridget Higgins of Toronto or Philadelphia for the equally laudable purpose of buying a patent washing-machine? Farmer Olsen employs five men. He, too, needs exactly the same sum to pay his help on the same Saturday afternoon. This business will either work at both ends of the country and in the middle, or it will stop working at one end alone. Our present Federal farm loan system is a snare and a delusion.

Coöperation

These things have now gone far beyond the theoretical stage. Every single problem of the farmer has been already successfully worked out somewhere in the world. Perhaps the most valuable chapter in the history of farm credits is that which tells the story of the Irish farm coöperatives. Under the excellent system used by the Irish, the farmers pool their credit as they do their

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buying and selling power. The coöperating farmers loan their own money to their own members as any of them may have need for it. Such a solvent and perfectly sound coöperative can issue bonds exactly like an efficiently managed railway or municipality. So it can always borrow money at prevailing market rates of interest. This Irish system has been evolved out of long experience. Our new venture in Federal banking may be better than no credit at all for the farmers. But how much wiser for the farmers to do this thing for themselves rather than weakly place themselves in dependence upon a paternalistic government! Both they and the Government must suffer from such an unnatural relationship. No citizen or group of citizens can be debtors to their government without losing something of their political freedom and self-respect.

We have abundant proof that our farmers are exploited, and shamelessly so. When the Middle-Western farmer's wife goes to the grocery or butcher shop, she customarily pays three dollars for a basketful which brought her husband less than one dollar by the bushel or hundredweight. The average urban skilled worker gets his two dollars for much less time and hard work than the farm family give for their one. For a half century these conditions have been driving the sons and daughters off the farms and into the cities. The statistics of this movement are being constantly republished. Does urbanized Britain foreshadow our own future? It does, — unless we can develop farm coöperation in selling, in buying, and, eventually, in producing.

The matter of coöperative buying and selling has long since passed from theory to practice. Probably the most successful farm coöperative in America is the Virginia Produce Exchange. It is the organization of the potato farmers of Northampton and Accomac Counties in Virginia. The entire crop of these counties is now sold as a unit. During the forty-five days of a recent season this organization shipped more potatoes, in carload lots, than all the remainder of the United States together. Those Virginia farmers have not only succeeded; they have done it so brilliantly as to have revolutionized farming conditions in their district.

The writer once came upon a Negro funeral in Accomac County. Hundreds of Negro families drove up in their own cars, many of

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them high-priced. One white farmer told of offering his hundred acres of potato land to a Negro renter.

"I'll get you a new Ford," he said, "as soon as you move in."

"No, you don't," came the reply. "You'll git me a Buick. I'se gotta reg'lar fam'ly. They's nine of us. Yo'll git me a Buick or yo'll git some one else to rent yo fa'am." He got his Buick.

The Negroes have no vote in this coöperative. But they say that, as members, they are fully protected and well served.

Coöperation requires much of the individual farmer. It must be built by painstaking care, not only on the part of the leadership, but of the mass as well. The unfortunate or unsuccessful farmer, or the misguided farmer, still seems to believe that, in politics, he can get something for nothing. He soon learns that in the coöperative he must give before he gets. He must give time and careful thought and ardent service. Most difficult task of all, — he must surrender something of the ages-old selfishness and the extreme individualism which have accursed his class ever since it came into existence. Coöperation is built on character. The farmer must learn to think with others, work with others, and sometimes submit to others. He must learn to take his losses with his gains. All this requires, with the majority, a large evolution of mind, of manners, and of morals. The culture of this new mass mind is the most essential, as it is the most difficult, single social task of our generation. But if a thousand farmers, or a million farmers, cannot grow stature enough to coöperate in selling and buying, how can they expect a hundred and ten millions of us, altogether, to coöperate in owning and managing the nation's coal mines or railroads?

The most hopeful event in our generation, as regards the progress of the western farmers, was the organization of the great Grain Marketing Company last summer. This organization is fathered by the American Farm Bureau Federation. It combines several large grain marketing organizations already in existence. It ought to succeed. But it will fail unless it develops a hard and fast system like The Virginia Produce Exchange. A farmer must be invited to throw in his whole crop year after year or forego the services of the organization entirely.

Everywhere our farmers are suffering a change of status. They are correct when they maintain so stoutly that they are still

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the foundation of the nation. We now see these men and women pitted against the relentless power of the machine. We see them taking their products to a market where all the world is organized against them. We see them struggling in this vast system as sailors thrown overboard in mid-ocean. If they lose, then the nation must turn about upon its course of development and reëstablish a social system based outrightly upon class rule. Our crops must be grown either by individual free farmers, who own the land they work, or by powerful organizations of capital which employ a seasonal class of wastrels. The social ideals of the old America are slipping away from us. Not only the farmer, but the whole nation, must think this problem through.

BOY'S LOVE

FRANCIS BIDDLE

Swallows that sweep against the cliff,
(Carry my heart in your flight, Oh, swallows!)
Does your heart wait and wonder if
My winged heart follows?

A shy moon waits at your window-sill,
(Mix my madness with hers, little moon!)
Do you know that the answer to dreaming will
Come swift and soon?

Quivering silence and eyes that smile,
(She has smiled to me and held out her hand.)
Songs in my heart be silent while
She can understand.

Swallows, swallows against the sky,
(Fly together in days of Spring)
If only my love had wings to fly
And words to sing.

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BIG MEN — OR CULTURED?

LAIRD SHIELDS GOLDSBOROUGH

AN observant student at Yale voices a protest against the spirit of "be a big man or bust," which he believes has crept into the life of his university. The Big Man is a conception with which one very soon becomes familiar at Yale or any other great university. If the incoming man has sufficient aptitude for one of the major activities to "make" something he will be respected; otherwise he will be ignored. Culture under such a system becomes an incidental and casual by-product.

When Fresh-mun first we came to Yale
Foll, de roll, de roll, roll, roll!
Ex-zam-min-a-shuns made us pale,
Foll, de roll, de roll, roll, roll!

THUS Freshmen have come to Yale, if not "since the world began," at least for many a long year. Their "paleness" is by no means visible to the eye, — especially in the case of those who must tramp warmly up to rooms on the top floor of White, — but it exists none the less in a vague region about the heart, compounded of expectancy and nervous hope. For an hour the Freshman flits harassedly about, torn between the conflicting demands of tremendous trivialities. Then Unity begins to emerge. Out of the babel and turmoil of unpacking he begins to hear a single word. It is repeated, each time with an added tinge of awe — the *rush!*

Doom, it seems, is at hand, and speedily becoming actual, for the Rush takes place that night! Follow hurried consultations among Freshmen who are "in the know," — sons of Old Yale Families. An impromptu rush committee is formed upon the spot, and soon magnificent schemes for rushing the Sophomores away from their fence begin to be evolved. In an electric, incredible manner these plans become secretly known to the whole class. Tension rises. The thermometer of human emotion soars. Five, six, half past — "Thank God they're forming for the snake dance at last."

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Swissssh! Roar! The snake dance begins — Y-Men chanting triumphantly at the head — Sophomores roaring the Bulldog song — Freshmen shouting their class number and cheering raggedly! Down College Street. Up Elm, and onto the Campus. Now they're locking the gates. A confused turmoil of hoarse, megaphoned voices and glowing calcium flares, amid which the Freshman-Sophomore wrestling matches are somehow gotten over with. — Then a moment of silence.

"*All-l-l ready, Freshmen!! Line up for the rush!!*"

After that, The Deluge! Carefully planned stratagems go for nothing in the wild melée, but out of it all the Freshman rises, gloriously scrapping! A little knot of one-time-strangers have gathered about him in the comradeship of battle, — all for one, and one for all. The moment is ecstatic with a blind, hypnotic romance. And suddenly the Freshman is no longer a stranger in a strange land.

Bulldog! Bulldog! Bow — Wow — Wow!
E-li! Yale!

Those words have burned themselves into his aching lungs, never to be heard again without a tingling quiver along the spine. And, in the seething cauldron of her locked Campus, staid Mother Yale, masquerading for the night as a mad witch, has fused another Freshman class into the truly magic mixture that is undergraduate life.

"The Shortest Gladest Years of Life!" They *are* a magic mixture that defies analysis. The ingredients seem individually to be only daily commonplaces, but in the gross they are mellowed by vague half emotions and feelings, not to be expressed. Still, perhaps there *is* a chief ingredient. And, for my part, I find it in *The Big Man Idea.*

The Big Man is a conception with which one very soon becomes familiar at Yale, or at almost any great university. Collectively, *The Big Man* is an idol with a hundred heads, devoutly worshipped by the remainder of the college. Individually, the hundred heads are each attached to a separate body, and the combination often appears superficially greatly to resemble other heads and bodies. But there is a difference. Each and every Big Man has "done something." Naturally some have "done" more

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than others. There are the *first* team and *first* crew men, together with the heads of publications such as "The News." And then there are the *second* team men, *second* crew men, and less important officers. Below these two groups are men distinguished in the minor sports, activities such as debating, and the Y. M. C. A. Last in the scale are those who unfortunately are thought to have "done nothing."

Now before the causes and consequences of this very definite and wholly unofficial method of determining a man's "rating" are discussed, let me set at rest one or two suspicions which may be rising in the mind of the reader. In the first place, every man at Yale, if his scholastic standing is not hopelessly low, is eligible to compete for any undergraduate honor which the University has to offer. There are no competitions "by invitation only," such as are held at certain other great universities. At Yale the incoming man is given an opportunity to "do his stuff," and his success will be about as follows: If he has any real aptitude for the activities in which he has chosen to participate, and if he will stick by them doggedly through Freshman and Sophomore year, he is certain to "make" something and be respected accordingly. If he can add to ability and persistence a good appearance and a likeable personality, he will climb considerably higher. But, in the case of the very highest offices, he must be content to risk a certain amount of disappointment. At Yale, as elsewhere, there is a sporting dash of luck in all success.

"Still," says the reader, "why all this fuss about different grades of attainment? Surely Yale is not so snobbish as all that seems to indicate."

Nor is she! But there are certain honors at Yale which are not open for competition, as such, and it so happens that the undergraduates have set their hearts upon them. I refer to Fraternities and Senior Societies. These institutions are among the most cherished of Yale traditions, and are as secret and silent as the grave. They are, as a matter of fact, housed in almost windowless, box-like, stone structures; and the Fraternity Houses are generally spoken of as "tombs." Now of course no one knows how these august bodies choose their men, — or at least no one tells. But the fact remains that the men who are asked to join fraternities are invariably observed to have "done something." With the Senior

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Societies, selection of men on the basis of "accomplishment" is even more marked. Indeed, the roster of the principal Senior Society is almost automatically filled up with the names of men who have been elected to certain well-defined offices. In brief, not to try with all one's might to be as big a man as possible is something which is generally unthinkable to the average undergraduate.

And now, the results of all this? Well, personally I think that they are bad. They are bad because the one valid reason that can be given for the existence of a college, — not a technical school, — is that, now that all respect for learning has long since departed from the noisy world, it serves as a retreat where culture may still be wooed. That last phrase is not unduly or sophomorically cynical. Anyone who lists among the circle of his acquaintances a scholar who is actually learned knows that the poor creature is universally thought to be at best "impractical" and at worst "a nut." Think of an individual actually wanting to acquire learning without the passion to rush off and sell his knowledge or to pump it into someone else's skull. The very conception is one which the mind of 1924 (A. D., unfortunately) is gymnastically unable, and scornfully unwilling, to assume. Learning is dead. Education flourishes.

But let us return to culture. I said that a college, — again I repeat, not a technical school, — has no *raison d'être* except as a retreat in which culture may still be wooed. A retreat ceases to be a retreat in proportion as it becomes the theatre for "competitions," "contests," and other manifestations of the Big Man spirit. Culture flies out at the window in proportion as Big Men with their clanking and tremendous "accomplishments" stride in at the door. In proportion as culture becomes evanescent and departs does a college lose its excuse for existence and become a hollow mockery.

So far as I know, there are only two escapes from this conclusion. One is used by young people in persuading their parents to send them to college instead of to thoroughly practical teach-you-how-to-earn-your-bread-and-butter-technical schools, where ever so many more college students than one might think belong. It consists in alleging that the study of "Elizabethan Drama" or "Mediæval History" will, after all, be of some practical value.

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Latin too, and especially Greek, are "excellent mind trainers." This, I am absolutely convinced, is simple bosh, the more dangerous because generally believed. The "practical training," "mind discipline," and all the rest of what may be gained from an A. B. course, will seldom result directly in one tenth the increase of earning power which a course in open plumbing carefully pursued offers with certainty. No, so far as learning anything of practical value goes, college training is utterly wasted. It has cultural value, that is all. And the Big Man spells death to culture.

The second and still more widespread delusion which tends to prove that all is increasingly well at Yale, and at other institutions where the Big Man spirit is on the increase, is College Friendships.

But time and change shall naught avail
To break the friendships formed at Yale!

Those lines are the most sacred ones in the whole list of Yale songs. Friendship! A thing that will last through the ages! Suppose my son should become really intimate with young Cornelius Vanderfeller! Ah! That is practical! And so it is. So it is. Ten thousand, even five thousand dollars expended on a college education may mean "contacts" which will "lead to millions." Notice that I do not italicize the "may." I do not italicize the "may" because I have not the slightest wish to suggest that these golden dreams may not pan out. That is beside the point. The point is: granted that four years of "impractical" studies have often given rise to the aforementioned valuable contacts and may possibly provide an excuse for the existence of our colleges, apart from any thought of culture, — I say, granted all that, is the Big Man system the way to promote friendships?

Where have the most deep-rooted and abiding friendships in the world come into existence? In the old monasteries of the Middle Ages, in whatever times or places the leisure to become friendly has been given men. "Ah," say the die-hards, "but the battle fields, the fields that are the gridirons and the diamonds and the News Comps of Yale! Surely there, far more than in the "rush" which you have just extolled as a cementer of friendships, are the lifelong attachments of college formed."

It is just at this point that a subtle but all-important dis-

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tinction must be made between the comradeship which tends to bind together two men fighting for a cause and the rivalry which tends to separate men working for their own advancement. In the "rush," where all that the Freshman knows of college is that, for some blind and primitive reason, the "cause" of the Freshman Class must not be lost, the comradeship of battle exists. In an institution where the individual cheerfully sacrifices himself to the need for defeating dear old Rutgers, athletic contests may have something of the savor and the effects of battle; but where the be-a-Big-Man-or-bust spirit has crept in, rivalry tends to force out comradeship all along the line. I am speaking the sober truth when I say that many a college friendship has expired on the altar of Big Man rivalry, even in its most sportsmanlike and above-board form. The feelings which are stirred when some moral weakling buckles under the pressure of his ambition and swindles another man out of his well-earned rewards are usually best left unuttered. And, if a general conclusion may be drawn, once and for all I should say that the Big Man system is decidedly not a short cut to either friendship or culture.

Big Men themselves are beginning to realize something of these things even at Yale, where Big Mandom is admittedly rife. In New Haven we hear constantly a great deal about "the Yale Renaissance," and its meaning is simply that Big Men and others are gradually turning, if ever so little, to a more enjoyable and less hectic college life. The various publications of the University are constantly carrying articles of one sort or another which develop more or less consciously the theme that to slave for four years after an honor which vanishes at graduation is perilously near to simple folly,—"dumbness" would be a more modern term.

The delights which lurk in the theatre and in the various forms of art are coming more and more to be appreciated. Gradually, I hope, Yale will come to be a place where the future business man can lay the foundations for intellectual hobbies and enjoyments which will serve to give him pleasure and relaxation throughout life. These things come only in an atmosphere unsurcharged with strife and bustle. Indeed, no matter what his intended college, it can do no harm for a prospective undergraduate to consider whether he would rather be a Big Man at twenty-two, or a well-rounded, possibly a great man at forty.

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

IN PRAISE OF SOUP

LAWTON MACKALL

WHETHER it be limpid or turbid, nothing so warms the cockles of the tumtum as soup. Cuisine's kindest course! It breathes reassurance. It steams consolation. In time of sorrow give me soup.

Appealing is the quietude of a newly-laid plateful untouched as yet by human spoon. How still it is! Unrippled as a forest tarn. Unruffled in company; at ease and self-contained in its porcelain setting, its croutons as elegantly idle as painted chips upon a painted ocean. Would that I at a dinner party might have the composure of a plate of soup, — serene from the tureen.

It is almost presumptuous to intrude upon such placidity. Yet one does. At any rate *I* do. For I am not one of those snippy incompatibles who omit the soup, dismissing it with a chill "No thank you," or hypocritically accepting it and neglecting it. No, I can never be accused of skipping ungracefully from oysters to fish, nor of being able to "take it or leave it." Frankly I am a man who molests his soup, — but, of course, only after the hostess has led off with the initial dip.

Yes, I eat it. Beginning in mid-plate I cull and convey it carefully, endeavoring to be what is known as a pretty eater, and pausing ever and anon for light converse. The duller the dinner the daintier my artistry; for sudden wit from a neighbor may disconcert one when one's spoon is in full tilt. The woman beside whom I wield soup should be inspiringly beautiful but sweetly static. This is no time to be disturbingly lovely. If she be a person full of surprises, heaven grant that she defer them till the filet mignon!

When dipping no longer gets results I change tactics and shift to a genteel scoop stroke, always remembering to push the food away from me instead of hauling it in. By this method much may be gathered. In fact, so great is my aptitude as a soup scooper that I can empty a plate without even rocking it. And I do this not only seemingly casually but with real stealth.

Once fortified with soup I can look with equanimity upon what follows. Come what may, — fish, entrée, roast, salad, — what are

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these to me? I am already master of my fate. (Or shall I say "plate"? No, I won't do that.)

They, the fatuously superior persons who slighted my favorite refection, must now apply themselves to the viands of the moment, seeking needed sustenance. But not I. I dined early on "great nurture's second course." I have that within me which enables me to be a gastronomic dilettante. While they dutifully truncate a croquette or attempt miniature carving upon an unruly partridge, I toy with a truffle or insouciantly prong a pea.

Soup has emancipated me, paying off my debt to hunger. I am a free man among eaters. I could converse brilliantly if I had anything to say.

Perhaps if it had been the right kind of soup I would have ideas. But, alas, soup is a phenomenon about which little is known. It is clouded with mystery. The average soup is inscrutable.

Roast duckling is unmistakably roast duckling, and asparagus is indubitably asparagus, whatever the Gallic appellations they may go by on the menu; but who shall undertake to say what is in a plate of soup? Even the clearest consommé is a subject for conjecture.

And why should one desire to *understand* soup? Is not its mystery its chiefest charm? A soup that harbors no secret holds no lure for me. If it wears its recipe on its surface I will have none of it. I am a seeker; I would pursue the last spoonful, but the joy of the adventure is in never quite knowing.

Set before me an enigmatic purée, — creamy-complected yet imbrewed with subtlety. Its pale pastel may mean anything. There is no accounting for its taste. One may wrest from it its croutons but never the riddle of its concoction.

Nor may one expect to see through a soup like beef broth with barley. This doughty fluid is dim with tradition. Its stanch stock is not newly-rich: this is not its first appearance at a dinner of gentlefolk. With aristocratic reserve it keeps its barley pearls out of sight. It has them, of course, but it does not flaunt them in people's faces unless they deliberately go after them.

The idyllic simplicity of *Potage paysanne* is sophistication itself. Its amiably disposed vegetable oddments are more easily consumed than described. Profusion rules, baffling the cataloguist who futilely attempts to indentify a carrot slice with "That 's

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that." What if it is — or was — a carrot? One might as well boast of isolating an okra in a gumbo; the solution of the gumbo itself still waits. Let such a braggart go find a noodle in a *minestrone,* or delve for clams in a chowder at low tide. Or let him try to fathom the cross-word puzzle at the bottom of Alphabet soup!

For me soup is inviolate, — beneficent, yet remote. In respecting it I cherish it the more. The way of a lentil is its own private affair. The chiaroscuro of mulligatawny is not for me to analyze. I am greedy of my illusions. In eating soup I take unto me a mystery and myself become thereby mysterious. I sip the supernal.

STORM LULLABY

JEANNETTE MARKS

I

Held in the refuge of your arms,
This night I hear the storming sea;
High is the anger of its wave,
Deep is the breast of love to me.

II

Gleam now the flying fish and star!
Strike now the tolling of a bell!
Washed in the lustre of our dream
We hide in sleep as in a shell.

III

Held in the refuge of your arms,
This night I hear the storming sea;
High is the anger of its wave,
Deep is the breast of love to me.

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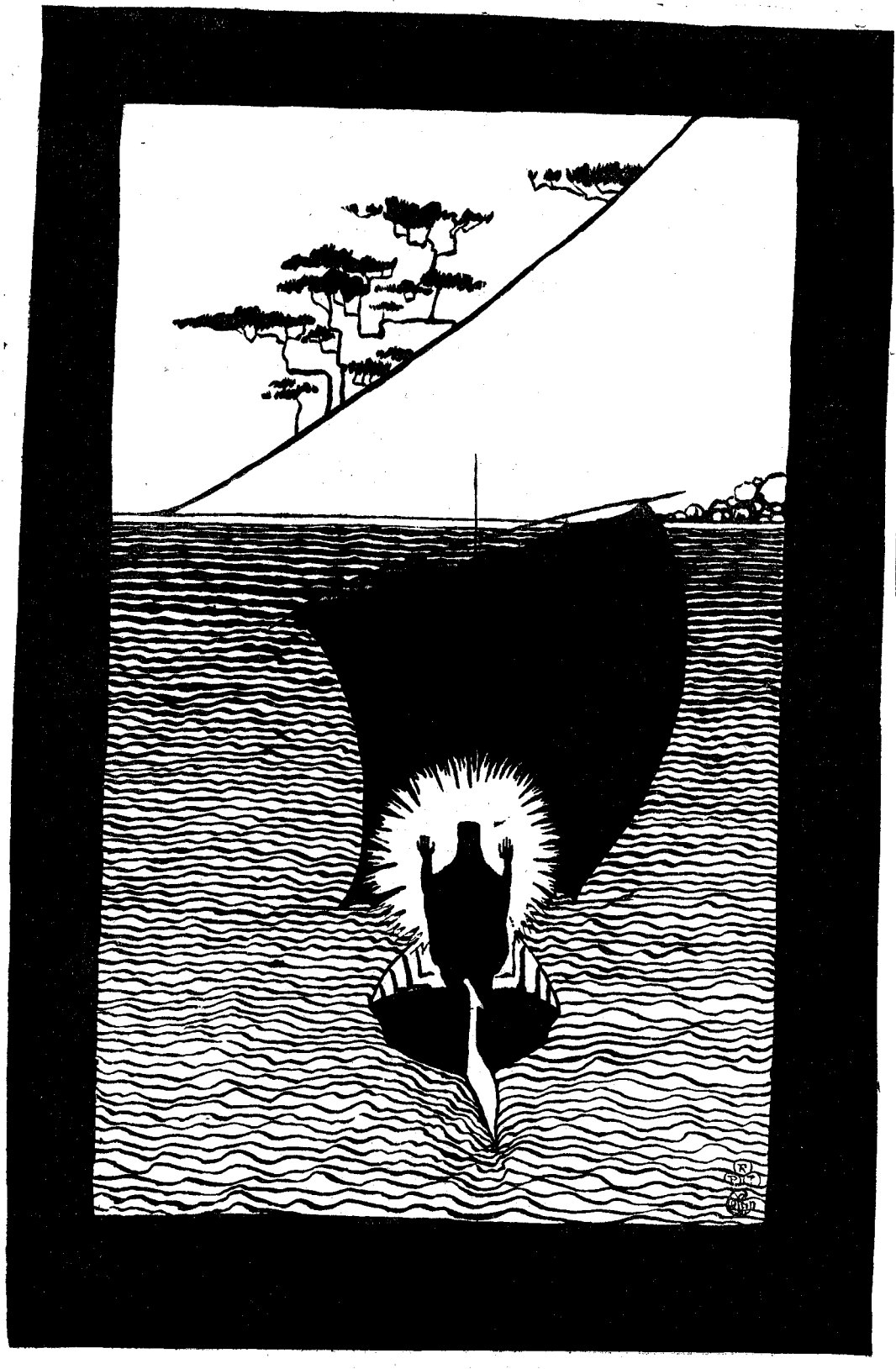

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SAINT BRANDAN OF THE WEST

ROBERT TRISTRAM COFFIN

Illustration by the Author

Sweet is the furrow that leads to the star that closes day,
Sweet are lamps, sweet are words the homing plowmen say;
Cities are fair where sons of men
Hear churchbells and turn again;
Wine is good and windows men have wrought with their hands,
The feet of holy men make lovely the green good lands.
But the high, high hills of the sea
That climb to the knees of God
Are the places singing to me, places for praise most fair;
To sail to the edge of the world is worship for me and prayer.

I ask not house nor hearth, only the sail grown full
With the beauty of white, white winds and the rudder ropes to pull.
Islands will blossom out as white
As ever they were Creation night,
The stars will hang my spars with lanterns, and the moon
Come over the water like many and many golden shoon;
The dawn shall be my wife,
The noon shall be my friend,
And evening neighbor me. I need not harp or words,
Only the setting sun and the beauty and wings of the birds.

To be alone with the lonely birds that take their food
From God's own hand, to plunge as the dolphins that are thewed
With flame and the drops at the fountain's crest
And all swift things that will not rest,
To be a fever of joy that burns around the earth
Like the stars that follow day in everlasting mirth,
To lie below the sail,
My crystal vase of winds —
This were wife and child, brother and church to me,
An everlasting kiss, the lone fierce kiss of the sea.

Others may have my flocks, others may trim and train
The roses God makes of sun, of blood and marrow and rain.
My flowers are sudden as summer thunder,
They blossom blue where the waves curl under.
I go with all things wistful of the West, I go
Where the sons of morning stand whiter than driven snow,
In between the wings
Of the great and last white clouds. . . .
Shoulder there to shoulder with them I shall stand
And lay my burning face in the white sweet curve of His hand.

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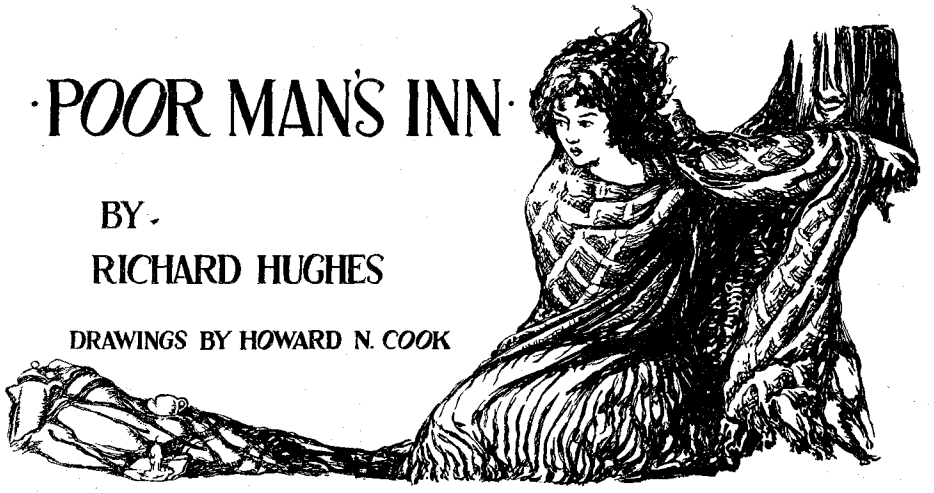
POOR MAN'S INN

BY
RICHARD HUGHES

DRAWINGS BY HOWARD N. COOK



SCATTERED up and down the main English roads there are certain caves, barns, empty cottages, and other places of shelter that all tramps know of. You will tell them, probably, by seeing a few lousy rags hanging on bushes near, but they are surprisingly well hidden, as a rule. Once inside, more inadequate bits of rag, and tins for cooking, and the remains of the last fire; a shapeless candle-end on a bit of slate, a crust or two, perhaps, and a smell of mice.

One night in a rough Spring when I was wet through to the tail of my shirt, walking in the Forest of Clun on the Welsh Marches, I left the road by a narrow gate on the right and turned into a quarry. Clun is one of the oldest oak-forests in Britain; very steep, wild country, not very far from Ludlow, a curious town crowded on a hill-top round the red castle where *Comus* was first acted. This quarry was of the same red stone. Once off the road, it bends to the left; you are at the bottom of a sort of shaft, roofed very far up with dripping oak-leaves; and on one side the rock caves in, leaving room for a dozen men or more to shelter on a ledge of sandstone. I felt my way in with both hands, for the night was black enough outside. The wind in the trees above roared, and every few moments, as they swayed, the branches unburdened themselves of rain like a wave breaking. Then the wind lulled, and from the sheltered ledge I heard a snoring, almost as loud as of a man in a fit. Then there were steps behind me, the clank of iron on stone.

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I crept my way into shelter. A voice behind me: "Whisht, who's there? All right, Friend." A burly figure followed me in. I could hear an iron foot clink on the stone, and answered his greeting. He fumbled for a match and struck it, but the wind blew it out. I had a glimpse of a huge body, one of the broadest men I have ever seen, queerly dressed. Behind me the other lodger snored stertorously. The newcomer felt his way past me, breathing heavily and clicking his tongue in a hollow tooth. Paper rustled.

"Silly blighter! He's drunk as a lord. Rolled himself in newspaper, too, to keep the cold out. Guess it will serve our turn, Friend."

He stripped off the drunkard's covering, and must miraculously have found some dry wood in a recess of the cave, for I could hear him moving heavily about, still clicking his tongue in his tooth; and then he shielded the flame of another match in his cap, and lit a fire. Its little flames flickered desperately at first; then suddenly it blazed up, lighting the cave like a furnace-mouth, where the three of us were set like the Three Children. The flames made rubies of the nearer rain; the smoke sucked a little, battered down by the cold air outside, and wandered off towards the other end of the ledge.

The fire-lighter crouched over his fire. He was an immense man, not tall, but with long arms, a mountainous chest, and a broad flat face like a savage's, though it was more cheerful in expression. He had a knotted kerchief round his neck and wore a sleeveless coat of lion-skin; bare arms, with raindrops still glistening on the tattoo-marks; baggy sailor's trousers, which half hid his iron foot, were held up by a leather belt decorated with strips of tiger and python-skin. By the fire he had set down a heavy bag that clinked with metal; rain-water was running out of its bottom. He blew out his cheeks and warmed his hands, thrusting them right into the smoke.

"Whew, it's a cruel night for sleeping rough! God knows why I ever took to it. I've got a tough little circus of my own laid up

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in London, waiting for the money to start it, and here I am walking the Road like any poor blooming lug-biter. How long have you been on the road, Friend? Look at *him* now, — a nice, sociable, matey sort of chap to spend the night with, ain't he?"

He picked up a small piece of rock and heaved it on to the stomach of the sleeping man, who hiccoughed suddenly and then went on snoring.

"Wake up, you silly blighter! Can't you see there's two gentlemen wanting to have a chat with you? Wake up! The Copper's after you! It's closing time! Wake up! Coo, I can't understand a chap like that, what drinks himself silly. Let's have a look at him."

He heaved over on to one hand, and held a burning branch over the sleeper's face.

"I know him too, — chap called Lenora. I done him down last Worcester Races. Won five pounds he did; oh, he was roaring drunk that day. I fetched an old monkey's skull what I'd got in my pack, curio-like; I wired it on to a haddock's back-bone and told him it was a Mermaid's Anatomy. Young one. He gave me four pound for it, he did. He's been looking for me ever since, they tell me. But *I* don't care. Wake up, you skunk! Don't you remember old Bill, what sold you the Anatomy? You been lookin' for me, have you? Eh? Wake up!"

But Mr. Lenora was dead to the world. Bill chuckled.

"Look at that, now! Born to be hanged, he is. See them eyebrows meeting? Born to be hanged, that means. I ain't a bit religious, but I'm very superstitious, — *you* know. Not Jesusy, but I do believe in a bit of luck. See them bits of snake skin? Do you think they're lucky, eh? I do. Holy, they are. Holy snake. I got them out in Malay, same as where I learnt tattooing and the Magic Coffin trick. But I ain't had a bit of luck, not since. Are you married?"

"No."

"That's right, Friend; don't you be, neither. It's a dirty duck what paddles always in the same puddle, *I* say. . . . I am."

"What?"

"Married. But I'm through with it. Look at that."

He rummaged inside his shirt and pulled out an old pocket-book, full of cuttings and photographs.

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"See that? That's me. Slung up in chains sixty feet above deck, in seven pair of regulation hand-cuffs! See all the passengers watching? I got out in four minutes, same as I said I would. That 's me as a little boy; you can guess I had a good home; white collar and all. Ah, that's the one."

He handed me a creased photograph of a young woman, in the conscious splendor of Sunday black, standing in front of a balustrade, one hand rested firmly on an aspidistre-pot on a fancy stand.

"Now, would you call her handsome?"

I examined it carefully. "I would."

He seemed disappointed.

"Would you? I wouldn't; not *real* handsome. Not like one of them flash girls. That's my wife! Irish girl; Irish temper too. Lumme! Lord alone knows what I wanted to do it for. We was married proper, *you* know, — Registry and all. Nor her either! She'd got birth, and she'd got education, — read easy as winking, she could. She hadn't got no business to marry a chap like me? Ought to know better, she did!"

Mr. Lenora stirred and muttered something unintelligible that was smothered in another snore. Bill turned on him, his face all comical with mock indignation.

"Now then, you low fellaa, will you kindly not interraapt!" He said this in an astonishingly good parody of an Oxford accent. " — Or I'll roll you out in the ruddy rain! " he added in his own voice, and chuckled.

He clicked his tongue in his tooth once or twice, meditatively.

"But I'm through with it," he went on: "Coo, lumme, what a life! — Hallo, who goes there?"

There was a sound of more footsteps through the rain; a man's cautious plodding through the dark, and the clip-clip of a loose sole on the shoe of the woman who followed him.

"Walk up! Walk up!" cried Bill cheerily.

But the stranger was unresponsive. He was a small man, with that roundness of figure that often comes of having too little to eat. As he paused at the edge of the firelight he blew through his moustache so that the raindrops tumbled out of it. But the oddest thing about him was his nose; he had a nervous trick of twitching it, like a rabbit. He sat down with a grunt, taking not the slight-

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est notice of the girl at his heels. She had pulled her skirt up to hood her head; her muddy petticoat flapped against her legs. She took equally little notice of him and sat down, too, a little way off, swathed like a mummy, half in the firelight and half in the shadow.

"Full bar to-night, gentlemen!" Bill went on, jocularly. "A pint of Old and Mild all round, please, Joe! — Coo, I could do with a bit of grog inside me to-night. Cruel, ain't it, Mr. Parker?"

"My name ain't Parker," said the stranger sullenly, his nose twitching, "it's Spencer. What do you call me Parker for?"

Bill looked at him and shook with mirth. "Coo! I don't know, I can't think. Now, why ever should I go and call him Parker for, eh, Friend?"

He dug me in the ribs and went off into fresh peals of mirth.

"Don't take no offense," he went on: "I ain't a fighting man. I ain't that sort of chap. If a man wants to quarrel with me, I don't hit him; not I!" He began to chuckle in anticipation of his little joke. "I just go up to him, friendly like, and bite a piece right out of his bloomin' face!" Mr. Spencer snorted. "All right. I ain't going to have a pull out of your mug, you needn't worry!"

Suddenly he spun around with incredible swiftness, and thrust his face close up against the stranger's, pressing his own nose with his finger. It had no bone in it and went absolutely flat like a piece of india-rubber. Mr. Spencer tumbled over in consternation.

"See now," said Bill, "that shook him! It always shakes 'em!" he added innocently, as if it were a habit of social intercourse with him. "It shook Nell. I done it in the Regist'y Office. It shook the Regist'ar; he told me to remember it was a Solemn Occasion. Coo!"

"You'd be a nice sort of chap to be married to, you would!" said Mr. Spencer, slowly and provocatively.

"So I was!" said Bill impressively. "But as I've just been telling this gentleman here, I'm through with it. I left Nell, back at Oxford. Months ago that was. Mind you, I was a good husband to her."

"What was you doing in Oxford?" I asked.

"Exercising my profession! Getting out of seven pair of handcuffs, thirty-five feet of chain, and a straight waistcoat in four minutes, while Nell took the hat round. I got handcuffs here," —

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he tapped his sack, — "of all the ages. I got a pair with teeth on 'em, — same as was used by the Savage Romans and the Ancient Mammoths of the Bohemian Desert. I've studied 'em. See here!"

He put his hand to his capacious nose and brought out of it a small instrument like a whistle. "See that? That's a master-key to all the handcuffs of Europe! Studied for that, I did; made it myself."

He put it back in his nose, where he seemed able to carry it in perfect comfort.

"As I was saying, we had a good week of it; they're a bit of All Right, them Oxford Police. But I didn't leave her, not till she come out of the 'Firmary. I was always a good husband to her, careful, like. I hung on till she was right again. Nobody can't say I wasn't a good husband to her."

"What was the matter with her?" I asked.

"Well, you see, we had a bit of a row; too many girls, *you* know. She used to get wild if I brought 'em into the house. Threatened to kill me, she used to. Only her temper, *you* know; she didn't mean nothing by it; she was a good girl at heart. I just took up the poker, — not to beat her, you know, just to *learn* her, — and she tripped up and broke her poor blooming ankle. Month, she was, in the 'Firmary."

Mr. Spencer snorted again and took off his boots. He ostentatiously poured the water out of them on to the fire to see it go up in steam. Then he began to examine the condition of his feet. But Bill went on, undisturbed.

"Pretty thin time of it I had. My show was stale; oughtn't never to do it more than a week. I didn't get more than a tanner a night. Nor I couldn't change it easy. I was used to do the Magic Coffin Trick, — shove Nell in a coffin, padlocked 'ead and foot each end, then sor it through the middle. That always fetched 'em; but I couldn't do it without Nell. You can't do it with *any* girl, you see. She's got to be made that way, like Nell was. Nor I hadn't got my Electrocuting Chair; *that* always fetched 'em, but you couldn't lug it around with you. Nor I couldn't think of any new trick. You know how it is. When you're in luck you can think of half a dozen new stunts; but when you're down on it you just can't think of nothing. Coo, lumme, I remember up Llan-

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dudno way, once, I got a bit of wood, and I nailed thousands of lug-worms on to it so as you couldn't see the wood for the worms. Then I put it in a tank and exhibited it as a marine monster, Pride of the Ocean! When the silly worms waggled, you see, they swum it about! I took pounds on pounds out of that, gate money. Stuff in the papers, there was: '*Unknown Monster Captured at Llandudno.*' The Johnnie came down from the Aquarium; *he* wanted to buy it. That put the wind up me, that did. I broke it up. Said I'd throwed it back in its native ocean, I did." Bill chuckled. "He offered a reward to anyone what could catch it again. They was all out fishing, for weeks they were. Coo, lumme!

"But as I was saying, I couldn't think of nothing. I couldn't do a bit of house-breaking, cos I hadn't got no money, — you must 'ave something if you're going to win. I got the brains, and I got the experience, but I 'adn't got the capital. There wasn't nothing for it but fire-eating. I done it. But it's terrible hard on the kidneys, that is; I was awful bad inside. No one can't do it more than six months, even ones what's used to it. When Nell was comin' out, I 'adn't got no more than half a crown. So the day before, I shoves a bob into her bed, and I beat it."

"Did she know you was going?" I asked.

"*Now!* Made a scene, she would 'ave. She was real fond of me. I was a good husband to 'er. I don't suppose she's got over it yet, proper. Terrible fond, she was."

Mr. Spencer was puffing with anger, his nose twitching up and down as if he had the ague.

"That's a nice edifying little story to tell a party of strangers! Washin' yer dirty linen in public!"

"*Dirty linen?*" said Bill, in genuine amazement: "Why, I don't see — "

He paused: and Mr. Spencer fidgeted nervously all over.

"Yus, dirty linen! You're as bad as a divorce-court, you are! You ought to be in jail, you did!"

The girl, sitting huddled away from the fire, was shivering, her teeth chattering with cold. Suddenly she threw the skirt back off her head. The light shone on a face of most delicate beauty, now marred and twisted with rage. Her great eyes glittered in her head like fire, her lips were drawn back tightly from her shining teeth. Bill stared at her stupidly; slowly his expression changed

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to one of delight and an extraordinary tenderness. "*Well, I'm* — he began. Her hand was hidden in a fold of her dress . . . . there was the sudden crack of a revolver and Bill pitched right over sideways on to his face.

Mr. Spencer turned towards her, seemed to tower over her. "Whatever have you been and gone and done?" he said, very slowly.

Nell took no notice of him. The passion of her face had changed to a sort of impersonal hardness. She rose on to one knee, her loose, wet hair blowing against the roof of the cave. She threw the revolver down; it glanced on a stone and skidded down the slope to where Mr. Lenora was still sleeping, — *the man born to be hanged.*

Mr. Spencer still stared at her fixedly.

"Crikey!" he said presently; "Crikey!" several times, with increasing emphasis. Suddenly he let out a funny little screech in the back of his throat; his eyes were starting like a pug-dog's. Then he said "Lumme!" Then he caught up his two boots and floundered suddenly out of the cave, crashing through the bushes to the road, I could hear him hollering with terror as he ran, till his breath gave out.

Nell spoke for the first time; she had never taken her eyes off Bill, not for a moment.

"That'll learn him," she said in a matter of fact tone. "He won't do *that* again!"

Then she turned towards me, the soft Irish in her voice gradually increasing.

"Stranger," she said: "This is none of your business surely."

"It is not," said I.

"You had better be going," said she. She did not seem to have noticed Lenora lying there with the pistol by him but was looking at me. She was very beautiful.

I jerked my head towards the road.

"That one's gone," I said.

"He's gone surely."

"Would you come along of me a bit?" I suggested diffidently.

"Boy, wouldn't there be a fear creeping up your back at night to be with such as me?"

"I'd not be afraid."

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"Brave boy!" She spoke with a sarcasm that was shattering and moved me to sulkiness.

"I'd — I'd not ask nothing of you."

For a moment the strange, statuesque woman seemed to flicker into life.

"*Them as don't ask — don't get!*"

"Will you come, then, Nell?"

"Do you want me? Certain?"

I rushed on, heedless of her strange tone:

"You're a grand woman! *I* couldn't kill a man like that and not turn a hair!"

Her bitter sarcasm flashed out again. She stared at me, slowly, from head to foot. "No, I think you could not."

I looked at Lenora, still sleeping drunkenly, with the revolver at his side. If I could get the girl away, no one would ever suspect *her*.

"Wouldn't you be afraid," I burst out, "to be walking alone at night, with the memory of *that?*" And I touched the giant with my toe.

"Walking?" she said and began to laugh, gently at first, and then like a cataract. "It's walking shall I be; they'll see my ghost in here, walking, they will!" She bowed her head forward and shook with peal upon peal of laughter; suddenly flung her head up, and laughed till the quarry echoed with it; her hair came right down, her eyes streamed with tears, but still she laughed. My hair prickled on to its ends with horror.

"God go with you, you poor woman," I said hastily, "for *I* dare not."

The rain had ceased. High up among the treetops the moon raced through the clouds. As suddenly as she had begun, she grew calm again.

"No," she said slowly and with great emphasis, "No, *that* you daren't."

She began to plait up her hair, over her shoulder, coiled it round her head, and pinned it.

Suddenly she fell forward on the ground, scratching at it with her finger nails, crying, "Bill! Bill!" in a little husky voice like a child's. It was not a sight I could bear. I sat there biting at the back of my hand, staring at the dying fire, the moon, anything.

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Then again she rose up, breathing calmly and deeply, patted her hair once or twice, and like a shadow slipped out of the cave. She was gone.

Bill sat up.

"Whisht, is she gone, Friend? Coo, lumme, *that* shook her!" he chuckled happily.

I stiffened up where I still sat, cracking my head on the cave's roof.

"Aren't you hurt, man?" I stuttered.

"Hurt? Lord, no!" He chuckled. "Take it from me, Friend: give a woman a gun, and she'll miss you at six inches, but give her a knife, and she'll never go wrong, never! But *that'll* learn her not to go killing me!" He added half fiercely. "*That* ought to be a lesson to her, eh, Friend? Lord, she was pretty near mad, she was. She loved me that crool! You thought *you'd* go off with her, did you? Coo, lumme, what a joke! You are a caution!"

He roared with laughter, slapping his huge thighs. Then he heaved over to one side and picked up the revolver.

"'Tisn't your time yet, my friend," he said soberly enough, leaning over Mr. Lenora, whose face was twitching with some discomfort as he slept. "Though you haven't got *this* cove to thank you didn't wake up in clink to-morrow! Lumme, they'd have strung him, sure, what with his threatening me and all."

But Mr. Lenora slept on.

Bill chuckled again:

"Though I'm not saying it wouldn't be better for him if they did! It's got to come some time; — you can't go against a sure sign like them eyebrows, — and it would be better for his soul to be hanged when he hadn't done nothing than waiting till he had, wouldn't it, Friend?"

"You're right there, Mister," I answered conciliatingly.

But he suddenly swung round with incredible rapidity and covered me with his gun. His cheerful face was suddenly twisted with ferocity.

"So you thought *you'd* go off with her, did you?"

"I — I — I didn't mean anything!"

"Oh, you didn't, didn't you! Going with a married woman!" His mouth was still set like a wild beast's, but there was a gleam in his eye, — and I banked on it.

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"She wasn't a married woman, Mister, she was a widow!"

He burst out laughing and thrust the revolver into his side pocket. "Bless you, I hadn't no cause to worry! I know Nell!"

"I don't know about you," said I, "but my legs are stiff as a board with wet and cold, and there's a good moon. Let's walk on a mile or two, before dawn."

"Sure," said Bill, and swung his huge sack.

Together we found our way out on to the road.

"No, friend, as I was saying," began Bill sententiously, "give a woman a knife — "

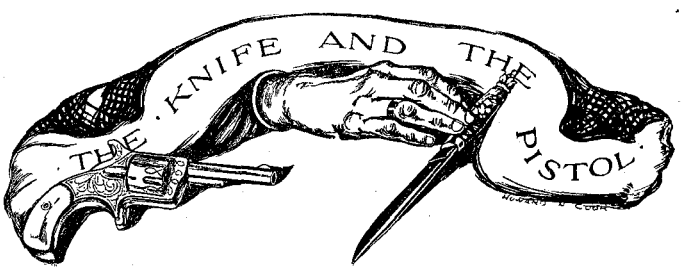
There was Nell, huddled at the road's side, half in the moonlight. Bill touched her. She was quite dead, stabbed through the heart. Bill's face went gray; his lip dropped.

"Lumme!" he said, "I hadn't counted on that!"

Almost beside myself, I burst out into Welsh:

"*Yr hen llofrudd i ti!*" I cried: "*Yr hen* . . . "

Then he dropped on his knees, caught up her staring head in his arms.



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NEW TRENDS IN THE THEATRE

IV — *America*

MONTROSE MOSES

Part II

THE French have been particularly prolific in their theories of the theatre. But the theatrical trust, by which the American Theatre was governed for many years, dictated the way in which plays should be written: they had dramatic material cut to suit the figure of a particular "star:" they bought patterns labelled "the successful play," and employed writers to flock after the bell leader who might have written a successful college play or dramatized a successful historical novel, or invented a type, — like the "whitewashed female" or the nervous business man whose psychology was measured by the intensity with which he chewed his cigar. Realism became not that fine thing which at supreme moments in the work of James A. Herne indicated how vital the depth of simple character might be, but a crass theatricalism, having much of the colored poster about it.

If our theatrical history emphasizes above all other things the break which we are trying to effect between the art of the theatre and the theatre of commercialism, it is merely because we have suffered so long from the chewing gum salableness of our drama. Under such conditions, it is surprising how great a bulk of literary flavor Clyde Fitch left behind him. Constant discouragement of the kind familiarly meted out by the American managers made Owen Davis do inferior work when he could have written better; drove Charles Kenyon out of the theatre, after his sincere segment of tenement life in *Kindling;* stamped Edward Sheldon in their own image after he had tried to be individual in such plays as *Salvation Nell* and *The Nigger*. Commercialism not only throttled the dramatist, but held the country at large in a vise. Then came the Little Theatre movement, and the Theatre Revolution, which we have imported from abroad.

Against the commercial management moved the bulwark of discontented centres not getting their full quota of amusement.

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The literary quality of the English drama found ready market in print, and plays began to be read. Colleges pulled down the barriers of educational prejudice and organized courses in Modern Drama, — a modern drama that went beyond Sheridan. The amateur actor, his literary sense of theatre being sharpened, wanted better plays than the cheap stuff customarily served up at church festivals and school commencements. Travelers from abroad began to talk of those modern forces which were making headway abroad, and of which The Independent Theatre in London, — existing at the time *The Second Mrs. Tanuqeray* came to light, — was a contemporary. The Free Theatre of Paris, the Freie Buehne of Berlin were giving encouragement to dramatists breaking from the old tradition not only in technique but in ideas. We in America were some thirty years behind the movement; we could benefit by the mistakes of its adolescence, we could profit by the dramatists it encouraged, we could accept its philosophy and act on it. I can see an excuse for the mad worship with which some of our young men who went abroad sat at the feet of Antoine and later Reinhardt, and brought back smattering dreams of Gordon Craig and Stanislavsky. And with the naïve confidence, which is one of the assets of the American mind, started in to create "even as they."

I can see, too, how these college men, — for they were nearly all of them in the throes of learning, — when they were abroad, wondered at the closeness with which the continental theatre was bound to the literary life of the time. In America, our stage has only flippantly been associated with literature in the past. To such men as Howells and James and Mark Twain, the theatre was only a cardboard playhouse, not demanding their most earnest efforts. To them the technique of the theatre was a secondary technique.

The revolution we are going through has, therefore, been a fight in terms of the physical theatre; the artist worker, lured behind the curtain, has aimed his energy toward production, where we had fallen into the commercial habit of letting out "by contract" whatever plays we had to produce. These scenic artists, as they have been called, chanted the Battle Hymn of Craig; they denounced our Puritan grayness of vision; they declared that beyond the word of the play was the spirit. To them the spirit was

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the true word. Whatever is most healthy in the American Theatre to-day one must ascribe to the credit of the artist in the theatre. He is the pathfinder in America, even if the engineering is done in other countries. He is the one opening greater vistas to the American playwright; he is the one putting the theatre in its proper place as an art, and asking the writer for the theatre to so consider it.

As yet, very little appreciable effect of such preachment has been found among our native playwrights. It is not the art movement which has made these writers such excellent technicians; they have been adepts at the blue print for several generations. They have learned well; they write speakable dialogue; they have a reportorial sense of local differences. They are far superior to their immediate predecessors, — that is, in bulk. But they are still imitative. In all my theatregoing I have heard many cries of new discoveries; Moody was one example. It seems only yesterday that Josephine Preston Peabody's *The Piper* raised the belief that we faced an era of poetic drama. We get the same furor and momentary belief in the theatre to-day, searching always for the American Play. Each year the Pulitzer Prize award plays the oracle. Yet with all this improvement in literary quality which marks our American drama, the same charge of factory made, — of being long in factories and short in art studies, — is tenable.

For we are still behind the advance of the theatres abroad; or at least we are still their dependants. Money has tried to get us what lies beyond money to bestow. The New Theatre is a monument of such folly. It is still difficult for us to point to certain men in confidence that they will maintain a level of high thinking, a level of brilliance, a level of whimsy, such as is maintained by Shaw and Galsworthy and Barrie. We can designate none of our men, — as Germany has designated Hauptmann, as Austria has designated Schnitzler and Wedekind, as Scandinavia counted on Strindberg, — and say that Owen Davis will always build as he has created in *The Detour* and *Icebound*, or that A. E. Thomas will follow in the footsteps of his excellent *Her Husband's Wife*. We have too many examples of the flare in the pan, too many healthy isolated accidentals, like Hazleton Berrimo's *The Yellow Jacket* and Mackaye's *The Scarecrow*, to make us confident.

Is it that our dramatists are too flexible; being trained in the technique of vaulting, they can vault any dramatic difficulty set

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them? Is it possible that the Elmer Rice who wrote *On Trial* could have evolved for himself a technique as differing from that as *The Adding Machine* had he not been an adept at following the European blue print? Can one say that he had a burning sense that the form of the latter play was the only one to carry the message he had to deliver in his expressionistic drama? His work in the theatre would not lead one to make such a confident remark. Though it does not detract in the least from the effectiveness of his work, or the thankfulness on our part that we have such fitful signs of aliveness among our workers.

Our experimental theatres have likewise followed in the wake of English models. The Provincetown Players did not precede the Abbey Theatre or the Manchester. The Washington Square Theatre was not unconscious of the Stage Societies in London, any more than is the Theatre Guild. And the Theatre Guild, — its one original note, — is only different from the Manchester Theatre in that it substitutes a clientele subscribing group for the generous personality of Miss Horniman. But to show how necessary this group endeavor is, how fruitful of results, we can point to the Provincetown Players and say they gave us Eugene O'Neill and Susan Glaspell; we can attest to the fact that the Neighborhood Playhouse brought the theatre's attention to Dunsany; we can credit the Washington Square Players with the proud distinction of fostering Robert Edmund Jones, Lee Simonson, and Rollo Peters. Which goes to prove that had we been really sympathetic with the true significance of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* in 1893, we might have shaken from the thralls of commercialism earlier than we did.

Our theatregoers are still mere children in this matter of amusement, and they cannot be led too strenuously. And there is only one of our dramatists who uses consistently what is out of the conventional order. The weighty responsibility is upon the shoulders of Eugene O'Neill. He is the one man of the American theatre to-day whose quality of soul is to be detected in all he does. From the very first, while he was shaping his technique under the guidance of Professor G. P. Baker of Harvard, one has felt that he internally has been shaken by life, and by life of one color if not always of one shade. He is writing out of his experience, and this experience needs now only to be ripened by compassion, — as it

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has been in the case of John Masefield, whose sea life is very much a counterpart of O'Neill's, — to lead toward a more definite attitude toward humanity.

I have nowhere seen any statement as to whether O'Neill consciously used the expressionistic form, first attempted in *The Emperor Jones*, in his attempt to discard the realistic frame against which so many artists are turning. Or whether this loose structure came to him as one with the conceived drama. But if it was imitative, then we have to thank the foreign workman at least for freeing much ability in the American theatre. For within the mould of this foreign blue print, George Kaufman and Marc Connelly were able to produce *Beggar on Horseback*, and open, more effectively than in their *To the Ladies*, and *Dulcy* the vials of native American irony. And there is no telling to what extent they may not go, if they let it centre further on American conditions.

But I cannot take these examples as anything more than sporadic attempts to be different from the realistic way in which, through our newspaper experience, we have become accustomed to see things. Even this is encouraging if we remember the sentimental dodging of reality we were treated to some years ago, and still are treated to on occasions. We have a goodnatured way of facing facts which makes even the flapper laugh at herself, to say nothing of the middle class wage earner. Otherwise, how can one explain the vogue of such dramas as Lewis Beach's *The Goose Hangs High* and George Kelly's *The Show Off*. These two dramas are excellent examples, on the one hand, of our insufficiency in drama, and on the other, of our superb amusement at ourselves. *The Goose Hangs High* proposes a thesis which it hasn't the strength to make convincing, and which states itself sentimentally in the end. *The Show Off* is as poignant in the scorching truth of its commonplaceness as is Galsworthy's treatment of Falder in *Justice*.

Can it really be said, then, that the American Drama has any symptoms of its own? Or are we entirely beholden for our drama incentive to Europe, as we are to the Continent for our yellow and red and green and white taxis? In the past, the historical perspective would indicate that our most original attempts in drama have been along lines wholly in accord with Mr. Gilbert Seldes's *The Seven Lively Arts*. The Yankee type is still in evidence, and

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though there is a sea of difference between *Solon Shingle* and *Ethan Fromme*, the relationship is there. What is the art of Al Jolson but the art of the minstrel who became a "fixed" type. I have seen business and legal types on the stage recently that are not so far removed from the *Judge Bardwell Slote* and *Mulberry Sellers* of old. Politics have entered very feebly into our dramatists' counting, for the simple reason that we have always thought government should be fought out at the polls and not reasoned about at the theatre except in gentle fashion. Our folklore sense in the theatre, as seen in such types of play as *Sun Up*, *This Fine Pretty World*, and *Hell-Bent for Heaven* is being consciously set on the alert by certain college professors who are attempting to put the amateur applicant for dramatic honors next to the soil most familiar to him. I have before me plays of Carolina life, written in the classroom; I have seen plays emerge from the pen of farmer boys in the Dakotas who have drawn dramatic incident from their daily lives. Such endeavor opens up new avenues of speculation. While old avenues of material right at hand still remain closed. It is surprising how little interest the American playwright has evinced in his own history. It took a foreigner to give us a Lincoln and a Lee. But such dramas as *Barbara Frietchie*, *Shenandoah*, and *Secret Service* belong to romantic comedy rather than historical chronicle.

On the side of comedy our social life is not sufficiently homogeneous for us to develop a high sense of comedy, or rather a sense of high comedy. As some critic wrote facetiously, we are upholders of the comedy of bad manners rather than of manners. I believe our comedy has emerged from the realm of all noise to a plane of wit and clear seeing. It still has a jazz rhythm of its own; it is so vernacular as to be difficult to transplant; it is oftentimes so local as to be scarcely understandable outside its own territory. But it is standardized as so much of our American life is.

Our American drama is vastly better than it used to be. We can not dismiss as trifling such pieces as *Clarence*, *Beyond the Horizon*, *The First Year*, *Anna Christie*, *Ambush*, *The Square Peg*, *Why Marry?*, and *The Torch-Bearers*. Nor can we consider *Dulcy* flip. There must be a sense of proportion to create such types as one is given in *Dulcy* and in Rachel Crothers' *Expressing Willie*. But when one has read all these plays, and seen them excellently well

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acted, they have served their purpose, like the Ingersoll watch. They have many redeeming qualities in them, but the one great quality of permanence they have not. Yet withal they read well, many of them, and one hates to see such redeeming qualities scrapped.

We are lavish with our cleverness; we are wasteful of our energies. The theatre game enchants hundreds to play it. But there are so few who have anything to say in the theatre. Jesse Lynch Williams was brilliantly imitative of Shaw in *Why Marry?*, and it takes ability to be even passibly imitative of him. Eugene Walter has repudiated his *The Easiest Way* as being a mere trick; Eugene O'Neill has written that he could turn out *Annie Christies* by the score, but he much prefers to find a new medium.

And so in this country I think we are, from the standpoint of dramatic writing, not so very far beyond the point reached by Pinero when he first gave us *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. We are not telling stories which are as good *theatre* as it is; we haven't as much personal conviction in what we write; our efforts are virtuouso, rather than fundamental. Our patterns are of different cut from 1893 because the patterns have changed abroad; our observations are keener. But our stage is still woefully lacking in idea, still woefully lacking in clear thinking, still wanting in the ability to "follow through." We still cling to our *Lightnin*, our *Daddy Longlegs*. We still write cleverly much that is not worth writing about. And in the average of what we get there is so much to ponder, so much worthwhile that goes to the scrap heap, never to be used again. We are a wasteful nation, dramatically, and that's merely because we only deal with worthwhile matters when we imitate; we divorce ourselves as dramatists from ourselves as men and women with convictions; and we don't think it's worth while getting conviction across to the Big Public. It doesn't pay! I have talked with playwrights who have said, with tongue in cheek, how easy it was to do the stunt; who haven't even recognized that it's more than a stunt when they have, by some luck of the gods, created well. Until such attitude is changed we will have to be content with the dollar watch; or take our blue prints "made in Germany" and the like. The truth is, we are still preponderately aiming at the box-office, and we are talking an American language!

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OUR PRESIDENTS

DON SEITZ

HAVE we ever had a great President? An able President? According to Don Seitz, hardly ever. From Washington to Coolidge he blasts his way leaving us bewildered by his trail of broken idols. To most readers his views may seem iconoclastic. The Editor will not be surprised if we receive an avalanche of indignant protests; but in publishing this article THE FORUM pursues its fixed policy of eliciting the truth through the clash of divergent opinions.

MEASURED by the requirements of a government for the people, by the people, in the general public interest, how many of the men who have been elected President of the United States have measured up to the standard?

In the beginning of the republic it was not intended that the people should elect their chief magistrate. They were to select members of an electoral college, the groups of which were to meet in their several States and solemnly pick out a perfect President. Quite naturally, George Washington was the first to be chosen. He could readily have made himself Dictator, or Emperor, had he so desired. His chief anxiety was to hold the discordant thirteen together. They showed alarming signs of falling apart, and the Constitution was not fully ratified for many months.

In a new government it was not possible to produce perfection. It had trouble enough to exist. Scandals were plentiful and factional discord became most rancorous. The Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton, who had no belief in popular rule, was tied up with Thomas Jefferson, who was whole-heartedly devoted to it. Hamilton became involved in a scandal with a woman whose husband peddled "influence", and the Secretary was compelled to make a public confession, quite as frank as anything ever disclosed by Jean Jacques Rousseau, to save his political repute.

Such was the burden of his office that Washington was glad to lay it down at the end of his second term to devote himself to agriculture at Mount Vernon. His fame was not helped by his

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Administration, but his services were so great and his character so exalted, that no one can question his title to immortality,—but not as a President.

Adams, who succeeded him, was of the coldest New England type. A true history of his Administration was so vicious in its revelations that it was suppressed. Scandalous in detail, it probably was not wholly deserved. Yet little can be found in the record of Adams as President to prove that he even nearly approximated the ideals. Of course, Jefferson, with his notion of popular government, was a mischief-maker and bedeviled Adams as much as he could. Yet each died on the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, revering the other.

Of Jefferson it can be said that he was more concerned with enforcing his views than managing the affairs of government. He bought Louisiana and the Northwest from Napoleon and so saved us the necessity of stealing it in later years. This was a masterpiece of foresight, though Bonaparte pressed the bargain as a step against the further growth of the British Empire. Jefferson's "embargo" brought great calamity upon our seaboard and his policy toward the Army and Navy left the country naked to the winds.

With all his "democracy" he made Madison his successor, and Madison produced the War of 1812 which almost caused a secession of the New England States. Monroe, who came after, remains famous as the inventor of a doctrine that has more than once threatened our peace, and has for more than a century been a source of offense to the South American republics. Briefly interpreted, under its enforcement, the United States will permit no one to "lick" our neighbors but ourselves.

John Quincy Adams followed. Up to and including his day the Presidents and the Government had been aristocratic. Now came Andrew Jackson of Tennessee, to demand that the People enter the White House. He defeated Adams on the popular vote, but a discriminating Congress to whose hands fell the choice shut the door of the pallid palace in his face. Adams's administration was one of discord and turmoil that did no good to the land. The United States Bank fastened itself upon the country, and New England Whiggery had its way, but not without Congressional conflicts that embittered men and distressed the country.

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At the next election Jackson triumphed, and also in the next. The Electoral College became a rubber stamp, and the People entered the White House wearing their muddy boots and spitting on the carpet. The victors got the spoils. A woman upset Jackson's Cabinet, and South Carolina came near to seceding. A warship kept Charleston under its guns until the State cooled off. "The Union must and shall be preserved" said "Old Hickory" and he meant it. But his Administration of eight years was a battle,—not a government. He broke the United States Bank, but gave nothing in its place, though just as weeds replace cultivation, "wild cat" banking kept the country in distress until the exigencies of the Civil War produced a stable system.

Like Jefferson, Jackson provided a successor to himself in the person of Martin Van Buren, smooth, sly, and "foxy". He, too, played politics, and administration went to the dogs,—indeed, it could not be said to have been established. He failed to succeed himself. The Whigs selected William Henry Harrison on his repute as the "hero" of Tippecanoe, where with a large body of troops he defeated a small body of Indians under a much abler man, Elskawata, "Prophet" of the Shawnees. His term in office was short, but inconsequent. Pompous and ill-informed, he had no idea of affairs and saved his fame by dying. John Tyler of Virginia then became the first Vice-President to fill the chief chair. Tyler achieved the annexation of Texas as a sop to the cotton growing slaveholders and laid the foundations of the unjust Mexican War. His successor, James K. Polk, put that conflict over with no justification that any historian could ever discover, but it gave us a fat slice of sage brush, California, and a continued serial of international complications, plus added power to the slave owners. His Administration was super-political and gave way to one of the heroes created by the war, Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready". The Democrats had tried to suppress Winfield Scott, who conquered Mexico, fearing that success as the head of the army would make him President, but the Whigs preferred Taylor. He lived only a few weeks after taking office. A dish of cherries and milk brought on a colic from which he did not recover and Vice-President Millard Fillmore of Buffalo, New York, filled his place. Fillmore continues to be rated as a nonentity. He sent Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry to Japan, whereby under

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the next Administration, that of Franklin Pierce, the Mikado's Empire became open to the world, though as Mr. Dooley accurately described it: "We didn't go in; they kim out". They did indeed, and to-day have become one of the New World's greatest anxieties. The Japanese alone remain grateful for the exploit.

The election of Pierce in 1852 was another echo of the Mexican War, in which he had served as a volunteer general. The Democrats wanted a Northern man who would satisfy the slaveholders, and Pierce filled the bill. He signed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and that set Kansas to bleeding. Pierce was a friend of Nathaniel Hawthorne and the best thing he did while in office was to make the author Consul at Liverpool when the fees were corpulent. Jefferson Davis was Pierce's Secretary of War, and the South dominated his Administration. The country seemed safe, however, and the Democrats continued their rule by electing James Buchanan of Pennsylvania in 1856.

Buchanan was a swallow-tail. He had been Minister to England and had held a Cabinet place. His pictures show a fine old gentleman, much given to observing proprieties and nothing else. History is very hard upon him. Secession began while he was in office and he dealt with it feebly. Yet to study the times it is difficult to determine what he could or should have done. He meant well to both sides, but did not know how to handle either. The rise of the Republican party from the mixed elements of Free Soil, Know Nothing, and faded Whig elements was really a revolution. Order had ceased in American politics and chaos had come.

Yet the defeat of Democracy which produced the Civil War was not due to the new party's strength, but to Democratic dissensions. A solid Democracy would have defeated the rail-splitter. It could not be kept concrete. Stephen A. Douglas had the most votes in the Charleston Convention of 1860, but could not get the necessary two thirds, any more than William G. McAdoo could in 1924. Many vain ballots were cast, Benjamin Butler of Massachusetts, who was soon to be known as "The Beast" in the sunny South, voting fifty times for Jefferson Davis of Mississippi.

Adjourned to Baltimore, Douglas won in a perfunctory gathering which seemed unable to grasp the seriousness of the situation. The irreconcilable pro-slaveryites bolted and set up John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky and Joseph Lane of Oregon as their

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candidates. The flickering Whigs in a futile and final effort to live named John Bell of Tennessee and the oratorical Edward Everett of Massachusetts; this further tangled the crisis. I have always had an antipathy for Everett since an old private of marines told me he had to stand at "present arms" five solid hours while Everett orated at the laying of the Washington Monument cornerstone.

So out of the welter Abraham Lincoln was elected, and the crumbling of the Union began. Lincoln has become one of the immortals whose fame as a wise, just, and merciful man cannot be assailed, yet he led a party into office that was more aggressive for spoils and far less representative than the "People" of Andrew Jackson. The shrieking Horace Greeley, the shrewd, suave William H. Seward, nursing his "irrepressible conflict", and the cynical old lobbyist and law peddler, Thurlow Weed, made and guided it. There is no statecraft visible in their proceedings, no desire to "save" the Union. Rule or ruin was their program. They did both.

It is one of the cruel consequences of "party" government that success at the polls is more important than care for the public interest. This bedevils the best meaning of Presidents and makes his position one of the utmost difficulty. He must choose between party and people. It is not possible, in its very nature, for a party to represent the people; it represents its machinery.

This then was Lincoln's peril. He was saved from conflict with the people by the war which broke out when he had been but five weeks in office. He had no chance to show qualities of amelioration or deal in diplomacy. That he was a consummate politician goes without saying. That he became a martyr obscures this fact in popular memory. He was surrounded by politicians and spoilsmen of the most rapacious sort. His Cabinet was a conspiracy against him. Could he have enforced in it such submission as Woodrow Wilson effected in 1917–18, the war between the States would not have run half the course it did. He was bullied by Stanton, betrayed by Chase, and much perplexed by the shifty Seward. Welles was a Democrat, and his only friend, but a political liability, not an asset, because of his faith. Of Stanton little need be said. He lives as a great Secretary of War, tireless and faithful. It would be easy to prove that he was something quite different. His

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effort to become a despot after Lincoln's death led to the attempt to impeach the luckless Johnson. Lincoln could not live up to the civil requirements of his office because of the war, and his use of the great powers invested in him is mainly a record of incompetence and disaster. The North won, not the Government. Lincoln's fame remains, measured by emotion. Had he survived his second term it would have been established by facts.

Of Andrew Johnson it is impossible to speak fairly, for the poor man never had a chance. He was an inebriated Daniel in a political lion's den, with Zach Chandler, Thad. Stevens, and Ben Wade as the chief roarers. Three more unprincipled politicians never sat in seats of power. They beat down Johnson's hands, although he had been Lincoln's own choice. But for the quiet courage of Ulysses S. Grant and W. T. Sherman and the armed force they could command, evil days indeed would have followed.

No greater mistake was ever made than the choice of Grant for President. He was taken on the strength of his name to keep the party in power, yet it led to a great revolt that would have succeeded but for the selection of Horace Greeley to lead the opposing hosts. Agitators cannot lead. Copperhead Democrats would not follow Greeley; Republicans regarded him as an apostle. So we had eight years of scandal and disgrace at Washington. Grant was President in name; Roscoe Conkling the ruler, with lovely Kate Chase Sprague as his ruling influence. Politically, no record could have been worse. The public interest was ignored by the Washington cabals, and Grant, with all his noble qualities, remains the most incompetent of Presidents, gauged by the proper standard.

Now comes a paradox. The man who succeeded Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes of Ohio, was not elected. An electoral commission dominated by Conkling gave him the decision. Samuel J. Tilden gave way rather than bring on another conflict in this sorely tried land. Bitterly assailed, with "fraud" stamped on his brow, Hayes gave us a truly honorable and proper Administration. He sustained the Constitution and saw that the laws were observed, which are the President's chief duties in time of peace. He ceased to surround the ballot boxes in the South with bayonets. He removed the garrisons and with them "carpet bag" governments. He gave the South a chance to live. He inaugurated civil service,

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and the U. S. dollar became worth one hundred cents by the resumption of specie payments during his stay in office. There were no scandals. Political vermin vanished from Washington. People sneered at his simple life. William M. Evarts, his chief adviser, observed that "water flowed like champagne" at White House dinners. Mrs. Hayes was a W. C. T. U. Now that Volstead rules the land this joke seems far-fetched. Champagne! What is it?

But Hayes was not ruled by Conkling. That turkey cock's sun set with Grant's going. When Garfield was elected Conkling sought to reassert his power. The bullet of an assassin ended the quarrel, — and Conkling, as a political factor. What Garfield might have been is beyond speculation. His death, however, gave the United States a good President in Chester Alan Arthur. He had been put on the ticket to placate Conkling and when he came into office Conkling was out by his own action in resigning from the Senate in search of a "vindication", which the New York State Legislature refused to give him. As a result, perhaps, Arthur's Administration was orderly, gentlemanly, and just. He, after Hayes, being the only President to keep his place, while champagne again flowed in the White House and the cooking was much improved. Mr. Arthur was a connoisseur in canvasback and terrapin.

In considering Grover Cleveland, the first Democrat to take office after the war, much allowance must be made for the state of mind that selected him. Conkling had met with a prodigious defeat in New York when he attempted to make Charles J. Folger governor. Cleveland was elected. Logically he became the Presidential nominee of his party. He carried New York and the election by less than 2,000 votes, these being somewhat nebulously gathered in Gravesend, a town at the tip of Long Island, ruled by one John Y. McKane, who held that every man was entitled to vote somewhere, and why not in so pleasant a spot as Coney Island, which was in his bailiwick. Long Island City was another soft spot in the figures. The Republicans had used it to cheat before and could not stand the backfire of an investigation. So Cleveland got in. He was at once called bigger than his party and, as a result, provoked some pretty rows. He went beyond the province of his office, said some epigrammatic things, and was defeated for re-election by Benjamin Harrison of Indiana.

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Harrison came near to being a model President. He was a small man with a waxen face who said little and worked hard, — a grandson of the William Henry who defeated Elskawata. One of his English ancestors, a butcher by trade, lost his head by voting to amputate that of Charles the First. He was not the least bit popular with either people or politicians. He refused to be swayed by one or ruled by the other, nor did he try to run the Government uphill. Rated by the requirements he stands nearly 100 per cent. to the good. Quite naturally he was defeated for re-election.

Cleveland ran again in 1892 and came back, thanks to a populist tip-over in the West which gave John B. Weaver forty-two electoral votes. His second term was one of trouble. The party did not obey his request to revise the tariff on a revenue basis, and he let the Wilson bill become a law without his signature. His Secretary of the Treasury dealt with Wall Street in filling its coffers with gold needed to keep its credit sweet until forced by a newspaper, the "World," to trust the people. He did it with a growl. The people came across about twenty to one.

Seeking an issue that would disconcert him, the Republican press and leaders seized upon a boundary dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela to rattle his nerves, — and succeeded. To upset his enemies he challenged England to mortal combat and laid the train for a world war. The old lady was too sensible to accept the challenge, but he gave the nation a scare that wrecked the Stock Exchange for a period and raised hell generally. The opposition was properly rebuked, but it is hard to see how he "served" the people.

Cleveland's strenuous term was followed by the Administration of William McKinley, nominated by Mark Hanna after John Sherman had been betrayed by the Ohio delegation. It has always been held to McKinley's shame that he was under Hanna's thumb. This was not true. Hanna had a curious reverence for him, — curious and unusual in that he was a strong soul. McKinley was not. He was urbane and politic. In short, a nice man. Yet Hanna was humble in his presence, deferred to and was devoted to him. He had fathered a tariff that laid many "implied obligations" of his party and was a true Ohio Republican, respectable enough to do anything and get away with it. The war with feeble Spain to "free" Cuba, to please William R. Hearst,

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was his doing. Spain thought she was yielding, but did it "to-morrow" instead of to-day. Nobody is proud of that war.

Here again the bullet of an assassin killed a President who was improving and put a circus in the White House. I once talked with James J. Hill about Theodore Roosevelt, when first well in the saddle, observing: "Well, he wants to run everything."

"Yes," replied the Great Northern magnate,—"like a base-ball nine."

And so it was. The Constitution took a vacation. It needed rest, perhaps, having been badly damaged during Cleveland's régime by Congressman Tim Campbell's inquiry: "What's the Constitution between friends?"

Roosevelt gave it a rest. Also the House, the Senate, and everything except the American people. He "took" Panama, decimated the Twenty-fifth Infantry, "settled" the coal strike, took Harriman's money and gave him no return, meddled with everything from childbirth to populism and had a "bully" time. No one else did. The panic of 1908, the friction with Japan, the dominance of labor unions and capitalism over the people at large, all date from him. Worse than that, with the help of William Jennings Bryan, he destroyed political opposition and made politics too one-sided to be interesting. Then he gave us Taft to keep his seat warm while he went a-hunting.

To consider Taft seriously as President is not polite. He was long regarded as a stop-gap for Roosevelt. Indeed, he did not seem to take the office seriously. He traveled incessantly and when he did anything it had a Rooseveltian flavor. He floundered and fell when it came time to stand on his own feet. Then Roosevelt performed a great service. He wrecked the Republican party.

It cannot be said, however, that the country profited by the débâcle. Woodrow Wilson was the outcome. Here again we had the luckless result of non-opposition in government. Shot to pieces the Republicans for the moment could provide none and Bryan had made the Democrats impotent. So one-man-government continued. Far abler and more despotic than Roosevelt, Wilson belied the name of Democrat. His Cabinet was ignored, his Ambassadors left in the dark. He dealt with important government matters through unofficial agents, whether from mistrust or impatience, it is hard to decide. He made many bad and more

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weak appointments; he took on his Secretary of the Treasury as a son-in-law. The World War came out of a clear sky. How did he deal with it? In three phases:

1. Too proud to fight
2. Peace without victory
3. Force without limit

He won his re-election under the first phase. The people did not wish to go to war. He could not have gotten a vote for a declaration out of Congress. The campaign slogan for 1916 was: "He kept us out of war."

When the second phase developed he had been re-elected. Immense scorn from Republican sources welcomed his pronouncement. Like Cleveland in the Venezuela affair he avenged himself upon the opposition by entering, within a very few weeks, upon the third phase. He lived up to it. Under his vast war powers he used "force without limit", abroad and at home. He put gyves on the American people, trusting them not for a moment. He enforced a "selective" draft that "selected" everyone. He penned harmless aliens up in stockades, forced the press into an attitude of self-censoring that destroyed its usefulness and its liberties, and made himself the most powerful figure in the world at a gross outlay of $23,000,000,000. Then he invented the League of Nations, by which some fifty-four are now successfully allied against the United States.

Throughout all, luck stood by him until his war powers ceased and he could no longer command or commission. Then the people rose and, by a vast majority — 7,000,000 — an unheard of figure in American elections, repudiated Wilson and his policies. They shook off their chains and it will be many a year before they hold out their hands again for shackles.

On this mighty wave of reaction Warren G. Harding rode into office. He was a plump printer from Marion, Ohio. Statesmen had died-out in Ohio and small men with ambitious wives were pushed into power. Harding, as one of these, became United States Senator. Boies Penrose, boss of the Senate, saw in him the kind of a genial nonentity who would fit the reaction. Like Mr. Artemus Ward he was "as genial a feller as you ever met." Now the boys in the party had been out of the crib for fifteen years. Roosevelt allowed no one to play there but himself. Under Wilson, Republicans

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were at a heavy discount. With Harding they all came back. He exerted himself in no way to interfere with the orgy. Deeply disappointed, the people at large would have rended him but for his removal by death. This gave them Calvin Coolidge. He is what they want, — a "mean" little Yankee, sharp-eyed, close-fisted, who will cut down taxes, keep "good fellows" at a distance and stick to his job. He has a chance to meet the needs of the Nation as only two or three of his predecessors have done.

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BELLES LETTRES IN BALLOT BOXES

II — A Forgotten Statesman

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

THERE is something fascinating about the successful British Statesman, but we must look at him from a literary and not a political angle. The American who goes out for an enjoyable ramble among the lives and works of distinguished English politicians should leave his sensibilities at home. But once we forget that the average British statesman has a contempt for our kind of politics, — perhaps justifiably, — and that if he has achieved success, it has been through being passionately British, the charm is apt to be unlimited.

Plantagenet Palliser, I said last month, was a statesman who is literary only in the sense that he was created by literature. An astute friend of mine, Mr. Aba Gonegaga, who has read widely in English and American political history, said he had never even heard of Palliser, and yet to me he is one of the great characters in English literary politics.

"I have heard of Peel, Melbourne, Palmerston, Gladstone, Disraeli," exclaimed Gonegaga, "but I find no trace of this Plantagenet Palliser that you say was Prime Minister of England in the last century."

There's the rub! There are many Englishmen who do not know that he was Prime Minister, and it is only those who are fortunate enough to know where to go to find the records that will be able to trace his career. Of course it is true that he was Prime Minister for only a short time, and it is true that he was involved in no wars, except with his wife; it is true that he was involved in no diplomatic deceptions, but nevertheless I insist that to outside students of English politics, like Mr. Gonegaga and myself, he is much more real than many of those whose dull doings cumber the pages of the chronological historians.

If it is true that the writings of Anthony Trollope, the biographer of Palliser, are no longer read, the more the pity say I. But I don't think it is true. I have in my library the forty volumes of Trollope that were edited by Harry Thurston Peck, — poor

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Harry Peck, — and published by Dodd, Mead, and Company; it added many obligations to that tragic soul that his efforts made it possible to buy those. But there are forty and perhaps fifty other volumes of Trollope that the student of Palliser and politics should read, and when I wanted those I had to go to the New York Circulating library. Surely someone is reading them, for they are always out, and when you do get them they are thumbed and marked.

Are we not mostly wrong, I wondered, as over a period of six months I fought with unknown contestants for these books at the library, in our self-satisfied estimates as to what people read and what they think? Frequently editors will tell you, when they gather in solemn and wrinkled-browed conclave, that they are surprised that some writing that they had taken to fill up space "goes." Back of the line are the great mass of people who don't write letters to the papers, who spend their lives fighting with their own destiny, wondering why the editor doesn't appeal to their hungry souls more often.

The story of Plantagenet Palliser and his rise to the Premiership of England is told in a half dozen novels beginning with reference to his great uncle, the Duke of Omnium, in the Barchester novels and culminating in two of the best stories that Trollope ever wrote, and two of the best of his time, *The Prime Minister* and *The Duke's Children*. Some critics there have been, notably Lord Bryce, who declared that these political studies represent the view of an outsider, but few artists have ever satisfied those who considered themselves specialists.

"I never saw a sunset like that" was the remark of a critic of Turner.

"Don't you wish you could" was the reply of the great defender of the painter.

The period of Palliser, — or Trollope, if you will, — was productive of many great statesmen. It was a period of great men not only in England, but in most civilized countries, and in some uncivilized countries too. They were in the most part literary statesmen, — that is, I imagine, they either wrote books that make some appeal to posterity or they read books in such a way that they seemed to embody permanent and literary ideas. How different from our own day and country, when with the passing

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of Henry Cabot Lodge and the withdrawal of Jusserand, one can feel perfectly safe that there is no evidence that any man of importance in Washington political life has read a book unless it happens to be a law book or a government report.

Palliser's literary inclinations do not obtrude in the story of his life as we get it from Trollope, although in *The Duke's Children*, when he has had his political defeat, he goes abroad to study Dante. This is typical of the statesmen of his time, a time that included Macaulay, Grote, to say nothing of Disraeli, Bulwer-Lytton, and Gladstone.

In his own autobiography, Anthony Trollope has told us what he thought of Plantagenet Palliser, — that he was above all things a gentleman. Trollope goes so far as to say that if he did not create a gentleman in Palliser, then he did not know what a gentleman was. That, perhaps, is the chief charm of this forgotten statesman, that he was a great gentleman, a Whig of the old school, cold, uninspired, rather dull, but noble in mind as well as in blood. It is a tribute to Trollope's art that we can become so much interested in this man of ordinary intellectual qualities, who is absolutely barren of the sense of humor. But in this deficiency he is not unlike Peel and Gladstone, although some of the most notable statesmen of that time were marked by a distinct sense of humor. Cavour loved his joke; so did Bismarck in his early years, and Palmerston, we remember, wrote to a clergyman who asked permission to bury a deceased prelate under the floor of the church, that it was just as logical to put a dead body under the drawing room or the dining room. In our own country Roosevelt had a delightful sense of humor, and who will ever forget the limerick that Woodrow Wilson wrote about his own face.

It is Palliser's lack of humor to a certain extent that makes him a striking figure. He is the heir to the great estate of the Duke of Omnium. He is eventually to succeed to the title, and, apparently, his self-appointed mission in life is to show a decadent times how a man may interest himself intensely in his country and his countrymen and still not be a "good fellow." The reason that Palliser is more interesting than some of the real statesmen is that his sincerity is never to be questioned; his honesty is without a flaw. We cannot conceive Plantagenet Palliser in the negotiations

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preceding the Crimean War leading the Emperor of Russia to believe that England was in sympathy with his designs. We cannot conceive Plantagenet Palliser, although he was probably as Anti-American as most English statesmen of that time, pretending to be uninformed over the activities of the British shipbuilders during the Civil War and treating the American Ambassador, Mr. Adams, with contempt when he protested against the unfriendly acts of the British Government.

Lord Bryce may be right. Palliser may be the creation of an outsider in politics, but he is a creation that the insider might have studied with advantage. He is particularly an appealing character at this time, both for American politicians and English politicians. For nowhere else do I know where you will find so succinctly destroyed the sophistry of our day that mere observance of the law constitutes an adequate substitute for duty and honor.

MARTHA AND MARY

HELENE MULLINS

Whom will you bless, Lord, when you rise to go,
Martha, who bathes your feet with tender care,
Or Mary, who comes with idle hands to stare
Upon your face that grief hath ravaged so?
Whom will you love, recalling these calm days,
Martha, who poured you wine and baked you bread,
Or Mary, who came and laid her lovely head
Against your knees, and raised her voice to praise
Your slender hands, your sorrow-stricken eyes?
Look on them now, and choose the favored one
To occupy your heart when you have gone;
Martha is good, and capable, and wise,
But she is old, and all her dreams are done,
And Mary's young, and fair to look upon.

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

BUBS

"HELLO, BUB!"

Those of us who spent a happy boyhood in the last century recall the cheery greeting of the passing gent. We did not mind being called "bubs". Usually the natural stoicism of youth accepted the salutation with complete indifference. If we felt anything, though, we had a sneaking fondness for it. Certainly the gent who thus greeted us was less objectionable than the crusty old party who commanded sternly, "No skylarking, boys." *He* always got the snow-ball, — if we dared. I'm not sure what the modern equivalent for "bub" is. I always try "Hello, Oliver" and meet with sufficient success, especially if I follow it with a voluble question like "How are your honorable insides this bright morning?" A boy likes an old dog that wags his tail.

But what was a bub? What are the amiable urchins whom I call Oliver? We know well enough that we were all different, quite separate individuals to ourselves; but obviously we were just happy boys, all alike, to the cheery gent; and naughty boys, all alike, to the crusty old party.

Perhaps it's more to the point to wonder what strange manner of man was the cheery gent, — the undiscriminating creature who aways called us bubs. For in the steady practice of his kindly greeting he seems to have tinctured his own character with something of the dull sameness he ascribed to us. Bubs indeed! We were different enough. He was the regular, dyed-in-the-wool, honest-to-goodness bub himself!

As long as bubs project their undiscriminating minds into their greeting of small boys, all honor to them. It may warm the heart of some urchin who so far forgets himself as to heed it. But one cannot avoid noticing that the habit of bubbing persists, so that some people apply it, without fear or favor, to all sorts and conditions of men and women. It is as though they said, "If this be democracy, make the most of it." But they don't really say that, or even think that. They are just bubs by instinct. So they go

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their glad way shouting "Hi, Bill" to a man whom they have met only once and whose name happens to be Josiah; and they further satisfy their welling friendliness by adding a cheery "How's the old girl?" — without indicating whether they refer to Josiah's hypothetical wife or to his deceased mother.

Well, why shouldn't they? Why isn't it cheery behavior? Surely, bubbery is better than snobbery. People actually take infection from the bub, or if they are immune, they at least admire him. They say he is a "good mixer," a "jolly fellow." After all, "he means well." Alas, he doesn't *mean* at all; he just *is*.

In fact, if you stop to think about it, a bub isn't really the opposite of a snob. The opposite of a snob, as everyone knows, is a Christian gentleman, "in apprehension how like a god!" But your honest-to-goodness bub has no apprehensions; he is in truth a sort of inverted snob, — not the converse of a snob, but what our mathematical enemies used to call the contrapositive. If a floor-walker should clap you on the shoulder, reader, and call you "Brother," he *might* be a snob, for he would no doubt be envious of your high estate. But when the next minute I come shuffling through the maze of shoppers and he treats me in the same cordial manner, he is a downright bub; his dull eyes cannot see the difference between the owner of a Rolls Royce and the owner of a pair of ground grippers. Far be it from me to decry the cheery spirit. If in gay courtesy he anticipated your thoughts with a happy remark about the slippery roads "this icy weather," and then turned to me with an equally happy, "Fine bracing air this morning, sir; yes, sir, bargain sale in the basement," he would be crude perhaps, but he would resemble a human being. But to wear the same face and to fling the same greeting to every one, — no, it is not Christian charity on his part. He has no power of distinction. Not merely all coons, but all people look alike to him. In fact, the more you think about it, the more the snob takes on something almost akin to sanctity compared to his inverted brother. At least the snob's head is up; he sees and observes distinctions. But this other fellow, galumphing about on all fours, is a sad travesty of a man.

Bubbing is of course very common. America, I fear, has gone in for it on a colossal scale. Instead of a decent fear of being a bub, Mr. Man is in reality singularly eager to be one. He is convinced

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that no home is complete without a bub. France gave us the dandy; England produced the snob; Africa is responsible for the tsetse-fly; but, O my country, it remained for America to spawn the bub!

I have often thought that it might be an edifying exercise to consider the degrees and kinds of bubs. The ecclesiastical bub, thick as autumnal leaves, has come into his own in a "socialized" church. The business bub never becomes president of a bank, but he meets with astonishing success in trade. In fact, the whole advertising business, seen aright, is a strange acrobatic blend of bubbery and snobbery. The kaleidoscopic gestures of Broadway, — what do they really do but shout in one ear of the rustic philosopher, "Climb aboard; there's always room for more," while in the other ear they hiss, "Heads I win; tails you lose"? Innocent, cheery little lights they seem, — to the bub. Then there are the university bubs ("Ra Ra Boys") and the traveling bubs, the golfing bubs, and the motor bubs, and, last but not least, the lady bubs. In fact, almost every class of human beings contains bubs except the one group of urchins to whom it is commonly applied.

The scientific material on bubs is still very slight. Some day, perhaps, we shall be able to catalogue every variety with the accuracy they do not deserve. Meanwhile we can identify without much probability of error the *genus*, if not every *sub-species*. Speaking roughly, then, one may hazard the statement that vasty wildernesses and gardens are the only places where bubs do not abound. Of course it is not the arduous labor of gardening that deters them. A bub would hoe corn, would even ride the fords o' hell if by so doing he could be a greater, more conspicuous, more sublimely vacuous bub.

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FOUR POEMS

MICHAEL STRANGE

REMEMBRANCE

I remember a night when the syringa filling my window
whispered to me the moon-throated ways of summer
and pure love.
How I listened for each deceptive stir to swell into wheels
on the gleaming road;
Heard from the lawn the hyacinths dilating,
Brimming their cups with the ghost-bright desire of the air;
Heard the subterranean silver drip of the distant brook,
Saw the foaming white cones of the lilac-bush wavering my
barren walls
Like a celestial grille oppressed by the lean of an angel.

You came in, uncertainly, with a lamp, —
How large your shadow was on the wall, —
Your sweeping plume, the jutting out of your sword,
Larger to me in memory than perhaps it was, —
For that night in bloom again after all the years
Yields only itself, and your shadow.

MY LITTLE SON ASLEEP

My little son asleep
With his first favor for the immortal struggle
(A minute blue handkerchief loosed and alone just above
his head);
My son unconscious, asleep;
Nor hearing the onpress of manhood's vulnerable glories
approaching his sun-tanned head.
My little son asleep, —
And I could think of nothing better to ask of the hidden
immensity of night around
But that I should be left the good spirits to give him a
worthy comradeship and wisdom
Should he ever awaken . . . and find the blue handkerchief
gone —

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MY LITTLE SON ROBIN

Little son Robin of ivory and honey
Of secret beautiful starts and returns, —
Just like some magical heifer darting from beam to beam
of the piping moon, —
Reminiscent are you of late homing with those who walk on
the highest boughs
Without stirring the air, —
Reminiscent and damp your eyes with a vapor from
streams that are freed in May but on the other side
of the clouds —
O your hair round your pale little face
Like a March sunbeam o'er the pensive wing of an angel;
And your smile, each gleaming bow letting loose on your
immature cheeks
A flood of wild dimples that sing, that sing
The source of an hundred immortalized marbles.

FOR LEONARD — HIS FIRST EASTER AT ST PAUL'S

Sleep well in your trim school cot my beloved, —
Despite miles of the night between, I am there,
I know every way your head can look on its pillow,
I know each tossed expression of your arms and half-open
hands,
And the large solemn sweetness of your closéd lids
And outline of your boy's first tallness set gently un-
straight in sleep;
And I am grateful to you, my son, for such love as I bear
you, —
For it is not liable to the earth with its shifts and changes,
Nor is it liable to you,
But stands in full white witness of itself
Toward the Everlasting.

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Soundings

A Novel in Seven Instalments — V

Arthur Hamilton Gibbs

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Nancy Hawthorne, who has been brought up in the little village of Brimble, England, by her father, Jim Hawthorne, a celebrated English artist, has been spending a year of freedom in Paris. There she has met Cornelia Evans, a rich American girl, her brother Lloyd, and Bob Whittaker, Lloyd's roommate at Oxford. Nancy and Bob have fallen in love. It is Nancy's first love, and her own instinctive desire is to tell Cornelia and Lloyd of her happiness. But Bob requests that they keep it a secret for a while. It is June and the four young people are on a tour in Cornelia's car when Nancy receives a telegram from England. Her father, in rescuing a child, has been run down by an automobile and seriously injured. Nancy returns to him at once, to find him out of danger, but permanently crippled. During the long summer days Jim Hawthorne sits in his wheel chair and thinks of the change that has come over Nancy. She is a woman. She has been touched by love. How? Under what circumstances? He longs to know, but will not intrude upon her unwillingness to reveal herself to him, when one day a telegram comes, followed by Cornelia, Lloyd, and Bob. As he shakes hands with each one of the men, Jim wonders which one has wrought the wonderful change in Nancy.

Part Three—Chapter II

Continued

THEIR stay was of a brevity that made it seem afterwards almost as if they had never come. Nancy hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. She had expected so much that to receive so little was not only teasing and dissatisfying but perplexing. It needed working out. To see them all again was, of course, priceless. Dear old Lloyd had been in extraordinarily good form, and Cornelia had been awfully sweet to Dad. So, for that matter, had Bob. Indeed it had almost seemed as though they were in competition to see who could be nicest to him. That part of it was splendid, especially as Dad had obviously liked them all.

But the important thing, the thing between Bob and herself that had been the hub of her universe since she got back, — that was not splendid at all. . . . When they saw each other, he in the car, she standing waving, that highlight had appeared in his eyes, — the same highlight that had come when he first took her in his arms up there on the headland. This time again it had set her pulses leaping. That was right. And then when they had tumbled out of the car there had been a note in his voice that was for her alone. That was right too, not merely right, but wonderful and magnificent, bringing to an end the period of waiting, and starting everything forward again. But then . . . then she didn't understand. Something had shut down, had broken the current between them. In all the laughter and chatter during the rest of the party, she had been alone. Bob, her Bob, had gone away somewhere. She had looked at him across the picnic, joked with him, and he hadn't come back, not the inner he that was for her and for nobody else. What was the matter? What had they lost between them? In St Malo there had never been a moment when he had left her alone like that, not even in the public dining room when Lloyd and she were in the heat of an argument. Bob had always been there, close, at her mental elbow.

But to-day he was not only not there, but she couldn't reach him; hadn't reached him even when they got back in the car, and Cornelia had started the en-

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gine, and Nancy had purposely kissed her again and shaken hands once more with Lloyd as an excuse to be able to do so with Bob. She had stood there, smiling and waving as they purred away, dropped down the hill like a bullet, turned to the right at the bottom, and disappeared, — smiling and waving, when all the while she felt as though the whole world were empty.

Chapter III

When Mrs. Weeks came shuffling in with the lamps that night she found that Nancy had set a match to the fire. The room was full of dancing shadows.

"Well, I declare!" she said. "It's *that* early for a fire. But it do make the room cosey-like." As she placed the lamps on their respective tables she gave a chuckle. Then she turned to Nancy with a coy expression in her one good eye. "You'd ought to have persuaded them young fellers to stay, dearie. They was nice-lookin', both of 'em, specially the tall one as laughed so much. 'E's a proper catch!"

Nancy caught her father's eye and laughed. "You're a naughty old thing, Weeksie!" she said. "Didn't you like the other one? Wasn't he a catch too?"

Mrs. Weeks considered the question with her head on one side. "I suppose he's ill right," she said, "but it was more difficult to size him up. He's one of the quiet kind, and you can't never tell about them, not off-hand like. . . . Well, I'll be getting along now. Good-night, Mr. 'Awthorne. Good-night, dearie!"

"Good-night, Mrs. Weeks," said Jim.

"Good-night Weeksie!" said Nancy.

When the door closed behind her Jim took a thoughtful pull at his pipe. "You know," he said, "I think she's right, at that."

"What about?" queried Nancy.

"About that fellow Whittaker."

"Bob," said Nancy.

"All right, Bob then," said Jim. "Regardless of race, that quiet type takes a good deal of knowing. It's a little over-aloof, never gives itself away, and always leaves one wondering."

"Yes?" Nancy smiled into the fire. She was perched on a hassock beside Jim and was leaning with one arm on his chair.

"I don't suppose that he spoke more than twenty sentences the whole time he was here," said Jim. "The other lad was too busy cutting verbal capers. He's certainly a most charming and entertaining fellow, that American. But although he was the whole show and left a lasting impression, he couldn't altogether extinguish Bob. There was a certain force behind Bob's quietness. He was like an older brother amusedly listening to a younger one showing off before strangers, rather proud of him and pleased with the way the younster is succeeding, but with a sense of underlying mutual understanding with the others, — like a wink between two people at the expense of a third. See what I mean?"

Nancy nodded. "Yes," she said, "I know exactly. . . . What else did you think about him?"

Jim pushed down the ashes of his pipe with a gingerly forefinger. "I thought he was extremely good-looking," he said. "Good features and a fine body; not an ounce of fat anywhere. He's a boxing blue you said, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Nancy.

"He looks like it," said Jim. "What's he reading?"

"History," said Nancy.

"What's he going to do, the Bar and politics?"

"He doesn't know," said Nancy.

"Is he well off?"

"No, he's a church mouse," said Nancy. "His father's a curate."

"H'm!" said Jim. "Everything ahead of him and nothing behind, eh? If he's a man it may be better for him that way. He looks as if he had determination enough to undertake anything and enough gray matter to put it through. But one would have to see a good deal more of him before one's opinion would be worth anything. The most one can say about him is that he leaves one predisposed in his favor. Lloyd and he are poles apart. That boy is what Kipling calls the Little Brother of all the world. One warms to him from the word go, without any reservations. I suppose he'll return to America when he comes down from Oxford?"

Nancy made no reply. Her hands were stretched out to the fire, the fingers wide apart. Then she said, "Dad!"

The change in her voice was enough to make Jim look quickly at her. He became monosyllabic in his turn. "Yes?" he said.

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"Do you remember the night I came down the hill and told you about Curly?"

Jim's muscles began to tighten. "For various reasons," he said, "I don't think I shall ever forget it, my dear."

"Do you remember my comparing it to being hit by a cyclone, and saying that one day I wanted that cyclone to hit me?"

"Yes," said Jim.

"Well . . . it has."

Jim's eyes were on the back of that brown head and those firm shoulders. He put one hand slowly out to touch her. It trembled a little. He thought better of it and withdrew it. "I'm . . . I'm awfully glad!" he said.

Nancy went on, gathering speed as she went. "I didn't tell you before because I somehow wasn't ready. It was as though it hadn't become a part of me sufficiently. To-night's the first time I've wanted to *talk* about it, though I suppose you've known all along, haven't you, Dad?" She swung round on the hassock and faced him. "Haven't I *looked* different since I came back? It doesn't seem possible for me to have remained the same when I've felt so infinitely much older and realer ever since I found I loved Bob."

Jim nodded. So Bob was "the King"! "Yes," he said. "There was a change in you, and I'd been wondering about it. . . . I'm glad they came down. I'm glad I've seen him. Would you . . . would you care to tell me something about it, old lady? When you found out, and what your plans are, and so on?"

"Plans?" echoed Nancy. "We didn't have time to make any plans. We'd only just found it out in St Malo when the telegram came about you."

"I see," said Jim. "That was too bad! . . . Are you . . . are you engaged?"

Nancy laughed. "I don't know; I suppose so!"

Jim reached out and dropped his hand over hers. "My dear," he said, "my dear! . . . It's a long step, isn't it?"

Nancy bent down and put her cheek on his hand. "It's the biggest thing in the world, Dad; the answer to every question that I haven't been able to put into words even to myself."

For a time there was no sound in that room but the little splutter of the fire and the heavy ticking of the grandfather clock. Then Jim cleared his throat. "Nancy darling!" His hand tightened on hers.

"Yes, Dad?" She didn't move.

"We've hit it off pretty well together, haven't we?"

"Always!"

"Then do you mind if I ask you about . . . about Bob?"

"Of course not, Dad!"

"Are you awfully sure of him?"

"Awfully."

"And of yourself?"

"Yes."

"You realize that it means putting his happiness before your own if it comes to a showdown?"

"Of course!"

"Is he the sort of man who'll be a pal as well as a husband?" Nancy smiled. Her voice was almost a whisper. "Not merely a pal but a child too in some ways."

"Are you certain that you really know him, that you haven't built up an ideal around him?"

"I think I *know* him."

"Do you realize that he's in the middle of what may be called the phase of experiment?"

"I'm not altogether sure of what you mean."

"I mean that at that age a man's desire to find things out for himself is at its highest pitch. It's at that age that a man, the average man, begins to experiment, — with radicalism of mind and body. He's not like the average girl who, for the most part, is satisfied with half measures. A man goes the whole hog. He experiments with religion by declaring himself an agnostic. He experiments with drink by getting wholeheartedly drunk. He experiments with sex by getting girls like Mary Judkins into trouble. It seems to me that by his very nature, and by every law of man-made convention, a man expresses himself more violently than a woman. Who ever heard of a girl sowing her wild oats? Some of them do, of course, but if they are found out they are outcast, anathema! For a man it is smugly smiled upon, encouraged even. The ethics of it are farcical, but there it is!"

"Bob's not that sort," said Nancy quietly. "He's — clean!"

"Thank God for that!" said Jim. "But don't let yourself go too soon, child. Love, after all, is largely a matter of attention to

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begin with. You can direct it one way or the other. But once it passes a certain point it possesses you, and you can't control it any more. If he's the right man, drop everything and go to him, any time, anywhere; but before doing so, make very sure, my dear! You see, birth and death are beyond our control, but marriage, — which is so much more important than either because it can make or break our whole lives, — is the one fundamental act about which we have any say. So many people make a mess of it because they won't use their brains, because they let their emotions obscure their judgment. . . . You've got a good mind, Nancy. Use it now as you value your happiness! You are both so young, and age can make such drastic changes in one's feelings and ideas!"

Nancy rose and faced her father. "Would you like to see for yourself if I've used my mind about Bob?"

"How?" asked Jim.

"By asking him down here to stay."

"Would *you* like him to come?" asked Jim.

"Most awfully!" said Nancy.

"Then," said Jim, "let's get him here by the next train!"

But Bob did not come. He wrote that his mother was ill.

Nancy handed the letter to her father. "Isn't it rotten bad luck!" she said. "I hope there's nothing serious the matter with her." She would rather have died than admit that she was groping in the dark.

Jim read it. "Oh well," he said, "he'll come a little later, you'll see!" He was afraid. That wasn't the sort of letter one wrote to the girl one loved.

. . . . . .

Jim Hawthorne was working. His canvas rested on a special bamboo easel with two legs that straddled his chair. From time to time he let his arms drop to rest them. But the picture was growing, "and," he muttered, with a gleam in his eyes, "it's good, by God!"

He proceeded to fill a pipe, not without a touch of excitement. "Nancy!" he called. "Can you come downstairs a minute, old lady?"

He heard her door open and her feet on the stairs.

"All right, Dad!" she answered.

His excitement crept into his voice. "Just come and take a squint at this!" he said. "Though I says it as shouldn't, I don't think my hand has lost its cunning."

Six weeks ago Nancy's heart would have leaped at that news, at the note in his voice. It meant the new era that both of them had been working for. This morning it was awfully difficult to get excited. One had to push aside such heavy things to make room for it. Her father went on talking as she crossed the living room.

"The thing's only roughed in yet, but, by Jove, it's coming better than I dared hope; and what's more, I've got that cocksure feeling that one always *hopes* will develop at a certain stage. *You* know! . . ." Nancy entered the workshop. He looked up eagerly. "Come and cast your eye on this, and see if you don't think I . . . Hullo! What are you all dressed up for? Where are you off to?"

The sight of her in her best hat and coat in Brimble was remarkable enough, but at that time in the morning it was striking.

"Let me see what you've done first," she said. She moved round beside him and looked at the canvas. "Why, Dad!" she said. "I think its going to be lovelier than anything you've ever done!"

"By Jove, do you really think so?" He laughed. "It would be comic, wouldn't it?"

"No," said Nancy, "not when one thinks of what has gone to the making of it!" She bent down and kissed him. "I take my hat off to you for the way in which you've stuck it out, Dad. They ought to give V. C's to people like you. I wish I had a millionth part of your pluck!"

Jim patted her hand. "Nonsense, old thing," he said. "You're worth a dozen of me. . . . What's your program?"

She sat down on the side of his chair. "I'm going to Oxford," she said, "to see Bob."

The painting faded. It might almost never have been. Nancy's quiet statement flung him back again into the agony of silent worry from which work had given him a moment's escape. During those many weeks he had seen expectancy dwindle and die. Not once had she asked for help, but many times he had cursed his own impotency at not being able to break

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down her defenses and help her in spite of herself.

"Oh," he said now, "has he asked you up?"

Nancy shook her head. "No. . . . That's why I'm going. I haven't heard from him for three weeks. He's . . . not very good at writing letters, so I thought it over, and it seemed to me to be a good idea to go up and . . . and say 'Hullo'. I thought we might lunch together somewhere, and then I can catch an early train in the afternoon and be back in time for dinner. What do you think, Dad?"

Jim was thinking a great deal. It was not very difficult to guess what "saying hullo" meant. He looked up at her steady eyes and firm chin. "I think you're right," he said. "Does he know you're coming?"

Nancy nodded. "I wrote him to meet me at the train."

"Are you all right for money?" asked Jim.

"Yes, I've got plenty.

"How soon's your train?"

Nancy glanced at her watch. "I've got half an hour to get to the train. I'd better make a move." She got up. "You'll be all right without me, Dad? Shall I stop at Miss Heseltine's and ask her to come along?"

"Not on your life!" said Jim. "I'm perfectly all right. Run along and forget all about me."

She smiled and kissed him. "Goodbye."

"Cheero, old lady!" said Jim.

For a long time after she had gone he remained looking out into the November day. Then he turned with a great sigh. "My God!" he muttered. "What is this creative instinct? Is it damnation or salvation? . . . For us it seems to be both!" he added as he reached slowly out for the palette and a tube of color.

The train slowed and ran into the long platform at Oxford, and Nancy lowered the window, peering eagerly for a sight of Bob among the waiting group around the bookstall. She couldn't pick him out because the crowd moved and shifted indeterminately.

Nancy jumped out and turned and walked quickly along the platform, her attention diverted from her search by the need to dodge porters. She reached the exit beside the bookstall and stood looking in all directions. She was so excited nervously that she was shivering. The purposeful confusion quickly sorted itself out. People were met. Others climbed into the train. The crash of luggage and goods became less and gradually ceased. A whistle blew shrilly. With deep grunts from the engine, the train began to move.

There was no Bob. She felt frightened, horribly alone. The bookstall man was quizzing her. A little uncomfortably she glanced at the station clock. It was twelve thirty. She had been there five minutes already. She walked a few paces uncertainly, away from the bookstall. "I've *got* to see him!" she said and then turned and went out into the street.

There were two hansoms still there, waiting forlornly.

"Keb, miss? . . . Keb?" The street was empty. It was no good waiting any longer. Nancy walked to the nearest hansom. "St John's college," she said.

"Yes, miss! The cabby winked at his *confrère* and made clucking noises to the delapidated horse.

Jim Hawthorne and Nancy had once spent a week in Oxford, sketching. A memory of the rambling old hotel came to her as the cab lurched under the railway bridge and took the incline at a lolloping canter. What was it called? . . . The Mitre; that was it.

"Suppose he's not at the college," she thought. "What am I going to do?"

The streets seemed to be full of undergraduates, all hatless, some carrying books wound up in their gowns. Her eyes hurried from face to face as they drove along. She could not have been more than eight minutes in the cab when it stopped beneath a line of elms. Down a little bank of grass was the gateway of a college and in and out of it, with the activity of an antheap, flowed a stream of undergraduates, on foot, with bicycles, walking, loitering, talking, laughing. Nancy would have given everything in the world to shrivel up in the cab, to sink into the earth.

The little trapdoor in the roof of the cab went up.

"'Ere y'are, miss!" said the cabman. "That'll be two shillins!"

Nancy fumbled, dropped her purse on the floor, bent down and picked it up, hot, flushed, uncomfortable. She handed up a halfcrown through the trapdoor and then

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taking a deep breath and looking neither to right nor to left, got out of the cab, walked down the flagged steps and up to the college gate, her heart thudding against her ribs. The porter was standing in the lodge. She didn't know it was a porter, but he was a man of some fifty years and looked as if he were there in an official capacity. Two bicycles missed her by an inch before she reached him. Their owners, with a look of surprise and admiration, both murmured "'Scuse me!" One of them turned his head back for another look as he went on, and crashed into the wall. He fell off in a heap, and a shout of laughter went up.

Nancy felt her cheeks burning. She got to the porter at last and with an unconscious note of defiance in her voice said, "Can you find Mr. Whittaker for me, please?"

"He 'asnt come hin yet, miss," said the porter.

Nancy swallowed, "Do you expect him in soon?"

The porter cocked his head on one side like a fat Christmas orange on the top of a bottle. "Well, miss," he said, "there's no sayin'. He may come back for lunch or he may not. It's all accordin'. Generally speakin' 'e don't come back. But if you'd like to wait a little while? . . ." He waved a plump hand expressively.

Could Satan devise a more perfect torment than to send a girl eternally seeking a man through the infinite aisles of hell? Something like despair settled upon Nancy, but she stuck her chin out and held her ground. "Thanks," she said, "I don't care to do that. But will you take a message for Mr. Whittaker?"

"With pleasure, miss."

"Will you tell him that Miss Hawthorne is lunching at the Mitre?"

"Miss 'Awtherne at the Mitre. Very good, miss!"

"Thank you very much," said Nancy. "You won't forget, will you? I'm. . . . I'm only up for the day."

The porter turned a fatherly smile upon her. "I won't forget, miss!"

Nancy thanked him again. Then she added, "The Mitre's up *that* way, isn't it?"

"That's right, miss. Past the Memorial, at the top of St Giles on this side."

The Mitre was her last hope. In the gloom of its dining room she could sit down out of this crowd of men, of which she was becoming more and more conscious, and pull herself together.

As she walked away from the college, away from that disturbing group of undergraduates, she steadied and began thinking coherently. Would that man give Bob her message? She prayed that he would. All the same where *was* Bob? Why hadn't he met her? Why had he left her to face that ordeal alone? It was beastly of him, perfectly damnable. She had written two days before, giving the time of her train. All those men were out of lectures. It wasn't likely that he was the only one to be kept late. . . . Was it possible that he had intentionally not met her, that he was not in college because he was deliberately avoiding her? But why? What did it all mean? . . . But Bob wouldn't do a cowardly thing like that! If he hadn't wanted her to come he would have telegraphed. He *could* have written: there had been time. . . . No, she was a fool, imagining things because she was upset. He would probably catch her up before she got to the Mitre. Even now he might be getting her message. . . .

She paused at Broad Street to let a car swing up. She crossed behind it, — and came face to face with Bob. They were not more than five paces apart.

"Bob!" she cried. The discouraged droop left her body. She could have cried with relief and would have given anything to swear at him at the same time.

Bob was not alone. For an amazing second his eyes met Nancy's. Then they went cold. In a voice that cut like a chisel he said, "Oh, how do you do?" and with a finger and thumb at the elbow of the girl he was with, he passed on without stopping.

As though from an infinite distance Nancy heard the girl giggle and say, "Who's your friend, Bobbie?" And Bob's voice snapped back, "Oh shut up, for God's sake!"

. . . . . .

Some murders are committed with lengths of iron piping. The victims are unrecognizable, battered to a pulp. Spiritually, Bob's "Oh, how do you do?" did the job as thoroughly as any iron piping.

Presently Nancy, or what was left of

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her, became aware of a hand on her arm. "Are you all right, my dear? You look as if you were going to faint." A woman, under whose arm were half a dozen parcels, gazed at Nancy earnestly.

Then there came the rasping sound of metal on stone. A bicycle was jammed up, anyhow, by one pedal, against the curb, and a man's voice came through the curious haze that seemed to shut Nancy off from the street. "This lady's a friend of mine. I'll look after her!" An arm went around her shoulder, and the voice, infinitely gentle, went on, "Stick to it, old soldier! Stick to it, Nancy dear!" It was Lloyd.

She made a big effort then, and in a moment was blinking up into his worried face. "It's all right, Lloyd. It's quite all right!" she whispered. "I just . . . just let go for a moment. I'm awfully sorry. Let's go somewhere. I'm. . . ."

Lloyd's face might have been cast in iron. His mouth was tight with anger. He tucked his arm through hers and held it firmly. He could feel her trembling. "All right, honey!" he said. "We'll go up to the Mitre where it's quiet, and you'll be as right as rain."

"No, not there!" said Nancy. "Don't take me there! I. . . . I want to go home. I want to hide!"

. . . . . .

At ten o'clock that night a big open car, traveling much too fast, turned down at St Giles and stopped with a jerk outside the garage.

Lloyd got out.

The proprietor strolled out of his shop. "Everything all right, Mr. Evans?"

"Fine, thanks," said Lloyd. "Charge it, will you?" He turned on his heel, removed a cold cigar from his mouth and threw it away.

The college gateway, a medieval thing studded with iron bolts, was closed when Lloyd reached it. He kicked on it. After a moment, footsteps shuffled on the flags inside and, with a great clanging of bars, the small door cut in the great gate was opened by the porter. Lloyd climbed through. With an abrupt "Thanks!" he crunched his way across the gravel of the echoing quadrangle.

There was a moon that night, and the pattern of the cloisters, picked out in silver and jet, was a thing of magic. From an open window came a medley of sound,—ragtime on a piano, singing, shouts cutting through the song. Farther along, through another window which was closed, could be seen a group of heads facing the figure of a man, standing, evidently making a speech, the air blue with tobacco smoke.

Lloyd went straight ahead until he reached his staircase. From mere habit he went up two at a time to the first floor. Facing him across the landing were two doors. On one was painted his own name in white letters. On the other was Bob's. He went to the latter and tapped. Without waiting he opened it. Bob was there. He was walking up and down with his hands deep in his pockets. At the sight of Lloyd he stopped. They stood looking at one another, in silence. Then Lloyd pulled the large outer door shut, against possible intruders, went into the room and closed the inside door behind him.

"I've just come back from driving Nancy home!" he said.

Bob stood very still.

The electric lights were softened with "art" shades. A bookshelf on one wall made a warm splash of color. There were boxing and rowing groups framed in oak on the other walls. A bowl of chrysanthemums stood on the mantelpiece. In front of the fire was a long sofa whose rumpled cushions told of recent occupancy. One of the leaded windows was open. It was a highway in and out of college during forbidden hours.

The two men faced each other across the table.

"I've come to tell you," said Lloyd, "that I think you're a damned outsider, a low-down scut, a cad of the first water. I'm going to write and apologize to my sister for ever having introduced you to her. And now I'm going to give you the damnedest licking you've ever had in or outside of the ring."

"Why?"

Other than uttering that one word, Bob made no move.

This time Lloyd's voice was less in control. "Because I happened to see you and Tillie pass Nancy this morning!" he said. "Because you've treated Nancy like a liar and a thief! . . . My God! You can stand there and ask me why, after getting a girl to give you her heart and then chuck-

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ing it into the gutter! A decent man wouldn't treat a prostitute like that! I warned you at St Malo that we didn't want any Tillie stuff, and like a cursed little hypocrite you flared up and asked me what the hell I meant . . . Christ! . . ." Lloyd caught hold of the table and with a great heave sent it flying back against the wall. "I was fool enough to think that the sight of Nancy had made you turn over a new leaf. You haven't *got* any new leaves. They're all dirty!" He took the sofa and wrenched it close to the fireplace. "That's all the room I need to smear you!"

Bob was no coward. He walked up to Lloyd with his hands still in his pockets. "Look here!" he said. "You've called me all the stinking things you can think of, and I haven't interrupted. Why not let me have a chance to say something before you start hitting? If you want to smear me afterwards, — you can have a try!"

They stood eye to eye, Lloyd with his fists already clenched, Bob white-faced and tense. Had there been a hint of sneer or challenge in Bob's "you can have a try!" it is probable that Lloyd would have hit him, then and there. But there was no sneer. It was in deadly earnest. It reached Lloyd through his anger.

For a year they had been inseparable, almost a college byword. "Where's Evans?" someone would ask. "Well," would come the answer, "I saw Whittaker in the garden quad just now!" And the inquirer would turn his footsteps toward the garden without further to-do. Out of college they had shared digs. On moving in, they had chosen rooms on the same landing. They had joined the same clubs and debating societies, spent each other's money, worked together, helped each other home after a "binge," — the blind leading the blind, — and had confessed to the same headache next morning. Nothing had ever threatened their relationship. Whenever one came upon a locked door in the other's mind, — there are always locked doors, — he merely made a silent note of it and passed on. Tillie's advent had been settled in a phrase. "A skirt, eh?" Lloyd had said. "Watch your step, son!" And Bob had answered sarcastically "Thank you, padre!" The subject was closed.

Each framed athletic group on the walls of their respective rooms was a milestone on their mutual journey, an illustration in the book of their two lives. In future years, with perhaps a whole lifetime of forgetfulness between, neither would be able to look at those groups without being brought face to face with the realization of how integral a part of his Oxford life the other was. Memories would come surging back, from which neither could ever eliminate the other.

Some glimpse of this was in Lloyd's mind now. His whole expression was one of agonized bewilderment. Bob was his pal, and it was impossible to believe what had occurred, impossible to believe that he should be on the point, as he put it, of knocking his block off! He did not realize that his faith in himself was at stake too; that it was because of his own faith in Bob that he wanted to bolster up that belief; that he did not want Bob to be proved a rotter because it would be a reflection on himself. The tiny pause was enough, however, to make him realize that anger was a futile method of getting at the truth because it would only antagonize Bob. He pulled himself together.

"Look here, old man, we've got to get this straightened out. Come clean, for God's sake!"

Bob's reply was like a black frost. "I'd like to know what the devil it's got to do with you?"

Lloyd choked back his rage. His face went white.

Bob went on, "Shut up and go and play the piano, there's a good chap! Have a cigarette, and leave the thing alone!"

Lloyd spoke very quietly, "Listen, Bob!" he said. "I . . . I like Nancy awfully. She's a peach. If I'd seen any other man cut her on the street as you did this morning, I'd have jumped on his face. That's why I can't believe you did it, intentionally!"

He paused. Had they both been older men, Lloyd would have placed his hands on Bob's shoulders and made his appeal with a grip that could not be denied. Youth abhors sentimentalism, however, and such a gesture, even though the outcome of the deepest sincerity, would have seemed to smack of threatricalism. He fidgetted with the tablecloth, turned towards the mantelpiece, and spoke almost shamefacedly, not to Bob, but to the chimney.

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"Say, listen! You and I have been pretty close, old man. I . . . I like you quite a good deal. I've always thought you were white. When I saw how things were shaping between you and Nancy, I kept off the grass. If you two were cut out for each other it was not for me to butt in and try my hand at anything. I was only glad that you and she both showed such good judgment. But this morning!" He paused and took a deep breath and faced Bob. "Bob, man, it wasn't *you* to do a thing like that to *Nancy!* For God's sake, what's the matter?"

Bob was picking a cigarette to pieces with nervous fingers. At Lloyd's final question he went to the window, without answering. The touch of emotion in Lloyd's voice hit him hard. When Lloyd had first entered the room he had wanted to tell him, had wanted to get the thing off his chest, in a perfectly natural reaching out for sympathy. But the touch of criticism, of anger, in Lloyd's tone had immediately put him on the defensive. It seemed that now, for a moment, he was letting the truth of Lloyd's emotion sink in. Suddenly he dropped the remainder of the cigarette and swung round. Their eyes met. Then Bob dropped his. "Everything's the matter!" he said.

Lloyd saw the misery in his face. "Can't it be put right?"

"No!" said Bob.

"But if it's only a ghastly row?"

Bob shook his head. "It's not that!"

Lloyd shot a glance at him and looked away. "Bob, it's not Tillie, is it? . . . You haven't got that girl into . . . into a mess, have you?"

"No," said Bob. "It's not Tillie. It's myself! I . . . I'm just no damn good, that's all. . . . You think you *know* me, don't you? You judge me by yourself and think I'm a fairly normal, decent sort! I wish to God I were!"

There was deep puzzlement on Lloyd's face. "I don't see what you're driving at, quite."

"I didn't think you would," said Bob. "You're one of the lucky ones. You appear to be able to go through life without being bothered with this . . . this damned girl business."

"Oh!" said Lloyd. "That! . . . But isn't it perfectly natural that you should fall in love?"

Bob was pacing up and down the room. He stopped at this. "Man, you don't begin to understand! I tried to fall in love with Nancy!"

"*Tried* to?" echoed Lloyd.

Bob caught him by the arm. "I suppose any time you're . . . worried, physically, you just go and sweat it off on the track?"

Lloyd nodded. "That's the idea!" he said.

"Is it?" Bob dropped his arm. "That's all you know! I've tried that. I've taken on men in the ring one after the other till I've been ready to drop, and the damned thing's been with me at the end. *Now* do you begin to see?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"Until I'd satisfied my curiosity, it ate me inside, wouldn't leave me alone. I thought finding out was the only way to settle it. It isn't the sort of thing you can ask anybody about. My father would have thought it indecent . . . I found out. It didn't settle it. It began all over again like a recurring decimal."

"But, my God!" said Lloyd. "Couldn't you fight it, or run away from it?"

"I've tried both", said Bob, "tried desperately, and then when I met Nancy I thought I'd found my salvation. I thought, as you said, that I should fall in love with her. Damn it, I *did* fall in love with her! When we came back from Paris I worshipped her as a saint, as something holy. She . . . she made me feel just like a kid again, as if . . . as if none of this had ever happened. I meant to go to her when the time came and ask her to marry me. Then we went to St Malo . . . Oh God! . . . She came out of the sea that first afternoon, all wet and gleaming, — and I . . . I wanted her more than any girl I'd ever seen! I couldn't even keep *her* sacred!" He stopped. He was looking out of the window, seeing nothing, biting his lips.

Lloyd shivered. "Oh my God!" he whispered.

Bob went on again, sparing himself nothing. "I made a dead set at her. I was out to get her. . . . And then, by the grace of God, that telegram came about her father. It was like a bomb full in the face. It showed me myself, — and it wasn't a pretty sight! I saw myself wading through this slime and reaching out to pull her down into it, *her!* In my thoughts I had already done it. I was glad that her father

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got smashed up. I stopped dead. Perhaps you think it was easy. I had succeeded in making her love me. She wanted me to come and stay at Brimble! Can *you* realize what that means, — in the same house with her, day after day? . . . I didn't dare read her letters. I didn't answer them. I refused her invitations. I haven't been near her. I *wouldn't* go near her! I wanted her to realize that she'd made a mistake. I wanted *her* to chuck me!"

"But why couldn't you *tell* her?" burst out Lloyd.

Bob went on in a flat dead voice. "You can't tell a girl that. She wrote and told me that she was coming up this morning. I didn't go near the station. I wasn't coming back to college till I knew that she'd have gone. Then Tillie ran up to me in the street, and a moment later I came face to face with Nancy. What I did was the only thing left. I've felt like a bloody murderer ever since. But it was the only honest thing I could think of. It'll have convinced her that I'm no good. Instead of its slowly eating her away, she'll cut me clean out of herself and be free of me." Bob's voice trailed off into silence.

From the window came the confused noise of a distant "binge." Lloyd was staring into the fire. He saw Nancy's face, strained and white, as it had been throughout the drive, poor kid!

"I . . . I'm sorry, old man," he said. "It's hell all round. I don't know what's to be done."

He crossed the room, opened both doors and went out, closing them behind him. As he stood on the landing all the bells of Oxford began their midnight clamor.

"My God!" he murmured. "I had no idea. . . . Poor old Bob! Poor *devil!*" He went slowly down the broad creaking stairs and began pacing up and down the empty quadrangle, but it was Nancy who crept into his thoughts and stayed there.

Chapter IV

"Good morning, Mrs. Weeks!" said Lloyd. "How are you?"

"Oh, it's you, is it!" said she. "What do you want?"

Lloyd looked puzzled. "I'd like to see Miss Nancy, if I may?" he said.

Mrs. Weeks stepped out on to the porch and pulled the door to behind her. She stood looking up defiantly at the big American as a little old female Boston bull might growl into the face of a Newfoundland dog. "Look 'ere!" she said earnestly, in a lowered voice. "Are you the one, as made all the trouble? Because if you are you're going to get a piece of my mind!"

Lloyd looked straight into her one good eye. "I'm not the one Mrs. Weeks!" he said simply.

Mrs. Weeks studied him. Then she relaxed. "I believe you," she said. "I told 'er the first time I seen you that you was the nice one!"

"Thank you very much," said Lloyd. "Then you'll allow me to see her?"

Mrs. Weeks nodded. "I don't know what's 'appened," she said, "but Mr. 'Awthorne 'e looks *that* stern, and Nancy, pore lamb, she tries to smile and talk, and 'er face is all frozen-like and 'er voice don't mean nothing. She's out now with her golf things. But I don't believe she's playing. She brought them back yesterday, and I looked at them and they wasn't even dirty. A sight of you may do her good. You go and find 'er and for 'eaven's sake see if you can't cheer 'er up!"

It was the white canvas golf bag that he saw first. It showed up leaning against a tree on the edge of a spinney. Then behind the tree he saw the familiar brown sweater that melted in with the color of her surroundings. Nancy was seated on an old log. In her hands was a golf stick with which she was drawing patterns on the grass.

Lloyd called out while he was still some paces away. "Hullo there!" he said.

The face she lifted to him was, as Mrs. Weeks had said, "frozen-like." She showed no surprise, no pleasure. She merely became aware of him.

It wasn't an oath that Lloyd swallowed, although it took that form. It was really a prayer for help. He went up to her and held out his hand. When she gave him hers he pulled, gently but strongly.

"Come along!" he said. "Don't let's sit here. It's too damp. Let's hike somewhere, Nancy. Let's find a village about seven miles away where we can stop at a pub and get bread and cheese and beer. I came through one on the machine a little while ago and I believe I could find it cross-country. We can leave your bag at the club house. They'll take it in for you, when they open up. Won't you come?

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. . . I got up this morning feeling so darned blue that I hated Oxford and I decided that you were about the only person in the world who could cheer me up."

The appeal was elementary. Perhaps that was why it succeeded. Nancy rose to her feet. "Poor old Lloyd!" she said. "What were you miserable about?"

"Oh, I don't know!" said Lloyd. "Just that vague rotten feeling that everything was all wrong. The only remedy is violent exercise, which is another way of saying: concentrate! I feel better already because I can concentrate on you. But it won't work if we don't keep moving!"

It was stiff going. Their feet slipped on the muddy surface of the path which climbed steeply round the flank of the hill. Their breath came in white puffs. Every tussock of grass was spread with a dewy spider's web that had all the appearance of a lace-work of seed pearls. Nancy walked as if she were in a dream, as if the walk were just a part of going on living, like getting up in the morning or going to bed at night, — presumably necessary acts in a meaningless existence.

From time to time Lloyd glanced at her face. "How am I going to tell her?" he thought. And, knowing that she was not hearing a single word of what he was saying, he went on talking, marking time.

All he had succeeded in getting from Nancy at the end of some two miles was a vague occasional monosyllable; but he not only took pride in the glow of color which had come into her cheeks, but found he had talked himself into a feeling of confidence.

"Let's sit on this gate," he said at last, "and have a breather, and incidentally a cigarette."

It was only two days since he had rescued her in the middle of Oxford and brought her back to the cottage where she had left him without a word. Then he had driven off, blindly, haphazard through the country roads.

He took a last pull at his cigarette and tossed it into the grass. "Nancy!" he said. She didn't answer, so he reached out and gravely tweaked her little finger. "Nancy, honey!"

She turned then. "Yes, Lloyd?"

"You're not really listening," said Lloyd. "Would you mind, just for a minute? . . . That's better! I'll say it quickly, before you go off again! Will you marry me, Nancy?"

In the little breathless silence that followed, the cigarette dropped from Nancy's fingers. The corners of her mouth began to quiver. She turned her face away.

Lloyd didn't wait for an answer. "I know I'm a blundering fool," he said, "the sort of comic person that one never takes seriously, but I don't believe I'd be an utter dub as a husband if I could ever persuade a girl to believe it. Really I don't, honey! I haven't ever confessed it to anybody before, but I'm probably one of the most domesticated men out of captivity. I've got a hunch that it would be no end of fun pottering around in a kitchenette and cooking bacon and eggs and chops, and stuff like that. And any time we got fed up with it, we'd go off and stay with Mother and Dad and lead the swell life for a bit! . . . What do you say? Could you face it? . . . You see, honey, I didn't know it at the time, but you knocked me for a goal in Paris. The reason I was crazy to get to St Malo was because I'd decided that you were the first woman I'd ever met and the last one I wanted to. But when Cornelia told me that you . . . that. . . . Well, after you'd gone I couldn't sit still with it, that's all! France seemed like a squirrel's cage, and if I hadn't gone dashing around it, I. . . . Why, Nancy! Please don't do that! Nancy! . . . Oh my God!"

Nancy had put her head down on her arms on the top of the gate and was sobbing hysterically.

Cursing himself for a clumsy idiot, Lloyd alternately patted her shoulder and shook it, repeating over and over again, "Please, Nancy! Please, old thing! Oh, please don't!"

But this was the first time that Nancy had let go. During those two days she hadn't been able to cry. It was as though she had been walled in, shut off, not only from any emotional outburst but from a thorough realization of what had happened. It was like a mental concussion, like a man in battle who is unaware of how he has been wounded until the immediate fighting is over. With however gentle a finger, Lloyd, nevertheless, had probed the wound, and the ache of it was the more intolerable. She was over-

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whelmed by a complexity of emotions of which, just then, she was utterly unaware, — grief, wounded vanity, shame, anger.

"Please!" said Lloyd. "Oh, please, my dear!"

There are occasions, however, when control snaps and nature takes charge. Lloyd might as well have appealed to Vesuvius to stop erupting, to an avalanche to cease from slipping.

Presently the violence of her crying departed and, after a while, she raised her head and groped for a handkerchief. "Oh!" she gasped, "Oh!", fighting for breath.

Lloyd watched her for a moment, breathing a prayer of thanks. Then he produced a large silk handkerchief, soaked it in the dew on the top of a tuft of grass and thrust it into Nancy's hand. "Use this," he said. "You'll feel better."

Nancy bathed her face with it until she felt that she could trust herself to speak. "I'm. . . . I'm all right now," she said.

"Thank God for that!" said Lloyd. "You scared me absolutely pink. I'm abjectly sorry. I ought to be kicked for barging in like that. Forget that I ever said it!"

"I won't ever forget it as long as I live," said Nancy. She clasped his hand and held it tight. "Only I'm most awfully sorry that you ever wasted a thought on me, Lloyd dear!"

"I haven't done that," said Lloyd. "I love you, that's all."

"And I . . . loved Bob," said Nancy. "I . . . I haven't come out the other side yet. I don't know where I am!"

"Oh!" said Lloyd. "I see! I thought . . ."

Nancy mustered up a smile. "The ends have been chopped off and they're still writhing. But it was awfully sweet of you, Lloyd, and I . . . I can't ever thank you. . . ."

"You don't have to, honey," said Lloyd. "If it would amuse you, you could walk all over me. However, if I don't stand a show, I don't propose to worry you about it. I'll wish you the best of luck and be on my way. . . . But there's one thing I would like to ask!"

"Anything," said Nancy.

"Will you send me word," said Lloyd, "if ever you find that you wouldn't object to seeing me around. If I should happen to be in New York it wouldn't take more than seven days to hop across."

Nancy looked at him, at the quiet gentle way in which he smiled at her. There was nothing cyclonic or overwhelming about Lloyd. It came to her in a sudden flash of contrast that in Curly and Bob there had been a note of urgent demand, of greed. In a way, their love of her was a fundamental expression of ego. Lloyd was seeking to put her desire before his own. He was begging, not demanding; and yet behind that smile was a steadiness of eye that gave the lie to his almost casual words. She felt that if she raised her hand he would drop everything and come to her. Somehow the scheme of things was all wrong. She hadn't wanted Curly. Bob didn't want her. And now she didn't want Lloyd, who, in some ways was the best of them all. The unreason of it all, the waste, was heartbreaking.

"My dear, my dear!" she cried, "you tempt me to be dishonest in order not to hurt you. I don't want to hurt you, Lloyd, but I must, for your own sake and for mine, too. You see, we all started together, you and Bob and I. If you were the man I . . . I could marry, it would have shown itself. I should have felt it. But it wasn't you, Lloyd dear! It was Bob who . . . who drew me from the beginning. I . . . I don't know whether time can do anything, but I don't believe that I'll ever marry now. I've given all that side of myself to . . . to Bob, and he's thrown it away. I haven't any more left. It's as though it had been poured on the ground, leaving me empty. I'm not worth marrying. Something's gone. My faith in it, my . . . my dream, is all spoiled. It'll never come back. I'm only a sort of half-woman now. I've got to try and . . . and untangle the ends and see if they won't heal somehow. But I shall never be *me* again." She had been gazing out over the blurred fields while she attempted to explain herself. Now she turned to Lloyd and let her hand rest on his sleeve for a moment. "So you see I . . . I couldn't ever send you word, Lloyd dear! I haven't ever thought of you like that, but I love you enough to be honest with you, to tell you so, so that you may forget about me, — no, I don't mean forget, but put me in another place in your mind, so that you

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can take all your ideals and your faith and give them uninjured to another girl. *You* mustn't be wasted too! Dad told me a thing that has stuck in my mind. He said that at first love was largely a matter of attention. He's right, Lloyd! I know it now. So don't let your mind play with the idea of me. Count me absolutely out and go on again. You can, because I haven't taken from you what . . . what Bob took from me, — the . . . the first admission to myself, and to any man, of man as a . . . as a part of life."

She halted and stopped. The knuckles of her hands were whitened by the grip with which she twisted and untwisted Lloyd's handkerchief.

He was more profoundly moved than he had ever been in his life. What other girl in the world would have the courage, at such a moment, to subordinate her own hurt and try to send a man away without hurting *him?* Count her out? Not while he lived! He was afraid that she might read this in his expression, so he caught her restless hands and bent down and touched them with his lips. Then he straightened up, with a touch of the old grin.

"Who would ever believe that an American could get away with that?" Then he added, "Don't worry about me, honey. You . . . you've given me something to try and live up to for the rest of my life, — and what's more I'm going to do it! One of these days I'll prove it to you! . . . I'll be on my way now, if you say so?"

Nancy nodded and held out her hand. "Goodbye! The best of luck to you!"

"So long!" said Lloyd. "So long, old soldier!"

He left her standing at the gate up there on the hill. Before the mist swallowed him he turned and waved. Nancy raised her hand in acknowledgment. She saw him go on again, making no sound, like a phantom figure. Then the mist wrapped him round and settled down once more. She was most utterly alone.

PART FOUR

Chapter I

Brimble had surrendered to the touch of another spring. Cottage doors stood open. Cats and old women sunned themselves. Lilac flamed in the front gardens. Swallows shrieked as they skimmed at incredible speed above the thatched roofs.

A Khaki figure came out of one of the doorways.

"Well, goodbye, Ma!" he said. "See you one of these days. I'm glad you and the old man are in the pink. Bye bye!"

As he waved a hand, a loud sniff came from inside the cottage. The soldier squared his shoulders a little as he began to walk up the village street. He was conscious of discomfort in the regions of his throat and stomach. "I suppose the old man'll 'ave croaked by the time we see this place again!" He exchanged nods with some of the neighbors, stopped at the Brimble Arms and enjoyed a pint on the house, as befitted the departing warrior, shook hands warmly with the host and, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand in a glow of self-satisfaction, continued on his way.

At the end of the village he heard the voice of a girl singing to herself. He saw her on a raised bank of grass under the line of elms. She was seated at an easel, painting. A throb of different emotion stirred beneath his tunic. He turned in her direction, went up to her and saluted with a smart click of the heels.

"Miss Nancy" he said.

Beneath her brown golf sweater was a silk blouse that seemed to make her throat gleam. Her skirt was apple-green. She wore no hat, and the sun was burnishing her hair.

"Strewth!" thought Curly, "She's all *right!* But she's different, somehow, not older, exactly, but more grown-up like!"

Nancy started round at his voice. "Why, it's Curly!" she cried, and jumped up with an outstretched hand. "I'm awfully glad to see you. Good heavens, how you've changed!" Her eyes flashed over his body, no longer slouching, but well set up and stiff as a ramrod.

Curly grinned. "I'm glad to see you, Miss! I've been up to the cottage to say goodbye, but Mrs. Weeks told me you were out. I saw Mr. Hawthorne. Too bad about him. But 'e's lookin' fine now."

"To say goodbye?" queried Nancy. "Where are you off to?"

"The regiment's ordered to India," said Curly.

Nancy smiled at the unconscious touch of swagger with which he said "the regi-

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ment." "Isn't that splendid!" she said. "It'll be a great adventure. You seem to have taken to the army, Curly. What are all those things on your arm?"

Curly touched his little moustache. "Oh, them?" He was trying hard to be casual. "The stripes means that I'm a full corporal, Miss, and the other's the marksman's badge, — first-class." After all he wouldn't have been human not to add that last touch, "first class!" "I'm working for my third stripe now," he went on, "and hope to be a sergeant pretty soon. Then me and the missus'll be able to lay a bit by on the extra pay."

Nancy's eyes opened wide. "I didn't know you were *married*, Curly! . . . I'm awfully glad!"

Curly was unbuttoning one of his bulging breast pockets. "Yes," he said, "over a twelvemonth now, and we've got a little 'un, too! She was in service in Wendlesbury when I started walkin' out with 'er. This is 'er picture, Miss!"

A handkerchief, a penny pocket-book, a pencil, and a packet of Woodbines came out of his breast pocket. From them he took "the picture." With immense pride he held out a cheap but elaborate photograph which showed a smiling, anaemic-looking girl holding a plump infant.

Nancy felt something happen to her. She had been interested to chat with Curly, to see how life had treated him. There was almost a touch of pride at seeing that he had come out so well. She felt that she had had a hand in the making of him, and up to that moment her state of mind was one of mellow satisfaction. Now suddenly her muscles stiffened. She didn't want to see that photograph. Her hand shook a little as she took it. For a fragment of a second she was conscious of an impression that the girl's face was a pale caricature of her own. Then the baby's face obliterated everything. She felt a wave of hatred surge through her, hatred that was inextricably tied up with herself, with fate, with life, hatred that was intensified because it was a jolly little face that looked up at her. It taunted her. Bitter words came to her mind. "Loathsome little beast! . . . Hideous! . . . Oh, God, it isn't fair!" Her throat was dry. Pulses began hammering. With a tremendous effort she pulled herself together. As she gave the photograph back she heard herself say warmly, "She's perfectly sweet, and the baby's a lamb! You must be so proud, Curly!" The paint brush that she was holding in her left hand snapped in two.

Curly gave a great laugh. His eyes were alight. "Proud! You bet I am, Miss! That's the finest little nipper in the regiment!" He buttoned the photograph back into his pocket.

Nancy's hands were trembling. She put them behind her back. "I'm sure he is!" she said, and to herself: "Fool! Idiot that I am!"

Curly began shuffling his feet. His body lost its drilled erectness, and he looked as if he didn't know what to do with his hands. "Before I go, Miss, I . . . I want to ask your pardon for what I did that night up on the 'ill . . . you know! It's made me fair sick, worryin' about it!"

"I'm sorry," said Nancy. "Thank God he's going!" she thought. "I forgave you," she said, "before I even came down the hill. It wasn't *your* fault."

"Thank you, Miss. I feel the better for knowin' it," said Curly. "I told the missus about it one night, and she fair gave me 'ell, she did! She'll be glad to know that you've forgive me."

"You're probably catching a train," said Nancy. "Don't let me keep you." She held out a hand, and before Curly could say anything, went on quickly. "Goodbye and good luck to you. I hope you'll both be very happy."

"Thank you, Miss Nancy. The same to you!" He shook her hand, stepped back one pace and saluted. "Goodbye, Miss!" He stood for a second, then pivoted on one heel and marched on.

Nancy stood very still, holding her breath, so still that two swallows shot screaming between her and the easel, unmindful of her. When there was no more sound of Curly the tension suddenly relaxed, and she sat down, abruptly, limply, on the camp stool. Her fingers began mechanically fitting the ends of the broken brush together. She watched them as if they were somebody else's.

The suddenness of this intrusion had broken through her guard. For a long time she had succeeded in not letting her mind dwell on all that might have been. Under the impact of that child face it turned round and began running backwards.

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She pulled herself up with a jerk, making an exclamation that was neither sigh, nor laugh, nor sneer. "Oh, shut up!" she said to herself. "That's barred, absolutely!" She passed a hand across her forehead as though wiping away a frown. "Pictures for you, my dear," she said, "pictures, — not children!" and, wetting her broken brush, she wrote on the corner of her canvas: Nancy Hawthorne, spinster!

It was her father who had eventually supplied the moral alternative, who metaphorically, had dropped straw beneath the wheels so that she might pull herself out of the mud.

Jim had followed every footstep of her way of the cross, as he called it, had watched and waited for the moment when she would again be susceptible to outside suggestion. From his own experience he knew that the first shock leaves one numbed, unreachable, like a city in tumult, all of whose wires of communication have been cut. So he had devoted himself utterly to living on the outskirts; jubilant if for a bare minute a day he could get in touch, however faintly; rewarded, after months of constant trying, by seeing her make a first effort to come out to him. Jim didn't hoist flags and fire off salvos. Like a general who knows his job, he went on quietly making preparations. She was not ready yet; and to strike at the wrong moment would be worse than failure.

He held his hand until her apathy had disappeared, until he saw her react irritably to pinpricks, until at last he saw that nervously she was all strung up again, on a hair-trigger. Finally, one afternoon at the end of the summer he overheard her in an hysterical outburst at Mrs. Weeks.

"Now!" he said.

He waited till next morning, till the after-breakfast lull, by which time he judged that the last ripple of that outburst would have died down. He watched her leave the table, put some wood on the fire and start blowing it, restlessly, fitfully, with the bellows. The moment had come.

Jim felt his heart begin pounding. He reached for his pipe and began loading it. Then he broke the silence.

"Oh, by the way," he said. "I put in an hour yesterday afternoon looking over the work you did abroad."

The bellows gave an irritable dig at the top log.

Good! Jim made his next point, still quietly. "Some of it's exceedingly good . . . exceedingly!"

Still no word.

"It's almost time," Jim went on, "that you had an exhibition at the Gainsborough Galleries." Ever so slightly he accentuated the word exhibition.

The blowing ceased for a moment. Then it continued, more quickly. Jim noted it with a glow of satisfaction.

"You see," he said, "there's not a single one of the women doing watercolors who can touch you in point of construction, or, for that matter, in color. It wouldn't surprise me at all if a Bond Street showing didn't definitely establish you!" Would *that* strike home?

The bellows became still.

It had, by God! "Of course, my dear," — Jim felt that he could play with it now! — "you wouldn't be able to expect decent treatment from *all* the critics! But if the idea amuses you, and you go on plugging, you ought to be ready by next spring. . . . Do you realize how soon that is, next spring?"

Nancy remained silent on the hassock, elbows on knees, her chin cupped in her two hands. Purely by way of nervous relief Jim reached out and rasped a match against the box. His pipe wouldn't draw. He found that he had gone on packing it until the tobacco was as hard as a brick.

At the noise of the match Nancy stirred, rose to her feet.

The match burned Jim's fingers as he followed her with his eyes across the room. Without a word she went upstairs. Her bedroom door shut with a click.

"H'm!" grunted Jim. "Now I wonder what in God's name *that* means?"

For two days he was left wondering.

On the third Nancy came marching into the workshop and planted herself in front of his chair with an air of challenge.

"Look here, Dad," she said, "were you pulling my leg about these things of mine? Did you suggest an exhibition and . . . and all the rest of it, as a real possibility, or were you offering the moon to a sick child? I . . . I don't want to make a damn fool of myself again."

"I suggested it as a real possibility," said Jim with quiet emphasis, "a practical certainty!"

The tradition of truth between them

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was life-long. Nancy's faith in him was absolute. The last shadow of doubt, — and that more of herself than of him, — disappeared.

"All right then!" she said, her chin stuck out, "let's go for it, Dad. Only keep me working, that's all I ask!"

"That's it! We'll show 'em, eh?" said Jim. "After all, work's about the best that anybody can ask in this confounded world!"

Nancy gave a queer little laugh. "Is it, Dad? I used to think there was . . . something else. So did you, once!"

Startled, Jim looked into her eyes. It seemed to him that Nan looked out of them, her mother as she had looked when he showed her the cottage for the first time.

"You're right, my dear," he said. "So do we all, once!"

Chapter II

The world had steadied beneath her feet.

In the "Times," Mr. Sylvester, who considered himself the *doyen* of art critics, had made his usual *ex-cathedra* pronunciamiento, had delivered himself of an academic reiteration of his own omniscience and wound up with the reluctant admission that perhaps in another thirty years Miss Nancy Hawthorne would have acquired the rudiments of brush-work. ("High praise!" said Jim. "To me, I remember, he recommended school-mastering as a profession. Age is apparently gentling him!")

Mr. Forster, in the "Evening Standard," had combed the dictionary for unusual adjectives in a column of high praise of Nancy's work. "Interfulgent lactescence" was his best effort in discussing her treatment of the bathing pool at Brimble, and he welcomed her as a "burgeoning luminary" in the artistic fold.

In the "Daily Mail," Mr. Adams had fulfilled expectations by venting such spleen in the effort to establish beyond argument that the lamentable influence of that wilfully mid-Victorian R. A. James Hawthorne, had utterly aborted whatever latent potentialities were indicated in the work, — to call it such! — of his daughter.

"A thorough damning from Adams means reputation and cash. The others will jump on him like wolves!" said Jim.

Already some of them had. Furthermore two ladies had sent up their cards, representing two of the weekly magazines, and, with cameras in attendance, had invaded the Hawthorne rooms in the Carlton.

So Nancy was smiling that third day when the breeze ruffled the canvas that displayed her name to the world at large which jostled her uncaring as she dodged her way up Bond Street.

"As far as the crowd's concerned it would not make any difference if there were a megaphone up there instead of a piece of canvas. It's like dropping my scent-bottle cork into the Thames and expecting a splash! What do I care? It's good to be alive!"

The sun danced and glinted off the wind-screens of automobiles. The wind tugged at skirts and hats like a mischievous schoolboy. The busses bore into it like tugs in a head sea. Everything tingled. Nancy had a sudden feeling of being charged with great power.

As she floated along, a flame-colored silk sweater caught her eye in a shop window. "How perfectly scrumptious!" she said. The price on the tag was appalling. Nancy made a face at it, went in, and paid cash and ordered it to be sent to the Carlton.

Within fifteen minutes she was carrying three pipes in a case for her father, and a silver-backed brush and comb for Mrs. Weeks. Had a beggar sat on the threshold of the shop she would have emptied her purse into his hand, — not because the beggar needed the money, but because she needed the gesture of expression.

It was in this exalted mood that she entered the now familiar gallery and crossed the carpeted hall to say good afternoon to the man in charge.

There was quite a gathering in the large room where her pictures were hung. Evidently the art critics were read by someone. Their carefully subdued voices reminded Nancy of a bush of honeysuckle in bloom, murmurous with bees.

Then a hand touched her elbow and a quiet voice said, "Hullo, old soldier!"

TO BE CONTINUED

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

Democracy and Humanity

Editor of THE FORUM:

A recent writer in THE FORUM found that to him the word that immediately associated itself with Democracy was Despair. The word that at once comes to me is Humanity.

Graft, corruption, stupidity, these are qualities in a democracy that bring despair; but they are, I believe, only defects of a greater quality, humanity. "Consideration for the sensibilities of others; a disposition to treat all creatures kindly; the condition of being *human*," this is the quality that grows in a state as men take an increasingly large share in the government. Cruelty decreases as democracy advances.

Look at the past and you see it bristle with cruelty. Slavery, a low status of women, the torture chamber, abuse of children, these flourish under a despotism. Perhaps the children suffer most. Dickens showed to despotic England Oliver Twist starved in the workhouse and Smike and his fellows beaten and neglected at Dotheboys Hall. As his country moved toward democracy came further revelations of child labor, children in factories from sun-up till sun-down, little boys alone in the darkness of the mine. When the many began to take part in the nation's government they saw the tragic sick, the tortured animals, the cowed child.

The world is a long way yet from "treating all creatures kindly," but progress has been made and the mass of legislation on the statute books regarding hours of labor, the protection of the health of women and children, has come since men have been able to vote. The extension of the franchise and humane legislation have proceeded together.

Note what happens here in America in those places where democracy does not penetrate. The most frightful spots in our country to-day are the prisons. And with good reason, for the prisoner leaves the world of every day neighborliness and enters an absolutist government. He becomes a subject, a slave. Only rarely can he see his family or friends. He may be tortured, killed even, by illtreatment. But if the jail were as easy to enter as the public school, if the public might at any time visit it, the prison of to-day would disappear. It exists only because it is outside the humanity of the democratic state.

Knowing the individual Southerner it is hard to understand the South, its illiteracy, its child labor, its peonage, its lynchings. The explanation, however, is quite simple. The South has always been governed by an oligarchy. The mass of its people, white and black, do not function politically. Hence its cruelty.

War endures because it is despotic. Democratize the army and it would disappear. The Soviet began the experiment, but had to return to autocracy to defeat Wrangel. Moreover war is declared without a referendum of the people. Could the nations at Geneva agree that no war could be declared without a democratic vote, they would probably stop international slaughter. Humanity would register its humanity.

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Does humanity advance with democracy because there is some saving grace in the judgment of the mass of mediocre men? I believe there is. "They are not unkind to whom the world has been unkind," Doughty says of the Beduins in *Arabia Deserta*. The successful man, the imperialist, is scornful of those who cannot keep his pace. He may have high ideals of justice but he is sure those to whom he metes out justice are his inferiors. But with the mass of men kindliness comes first. Affection overrides truth, and generosity is more important than justice.

"Truth is not truth in that exacting land," Forster says of India, "unless there go with it kindness and more kindness and kindness yet again." This is true not only with the Indians but with all those who have suffered defeat. And defeat comes to the ordinary man, even in America. Despite the fairy tales we read in the popular magazines neither riches, nor honor, nor long life come to the average man. Instead there is a difficult, sometimes a losing struggle, for a decent existence. Hence when these people take up the task of governing they think of benevolence, humanity. Few governments have been so derided as those of reconstruction days but the emancipated slave, despite his ignorance, wrote large on the statute book legislation for the sick, the afflicted, the old, and the children.

Try this test. Think of the child that you love most in the world. It is to be born again. You may choose the time and the place of its birth but nothing else. It may be dropped in a hovel or a palace. Where and when would you have it born? Would you risk the Greece of Phidias — and slavery? Or England in Elizabeth's time with Shakspere and Raleigh — and hordes of hungry beggars roaming through the country? Would you not, with a sigh at what might be lost — choose that State in our democracy to-day that stands for good schools, proper hygiene, no child labor, government by the popular will? Thinking of Oliver Twist in the workhouse your child would be dropped into a kindly State of the Union, — perhaps on the rocky coast of Maine or in the blossoming desert of California.

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

New York, N. Y.

Banshee Blarney — and Wails

Tod Robbins's "A Bit of a Banshee" blows up a young cyclone:

Dear Editor:

Your little December story, "A Bit of a Banshee" by Mr. Robbins was so delicious that the taste lingers in the mouth like cool peppermint. One breathes the fresher for it and feels namelessly cleansed. For me, personally, its charm was so great as to amount to a definite sense of rejuvenation, — like being Steinached!

I might add that in a world weltering with writers, so many of them excellent, I seem to have missed ever having heard of Mr. Robbins before; or of remembering his name, if, perchance, he ever came before me. I'd enjoy trying to put my appreciation into words for him, — though doing that would be the most delicate and difficult of imaginable tasks.

My interest and pleasure were acute, not only in the story mentioned, but in the general *köstliche* aroma of the December issue.

STANLEY OLMSTED.

"Vinecroft"
Clarendon, Va.

And a second kindly reaction:

When I came to Tod Robbins's fascinating "A Bit of a Banshee" I smiled and laughed to myself, and rejoiced over it. No one but an Irishman could explain how a dying woman knew, from her deathbed, that her daughter's future husband was coming down Mulberry Lane, and that he was a poet. And it took an Irishman to prove that she could talk volubly about it, and everything else on earth into the bargain, and yet have breath to remain alive. But that's the license we all cheerfully allow a Celt. He may write or talk all the nonsense he likes and call it a legend, or, in American polite parlance, a fairy story, or, impolitely, a pack of lies. But Mr. Tod Robbins at least doesn't hide his delightful lack of reticence or logic under any such pretense. So here's good success to him. There is no temptation to shout, as one of Stephen Leacock's audiences did, "Louder and funnier," for it couldn't be any funnier!

ELIZABETH STANLEY TROTTER.

Philadelphia.

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But evidently too much "license" can be allowed a Celt, for behold:

Editor of THE FORUM:

I anxiously waited for the December number, and read with pleasure Mr. Train's article on "The Rockefellers and Henry Ford." I skipped over a few pages and read the heading "A Bit of a Banshee" by Tod Robbins. I concluded that it must be a subject of folk lore and of great interest to the readers of THE FORUM. To my astonishment as I read the first pages of the screed, I found it was only a low, vulgar tirade of blackguardism against Catholics and their creed, unfit to be published in any magazine of merit, much less in THE FORUM. It seems to me that you owe an apology to your Catholic readers for publishing this low, contemptible, and untruthful article.

FATHER P. J. MURPHY.

St. Patrick's Rectory,
Olyphant, Pa.

A second Reverend Father also takes his pen in hand, and gives, in his letter, a suggestion as to the cause of offense.

Dear Sir:

The December issue of THE FORUM contains a story entitled "A Bit of a Banshee" by Tod Robbins. In the development of the tale the author has two of his characters married *ex abrupto* without the faintest odor of preliminaries. Evidently he is not informed on the teaching and practice of the Catholic Church in regard to the laws governing the administration of the sacrament of Matrimony. The ceremony, if the author's rather casual description can be dignified with such a name, could never have taken place under the circumstances narrated in the story. The Catholic Church attaches much more importance to the sanctity of the married state than the scribe's loose and flippant treatment would seem to indicate. There are no airplane or skyscraper-top matrimonial celebrations rushed through by her officials. The canonical fitness of the parties to the contract would have first to be determined (a matter requiring more time than that allowed by the writer), the banns would have to be published on three successive Sundays or Holy days, and finally, the ceremony itself would take place in the bride's church. Exceptions to the last two named rules are admitted but not without grave reason. In any event no marriage was ever performed or could be performed in the Catholic Church under the circumstances mentioned in the story.

We all enjoy a good Irish story, but there is something so unreal about this author's conception and execution as to savor strongly of the grotesque. I fail to see that Mr. Robbins has betrayed more than a superficial knowledge of Irish life and character. The remark of the priest approving the choice of a "banshee bride", whatever that may be, is in poor taste. The Irish priests, who, by the way, are an intelligent and well-educated body of men, are not given to encouraging superstition. Neither do Christianity and superstition, in the eyes of the Catholic Church, walk hand in hand.

FATHER AUSTIN B. DIGNAM.

New Haven, Conn.

"Middle Class" Vision

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have been much amused and not a little irritated by the article by Arthur Corning White in the November issue. I fortunately read it after I had read "The Billionaire Era" by Arthur Train, so I came to the conclusion that one, in some small degree, balanced the other. It did, however, arouse the feeling that the writer had read sparingly of "The Saturday Evening Post" if he felt that its only appeal was to the very mediocre intelligence of the "middle class" or concluded a large subscription list was proof-positive that people of very ordinary intellect (the middle class) must be its readers.

I feel great compassion for anyone who, with so little knowledge, dashes with it into print. Can Mr. White be a real American when he reaches and preaches such conclusions? He must not forget that, outside a very few importations, those of us who go back to colonial ancestors hail from that so-called "middle class."

Mr. Train in "The Billionaire Era" shows plainly there is no long call from the butcher or the ferryman, to the financier whose thrift, business sense

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and perhaps opportunity, have put him into that "class" which seems to have inspired Mr. White's admiration without arousing his intelligence as to the source from which so many of our able men and women have sprung. Perhaps he is not an American at all, but was born and bred in some country where privilege, handed down from generation to generation, has created a separate and distinct class, which neither here nor elsewhere, corners the intelligence of the country. I hold no brief for the Ku Klux Klan, — I do not know anything for or against it, nor from what sources its membership is drawn, but I do think Mr. White might very well acquaint himself with "middle class" intelligence and ideals. He will find middle class men and women excelling in all branches of labor, in the professions and even in the "white collar" jobs which he so scorns. He will find very many of them not even interested in getting rich, in fact as superior to the accumulation of wealth as he feels himself to the "middle class." He will also find that the majority do understand the Constitution and are quite well informed as to the right and only way to eradicate wrongs; nor have they forgotten that it was the Dartmouth College Case that vindicated the Supremacy of the Constitution.

If the object of the writer is to arouse the "middle class" mind, he has not failed.

MAYBEL G. JONES.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Little French Girl

A little old lady wrote the following letter to her daughter, upon receipt of a copy of "The Little French Girl," Anne Douglas Sedgwick's splendid novel, recently serialized by THE FORUM:

"Dearest Loulie:

You would be relieved to see the effect of your gift, — *The Little French Girl* — and to know how interested I am. It is broad, but the English is beautiful and the characters 'speak out'.

What a creature 'Maman' is; so dangerous, and that poor little child loved her so and saw through her and their environment. Well, such are many lives of to-day! I am reading now where the little girl has just come back from France and is having her interview with Toppie. I feel greatly interested in her outcome, as well as that of Giles and of Toppie. The latter is a fine character.

Thank you for sending it. (I kind of keep it out of view.)

Lovingly, your mother."

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The Twentieth Amendment

A Symposium

Summarizing or quoting opinions of numerous men and women on a subject which was debated by Owen Reed Lovejoy and William Elliott Gonzales in the January issue of The Forum

The increasing opposition to the child labor amendment that has developed since its submission to the States by Congress in June makes early ratification of the amendment as a part of the Constitution by three-fourths of the state legislatures extremely doubtful. In the January issue of The Forum were discussed the salient points on both sides of the question. Owen Reed Lovejoy, General Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, urges ratification of the amendment on humanitarian grounds, believing that protection of children has become a national issue. His opponent, William Elliott Gonzales, editor of "The State", Columbia, South Carolina, represents those who object to federal centralization and assert that this amendment will make every American under eighteen a "ward of Washington."

Reaction to the proposed amendment, judging from the letters received by the Editor of The Forum, is rather evenly divided, with opposition slightly in advance. Those expressing sympathy with the bill are enthusiastic in its support; others believe in controlling child labor, but believe that the measures proposed are far too drastic; while those holding the opposition believe that children are "better busy than idle", and that Federal "usurpation" has already been carried too far.

The Fight is On

"The fight is on!" writes Joy E. Morgan, editor of "The Journal of National Education." "It will be one of the bitterly fought battles in American constitutional history. Education should stand against opposition like the Rock of Gibraltar." Mr. Morgan then asks ten pertinent questions of those who are honestly trying to make up their minds on this problem. A warning is issued that they may determine the motives of those urging opposition. "Have you read the proposed amendment itself? It does not prohibit child labor, but merely gives Congress power to deal with the problem."

> Section 1 — The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.
>
> Section 2 — The power of the several States is unimpaired by this article except that the operation of State laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by Congress.

"Has any honorable citizen anything to fear by granting to Congress authority to deal with a recognized national evil?" asks Mr. Morgan. "Is it good American citizenship to try to create a lack of faith in the Federal government? Were not the opponents to this bill also the opponents to compulsory school attendance? Would you put 'States' rights' above human rights?"

As the director of the Juvenile Protective Association of Cincinnati, Lulu May Aler, puts it, there are two points of view from which one should look at the amendment: From the viewpoint of the child, and from the viewpoint of the adult. First, "Children in States that have weak child labor laws and children in inter-state or migratory industries have a right to look to our Federal government for protection from dangerous work, unreasonable hours, and unhealthful working conditions. That the people of the United States have long realized the need for such child protection and have desired to effect it is evidenced by the fact that they have twice, through their representatives in Congress, passed national child labor laws. These laws have been declared unconstitutional; it is now of prime importance to so amend the constitution as to make sure that our Federal government has the hitherto lacking power to protect children from detrimental labor conditions.

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"From the viewpoint of the adult: It is unfair that employers and workers in States which protect their children through good child labor laws have to compete in prices with employers and child laborers in States with low child labor standards. Moreover, the evil results of child labor affect the whole citizenship of our country not only in an economic way but also in a social and political way. Child labor which prevents children from receiving an education generally results in unskilled, uneducated men and women. On the other hand, education, supplemented by the right kind of work, usually results in self-supporting men and women. It is the very essence of our democracy that every individual member of it shall have the opportunity to develop into an intelligent, self-supporting citizen."

"Figures furnished by the Census Bureau show that more than a million children between the ages of ten and fifteen years of age are working for wages in the United States," states Arthur Capper, chairman of the Committee on Claims, United States Senate. "It seems to me if the regulation of child labor will in some small degree relieve this situation, it should certainly be given a trial regardless of all objections that may be raised to it." Or, to quote President McCain, Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia, "The main point of it all is that the children of our country would thus get the protection they need. My view of the matter is that the amendment is permissive. It allows Congress the right to make laws on the subject. I would be very happy if the States would be so prompt in providing legislative measures that it would not be necessary for Congress to do anything."

"The United States is rich beyond the imagination in material resources," says Desha Breckinridge, Lexington, Kentucky. "But of all its resources by far the most valuable is its childhood. Nothing should be left undone to protect that childhood. I am unable to comprehend the mental processes of one who honestly believes in the development and protection of the human race contending that it is an infringement of its powers for the government of all the people to prohibit the mistreatment of the youth of the nation."

Misapprehension

"There seems to be misapprehension in some quarters that the ratification of the amendment will result in prohibiting the labor of all children under eighteen years of age," writes Wendell F. Johnson, General Secretary of the Associated Aid Societies, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. "I feel confident that Congress would not take any such drastic steps under the authority which this amendment would grant, and I consider that Congress should be given powers broad enough to enable it to pass effective legislation for the regulation of child labor without fear of interference by the Supreme Court."

"The objection that we propose to create some kind of industrial despotism at Washington is absurd," insists H. C. Ogden, Wheeling, West Virginia. "The American people have shown time and again that they have both the courage and intelligence to change a national administration they do not like, or to change a Congress that is guilty of extravagance or incompetence. If the National Child Labor Law is adopted, it will be a law fairly representative of the thought of the American people. Otherwise it will be nullified either by lack of enforcement or by repeal."

"It seems to me a niggardly restriction on an amendment of the constitution to say that because we are not ready to-day to prohibit the labor of children of eighteen years of age, we should not provide for that day when we may be prepared to educate and otherwise train our children instead of sending them into the world of industry before that age," is the opinion of Jess Perlman, one of the directors of the Jewish Board of Guardians, New York. "Personally, I do not believe that we are now prepared to 'limit, regulate, and prohibit' the labor of persons under eighteen years of age, but I do not think that giving Congress the power indicated is likely to be any menace, nor is in any way likely to be exercised until we are so prepared."

"Some people plainly read more into the proposed amendment than is there and would change their attitude if they understood it better," declares Anna H. Roller, Superintendent of the United Charities, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

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"The chief objection raised to giving Congress power to regulate child labor, is the danger of centralizing too much power in the national government. If child labor is a national problem what can be more reasonable than national regulation? Are representatives from the States who sit in Congress likely to ride over the sentiments of their constituents? All that Congress could do under the amendment would be to establish minimum standards. The States could regulate without limit beyond that point."

The Children Themselves

"In the multitude of arguments, pro and con, one fact seems to be completely overlooked," we are reminded by Edith Valet Cook, Secretary of the Connecticut Child Welfare Association. "The hotter the argument becomes, the farther away we seem to get from the central fact, the children themselves. In letting young people go to work without an educational foundation on which to build future and spiritual growth, we are daily increasing that horrifying dullness of our American life which Sinclair Lewis in *Main Street* has pointed out to us. In the midst of this sea of argument, let us remember the children, those children who work long hours, who often have too little time for real play. The children of to-day deserve our ultimate effort. The child labor amendment is one logical step toward ensuring them an opportunity."

This plea finds numerous "seconds." Among them is a letter from Douglas P. Falconer, Superintendent of the Children's Aid, Erie County, New York. "There is a good deal of legitimate sentiment connected with this question, but a man needs no sentiment to object to the wasteful use of child life, for national prosperity, security, and progress must depend upon a careful husbanding of our human resources." Mary E. Holland, Executive Secretary of the Colorado Children's Aid Society, Denver, does not believe in "the democracy that permits the division of its children into two classes, privileged and under-privileged. The rights of the under-privileged child are the same as the rights of the privileged child. If State laws do not give and enforce that protection to poor children, which is due in the States of the United States, power should be given Congress to make and regulate such laws and protection." Such an amendment, in the opinion of J. Teuscher, Jr., Superintendent of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society of Oregon, however poor it is, will make it easier for those who think clearly to present their case to the jury of public opinion.

Hobson's Choice

There are those who believe that we should, as a nation, regulate child labor, possibly by amending the constitution, but who give their support "reluctantly" to this measure. Stephen R. Coleman, Birmingham, Alabama, writes, "Were it possible to incorporate some reasonable provision for educational hours or periods into such an amendment, it might be more acceptable, but if not, and we must choose between the amendment and no amendment at all, our people owe it to themselves as a people to pass the amendment." Centralization of power in the Federal government can be carried too far. Yet there are questions with which only the Federal government can deal with properly and effectively. One of these questions is child labor, in the estimation of Herschel Dove, editor of a local paper at Bristol, Virginia-Tennessee. "I am in favor of a child labor amendment, but I am not in favor of the pending amendment. The age limit of children who would be affected is placed too high, and no exemptions are provided for. If adopted, it might prove as great an evil as that which it is intended to cure."

"It hardly seems a case for debate, as both sides are right," declares W. D. Hooper, instructor in the University of Georgia. "All humane people must wish to see more enlightened laws on the subject of child labor and all thoughtful people must deplore the increasing tendency to cure every evil of the body politic by rushing to Washington for an amendment to the basic law of the country." Others who "do not see much in the national bill to condemn, nor are they loud in commendation" are J. C. Denious, Dodge City, Kansas; A. S. Edwards, University of Georgia, who "has some doubts as to whether the amendment as it stands is adequate, yet feels that the purpose of the amendment should be accomplished." Charles Spencer, Arkansas City, Kansas;

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Charles E. Brown, Cordele, Georgia; George Fort Milton, Chattanooga, Tennessee; E. Marvin Underwood, Atlanta, Georgia; and Anna B. Pratt, Philadelphia hold similar views.

Oppose Amendment

"It is always superfluous, apparently, to ask a Southerner what he thinks of a Federal amendment," frankly confesses a Southerner, W. T. Anderson, editor of a daily newspaper at Macon, Georgia. "There are some instances where the South has not been true to tradition, but as a vast volume of blood and lives was spent in trying to establish the principles of States' rights, we of the South have at least had enough schooling in this direction to cause us to be fixed for all time."

It is this "encroachment by the Federal Government" that seems to be at the base of the most bitter attacks on the proposed amendment. "We have been prussianized sufficiently without this final step," declares R. Charlton Wright, Columbia, South Carolina. "Unlimited Congressional power (not subject to judicial restraint) expressly to 'limit, regulate, or prohibit the labor' and implied education of all 'persons under eighteen years of age' as proposed to be granted by the miscalled child labor amendment cannot be discussed in a few words. It is not an amendment, but a constitutional revolution." This in the opinion of George Stewart Brown, member of the Board of United States General Appraisers, Washington. He continues, "It destroys the States' and local self-government under our existing Federal system and substitutes a consolidated national bureaucracy directed by a practically omnipotent Congress. It grants power not now possessed by any government in America. In effect it limits the right of the Supreme Court to declare acts unconstitutional except for the protection of mere 'property' rights. It destroys the Bill of Rights and violates every American tradition, and follows the policy of Soviet Russia. I am afraid to trust Congress for all time with such drastic and far-reaching power over the family life of the American people."

An Attack on States' Rights

Various reasons are given for opposition to the proposed amendment, but the majority stress this very point of "empowering the United States Government to do what the States are better equipped to do for themselves." Shall child labor be regulated by the Government or by the separate States? This question is asked and discussed by Eugene Dodd, Atlanta, Georgia; M. F. Goldstein, likewise of Atlanta; Charles F. Scott, editor of a newspaper at Iola, Kansas; T. R. Waring, Charleston, South Carolina; L. P. Artman, Key West, Fla.; Lew B. Brown, St Petersburg, Florida; Powell Glass, Lynchburg, Va.; R. H. Clagett, Rome, Georgia; Erwin Craighead, Mobile, Alabama; R. Brazile Brossier, Orlando, Florida; Willis M. Ball, Jacksonville, Florida; L. W. Bloom, Lakeland, Florida; and various other editors throughout the south.

Child Labor Good for Muscle

Various Forum readers believe that children under eighteen should not be deprived of the privilege of work. "The muscle, as well as the mind, should be educated. To-day we find that the carpenters, brick masons, and plaster men and in fact the laboring class of people are drawing larger salaries than our book keepers and our business men. 'Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it,'" this contributor, John L. Sutton, Jackson, Mississippi, reminds us. "In the purely industrial sections, the child on the farm during his school vacation season would be much better off, both physically and mentally, working in the fields. To remove the child from the cotton fields would be disastrous to the cotton farmer." This in the judgment of J. M. Watters, Georgia School of Technology.

Our attention is invited to the point that less than six tenths of one percent of the children of the United States are employed in dangerous or unhealthy places, according to a letter from Henry St George Tucker, Representative from the tenth district, Virginia. "This is the most vicious piece of legislation ever offered to the American people, and when properly explained will meet its just condemnation at their hands," he asserts.

"How many widow's sons and daughters will this proposed legislation stop from aiding in the struggle to keep starvation from the door?" asks Howard H.

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Holt, publisher at Grafton, West Virginia. "How many budding geniuses will it prevent from indulging in healthful and developing employment, to convert them into habitual idlers and ne'er-do-wells? The manifest workings of this project violate all the sacred traditions of American principles of personal liberty. It invades the even more sacred relation of parent and child, robbing the parents of their innate and natural right and duty to direct and control the training of their children for the struggle of life."

Wholly Unnecessary

"Such an amendment is wholly and entirely unnecessary," in the estimation of R. V. Covington, Jacksonville, Florida. "The States can impose such laws as may seem proper and necessary. Conditions are not the same in all States. In view of some of the measures which Congress has passed and tried to pass, I feel that it would be extremely dangerous to put this power in its hands. We are already drifting too much towards centralization and paternalism. We need less laws and more lawful citizenship, less prohibiting and more encouragement to respect the Constitution of our forefathers, from which we have already drifted too far."

"Uncle Sam may find it possible to publish the private affairs of the tax-payers and use a public bulletin-board to post the income of gentlemen, and thus satisfy the curiosity of political ghouls, but trouble will come when the old gentleman seeks to usurp the privileges of the mother and father who still believe that to them is given the sole right of spanking their teen age boys and girls," says Jesse B. Hearn, Montgomery, Alabama.

"The individual citizen has never surrendered the power of control over his children to the extent provided in this amendment," declares Walter F. George, United States Senate. "No government yet set up in America has the right, power, or authority to prohibit the useful labor of a child seventeen years old, when that labor is neither injurious to the child nor to society. It is perfectly idle to say that Congress will never exercise the power and the answer to this is: Why grant the power if the Congress is not to exercise it in any circumstance? There is no possible justification why free men and women should surrender the power to control their own children in perfectly legitimate and useful labor or work when such labor is neither injurious to the child nor to any member of society. Every abuse of child labor can be corrected by the State in the exercise of its constitutional power, and could be corrected by the Federal government under an amendment granting legitimate power." Similar statements of opinion are expressed in letters received from Charles R. Crisp, Representative from Georgia; Grover C. Hall, Montgomery, Alabama; and W. H. Roberts, Birmingham, Alabama.

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They swayed upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — *Keats*

The reviews in this department are contributed by readers of THE FORUM *and are, with very few exceptions, unsolicited. Payment for all reviews accepted is at the rate of fifteen cents a line. On the manuscripts submitted please indicate price of volume discussed, as well as name of author and publisher. The Editors cannot promise to acknowledge or return manuscripts of all the reviews found unavailable for publication. Only manuscripts which are typewritten will be read. Reviews must not be over 500 words in length, and those of 300 words are especially desired.*

Dance or Discipline?

When two men of wholly different background and training, each in his field a master, undertake to discuss an important subject of large human interest, we may feel certain that the converging search-lights of their minds will throw into relief a great deal that a single writer would fail to illuminate. He who reads THE DANCE OF LIFE, by Havelock Ellis (Houghton Mifflin, $4.00) and DEMOCRACY AND LEADERSHIP, by Irving Babbitt (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), will find a curious paradox.

Mr. Ellis, lifelong investigator of human nature, trained in the methods of the scientist, and always seeking for positive experience, would fain see life with the eyes of an artist; and life, he tells us, is a dance. He is impressed by the fact that man is always creating, imposing his will on the world, expressing his inner vital force; he finds, not only in the commonly recognized arts, but likewise in the world of thought and religion and conduct, a slow but persistent rhythm.

Mr. Babbitt, acute critic of literature, ancient and modern, would agree that man is not the pawn of circumstance; and he does battle most gallantly for a human standard of conduct. But the spirit of this man of letters is everywhere that of the scientist patiently examining the political and moral ideas of modern times. He eschews the metaphor which Mr. Ellis so consistently employs; but if he had thought fit to use it, he would probably have described life not as a dance but as a discipline.

For Mr. Ellis, life seems to be inherently good, and he is inspirited by the display of energy. Walt Whitman might well be his prophet. Truth is not found, but made. For Mr. Babbitt, life is a mixture of good and evil, and the whole burden of his faith is the necessity for each man individually (not for us all *en masse*) to impose on himself a control. He blows a trumpet blast against many of the slogans of our age. Those who are familiar with his earlier books will recognize in turn each *leit motiv* and each object of his attack: the philosophy of Rousseau, whom he knows as no other living man knows him; expansive emotionalism, which owns no natural or self-imposed limits; sentimentality; humanitarianism, which substitutes the vicious circle of altruism for personal responsibility; im-

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perialism, the natural consequence of uncontrolled expansiveness; uncritical democracy, devoid of standards and distinctions; and, in general, the optimistic spirit of drift or of meddlesomeness that masquerades as idealism.

It is no popular or superficially gracious undertaking that Mr. Babbitt assumes. To tell your neighbor that he needs to put a check on his desires seems impertinent; to expose the fallacies that underly his idealism will not always win his gratitude. Nor can it be said that Mr. Babbitt writes with the easy charm that invests many of the pages of Mr. Ellis. But he doubtless cares more to be right than to be popular. What, then, is to be said of the truthfulness of his book? What would he substitute for the false gods whom he denounces? Nothing strange or new. He calls us back to the old and tried experience of men who have learned to subordinate the feelings not merely to the intellect but to the will; to the rational use of religion, of science, and of human institutions. He draws on the lore of ancient China, no less than on that of ancient Greece and of the modern world.

For the average man neither book is altogether easy reading. But even the casual reader will be impressed both by the extent of the agreement between the authors and by their important disagreements. They occupy a common ground in holding that life is directed by the will; Mr. Ellis would point out that purposes are always changing, whereas Mr. Babbitt would insist that the will must be based on whatever positive experience, whether religious or secular, seems at least relatively fixed. Both are individualists; but Mr. Ellis wishes the individual to express himself, while Mr. Babbitt urges him to keep step with his conscience. Both realize that life is difficult; but Mr. Ellis points chiefly to the rigorous requirements of the ballet, Mr. Babbitt to man's inward limitations.

Is the average reader, then, to let the toss of a coin decide whether he shall pirouette with Mr. Ellis or march with Mr. Babbitt? I am not sure that he is bound to choose. If I may introduce yet one more metaphor, I should say that Mr. Ellis is telling us that our automobile can not go without an engine, and that Mr. Babbitt is warning us against going without testing our brakes; but they both tell us that our chauffeur must have some idea of the direction in which we wish to go. Mr. Ellis will let him explore, whereas Mr. Babbitt will wish him to use a map.

WILLIAM CHASE GREENE.
Cambridge, Mass.

The Death Penalty

In his recent book, MAN'S JUDGMENT OF DEATH (Putnam's, $2.00), Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing Prison, authority on criminology and penology, undertakes to prove by the logic of actual statistics that capital punishment does not act as a deterrent to crime. It is impossible of scientific application; it conforms to none of our modern ideas of criminology, and as a punishment it lacks "celerity and certainty." In America only six states have abolished the death penalty: they are Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Maine, Rhode Island, and Kansas. In these states there is less crime than in those where it is still in force. In Italy, during the thirty years that capital punishment has been abolished, the homicidal rate has been low. If it was ever a skilful deterrent why do we read of pickpockets in England joyfully plying their trade at public hangings? Why did Parisian criminals defy the guillotine? In America has it ever prevented atrocious murders?

Mr. Lawes would have life imprisonment, with opportunity for pardon, substituted for capital punishment. In his experience at Sing Sing Prison he finds that most of the life sentence prisoners are intrinsically normal citizens; most of them have no previous police record, and but for their one crime, they have been useful members of society. The advantages of life imprisonment are obvious; evidence which was not known at the time of the trial and which helps to establish the prisoner's innocence may be taken into account, and facts or circumstances may exist which will make a case for executive clemency. He believes in treating the men as individuals and in trying to keep them from further crimes.

All of Mr. Lawes's arguments are the practical, logical ones of a man who understands the men he has worked with and who wants to better immediate condi-

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tions. Is there a more intelligent penalty than life imprisonment? Does life imprisonment act any more as a deterrent than did capital punishment, or is it a social salve that we apply knowing nothing better? One wonders what relation the matter of over-population has to crime and social conditions. What do men do when they are hungry? Mr. Lawes does not enter these theoretical fields, but keeps to the practical problem. The result is an interesting contribution toward social progress.

MARJORY LATIMER.

New York City.

A Woman in Search

WINDOWS FACING WEST, by Virginia MacFadyen (A. & C. Boni, $2.00), has one outstanding quality that atones for whatever shortcomings it may possess. Through these windows streams the blazing light of truth. One may pick flaws here and there. One may say that the long arm of coincidence has been rather stretched here or there, but when these things are said, — and saying them is easy, — it remains true that Life's coincidences are far more numerous and glaring than any of the most reckless author's imagining. Life is the great fiction writer, the spinner of impossible yarns, the creator of unbelievable situations, and it is because Miss MacFadyen has captured some of the elusive stuff of life that her book stands far above the average popular novel in this day of overworked printing presses. It may be good advertising psychology for the Boni Brothers to blurb forth "The biography of a successful mistress," but it shows little understanding of the character of Gretchen May to consider her solely as a successful mistress. She is a woman, a woman struggling to find herself, to keep faith with herself, to live so that she may always face the God-within without shame, struggling against the insuperable odds of a civilization that has outgrown its economic organization and its *mores*. Though the book is written in the first person and the chief interest centers in Gretchen May, who tells her own story, there are minor characters, notably her father, that leap from the page into poignant reality. There are moments in the book when the author seems to grope with her character, but these moments are quickly passed. It is a book that challenges our *mores* on every page, and yet it does so without propagandist fustian, without seeming to, so that those who don't know what *mores* are may read with impunity and enjoyment. The book sounds a new note in the cacophony of feminist literature; and because it was written by a woman, we can predict that its author will go far.

WILLIAM F. EASTTED.

Chatham, N. Y.

La Belle Pamela

The avid student of history is always interested not only in dates, revolutions, treaties, and parliaments, but in the lives of the people who made these dates noteworthy, who instigated revolutions, who drew up treaties, and who were elected to parliament. To such a one, and to others who enjoy biography, LA BELLE PAMELA, by Lucy Ellis and Joseph Turquan (Brentano's, $5.00), will prove a rare treat. Few, if any more entertaining and enlightening commentaries on the French Revolution have been written.

Although the book purports to be the life of Lady Eward Fitzgerald, Anne Caroline Stephanie, called *Pamela* by all who knew her, yet, necessarily the early chapters deal almost exclusively with Madame Genlis and the Duc d'Orléans, who through their political designs and machinations aided materially to bring on the Revolution of 1789. It has been assumed that Pamela was the illegitimate child of Madame and the Duke. Madame Genlis, however, would have us believe she was the daughter of Mrs. Syms, an Englishwoman, and that she was brought in to the household of the Duke to teach his children the English tongue. All through her literary works she succeeds in baffling her chroniclers. By painstaking verification and careful piecing of fact, the authors dispel the illusion she has created. They supply hitherto unknown letters and documents, and make bold to assert, leaving no room for doubt, that Pamela was the natural daughter of Egalité. Through her hold on the Duke, because of Pamela and Hermine, another daughter by him, Madame Genlis planned to realize her dream of power. She cher-

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ished the idea that should the Revolution succeed, and the Duc d'Orléans ascend the throne of Louis the Sixteenth, they would conveniently banish the Duchesse and her husband, and Egalité would make her Queen.

Thus it was in an atmosphere of deceit and political intrigue that Pamela was reared. This, it seems, did not affect the beautiful, talented girl of whom the Marquise de La Tour de Pin says, "It would be impossible to see anything more lovely than her face at fifteen, when I knew her. Her countenance had not one defect, nor even an imperfection. It was like that of the youngest of Niobe's daughters. All her movements were graceful, her smile angelic, her teeth pearly white . . ." A little later, and Madame Genlis began to look about for a husband for Pamela. Lord Eward Fitzgerald, just returned home from compaigning in America, arrested her attention. Pamela was hurried to London, and Lord Eward, recovering from grief at the death of a former sweetheart, was attracted to this simple retiring maid, who had not inherited her mother's domineering spirit. The resultant love match promised to be a happy one, but conspiracy again darkened Pamela's door. Lord Eward was one of the leaders of the Irish conspiracy, and his life was a series of intrigues and assassinations. He was eventually betrayed and died in prison.

Pamela's later life, her marriage to Pitcairn, the American consul at Paris, her separation from him, and her financial struggles are of interest, but not of international import. The most imposing part of her life is that which is bound up and almost overshadowed by powerful political scheming and revolution.

To give honor where honor is due, is to praise the authors of *La Belle Pamela* for their faithful and meticulous representation of modes and manners in the French Court, just preceding and during the Revolution.

MADELEINE THAYER.

New York City.

An American Gentleman

To those who knew him well, the geniality of the style of Maurice Egan's book will be expected: RECOLLECTIONS OF A HAPPY LIFE (Doran, $4.00). He glowed with charm and affection, and he could express his emotions with a felicity that was quite his own. He had held a pen in his fluent hand from youth to the last years of diplomatic eminence, and he knew how to write and to talk as an artist in each branch of urbane culture.

The earliest period of his life, which was passed in Philadelphia, is treated as though he were painting a Dutch interior with all its infinite touches of light and color and form, and some of shadow, for the Quaker City of his day and neighborhood was none too beautiful. But he had from the beginning, in spite of the conventions of the rigid religion of his family, which was of Irish and French stock, a very personal and sturdy independence which led him to form friendships for himself wherever he went. He fought many battles at his Catholic school, in one of which he lost the symmetry of his nose, — a characteristic of his lovable face, and he went far afield for his youthful literary connections amongst a group of book-loving poets, where I first knew him.

His years in Washington at college, and in New York, after he had won his way into the magazines with sonnets that have an enduring life; and his experiences as Professor of English Literature at Notre Dame University in the West and at the Catholic University in Washington, show the vitality of his independence, his belief in himself, and in his ability to do what fate put in his way. But in no sense is this more perceptible than in his attitude toward his Church. He was nothing if not a loyal Catholic. He served the Church devotedly in Washington, where he seems to have been, through the administrations from Cleveland to Wilson, a sort of lay advisor or unaccredited councillor, and especially was this so in the term of Roosevelt, when the incident of a red hat for Archbishop Ireland became conspicuous. But he maintained through all his experiences the right to criticise as well as to adhere, even going so far as to question the Papal ruling on "Americanism"; and freely condemning many of the untoward acts and formulas at the Georgetown University.

But his deep sense of humor kept his perceptions sane and fresh, and its cleansing gales swept clear the troubles that he

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struggled with, though he confesses in the end that these were mostly imaginary. Such stories as this of Paul Huneker abound through his book, —

"Paul had been rather remiss in his religious duties. Easter came and Mrs. Huneker begged him to go to Confession, — when he returned he found her, of course, delighted —

" 'I had a terrible fright though, Mother,' he said. 'After I had finished my story, the priest left the confessional box for a moment, and I was sure that he had gone for a policeman!' "

Nobody in our time has had a longer career than Maurice Egan in contact with high official office in Washington, and as a literary artist of delicate tact, nobody could have pictured the social and political life at the capital, nor in the ranks of diplomacy, more closely and picturesquely than he. His position of Minister at Copenhagen, the "Whispering gallery of Europe," from 1907 to the end of the war gave him sources of news, and of charming or laughable anecdotes which he has used to make his pages a rich mine of the material of history for a delver like Parkman or Fiske.

The reader need not expect to pick up this delightful book as a "Stop-gap before breakfast," nor to lay it down with weariness. There are a rush of events and a contagion of humor in its graceful fabric that carry on to the end; and when the end is reached, there stands the friend of everybody — Maurice Egan — poet, story-teller, teacher, scholar, man-of-the-world, diplomat, and lovable, blarneying *gourmet*, best of *raconteurs* over the wine or the curry or the viands he so much loved to dally with and twinkle over. There stands the embodiment, from youth to age of a typical, cultivated, humorous, highly informed, clear-headed American gentleman.

HARRISON S. MORRIS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Envoi

"But remember, when we've ceased
Giving praise and reckoning odds,
Man shares courage with the beast,
Wisdom cometh from the Gods."

Thus Robert Underwood Johnson turns suddenly from patriot to philosopher in concluding his noble ballad to *Dewey at Manila*. This poem is again made accessible, together with a generous garland of occasional verse, — poems to persons, places, and historical dates, in his COLLECTED POEMS, 1881—1922 (Yale University Press, $4.00).

Judged by the Greek measure of culture, in American university education the 1870's were the most satisfactory years. Then the college body was homogeneous; athletics were still joyous unorganized sport; conversation was one of the arts, and the entire body of young American gentlemen were actuated by the same doctrine as that of Mr. Johnson's earlier sonnet, *Noblesse Oblige*. Reading and respecting the classics and the Concord and the Victorian schools, these young men, when they became sonneteers like the two life-long friends Robert Underwood Johnson and Maurice Francis Egan, carried over the old traditions serenely and confidently and bridged the arid years into the present tempestuous generation of vers libre and relativity.

His patriotic poems will long continue to be read aloud on feast days in American school-rooms. Yet Mr. Johnson is at his happiest when heroism and humor meet, as in *The Gypsy Praises His Horse*, also he never quite forgets that lyricism is essential:

"In the tassel-time of Spring
Love's the only song to sing."

His friend Egan grew more vital in his literary production each decade to the year of his death, and the hexameters of 1922, "The Great Adventure," with which Mr. Johnson finishes his book of poems, show not a faltering but a maturing power.

Laboratory and Life

If the human mind is making real and rapid progress anywhere to-day it is in the laboratories of the scientists. Aloof from the nervous wear and strain of the telephone and the committee-room, unpolluted by the propaganda of salesmanship or public opinion, untainted by the fever for notoriety, they are patiently building experiment on experiment and laying down laws that explain the past and predict the future. Yet most of this work is uncommunicated to the public. Of the

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chemists we hear most. They are dealing with matter pure and simple, divorced from the tangled concepts of mind and spirit, more easily understanded of a materialistic era than the problems of the biologists, — the biologists who are wrestling with the far more intricate and inscrutable mystery of life, where science and religion, mind and matter, seem to interweave. Happily there appears now and again at the door of his laboratory a great naturalist blessed with the gift of literary charm who is able and gracious enough to communicate himself to the people. Huxley was one of these; in England there is Haldane, the biochemist; in New York also a small group lead by Henry Fairfield Osborn.

Professor Osborn's IMPRESSIONS OF A GREAT NATURALIST (Scribner's, $2.50) contains a dozen out of his fifty-seven scattered biographic sketches, and gives examples of a firm but always engaging style that matures over a period of forty years. Through his papers on Wallace and Darwin the knotty theory of natural selection unfolds to the imagination, Huxley and Balfour become human, Pasteur a hero, Roosevelt ceases to be a dilettante, and our own two Johns, — Burroughs and Muir, — grow more lovable. To a layman, however, none of these essays is more convincing than the one, — recently written, — about James Bryce. That is partly because the subject is a layman in science; but the essay's radiancy of style is due to the fact that it was first delivered by Professor Osborn as an *ex tempore* address under the inspiring surroundings of the Cathedral of St John the Divine. A Christian and a naturalist, at the same time, Dr. Osborn has an enormous opportunity to reinforce the spiritual life of our nation.

Derricks of Destiny

It is not every bank president who can write an arresting autobiography. But Samuel G. Bayne, had he chosen, might have been a professional humorist, or even a politician. His book is a very human history of the part played in the development of our oil fields by an Irish pioneer, well educated yet adventurous, a lover of art and roses as well as men, who established and directed the great bank that first dared to finance the piping of oil to the seaboard. (Brentano's, $3.00.)

EDITORS.

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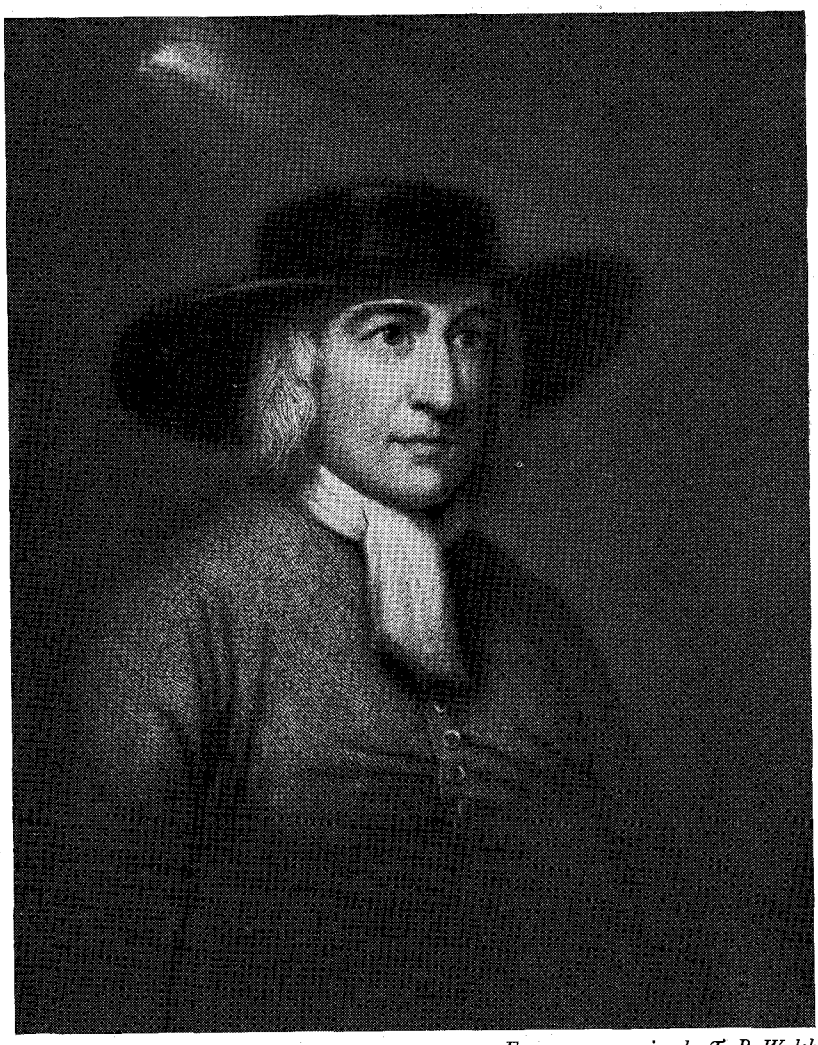

From an engraving by T. B. Welch

GEORGE FOX

Whose religion was to live the "Christianity of Christ," founder of the "Society of Friends" or "Quakers"

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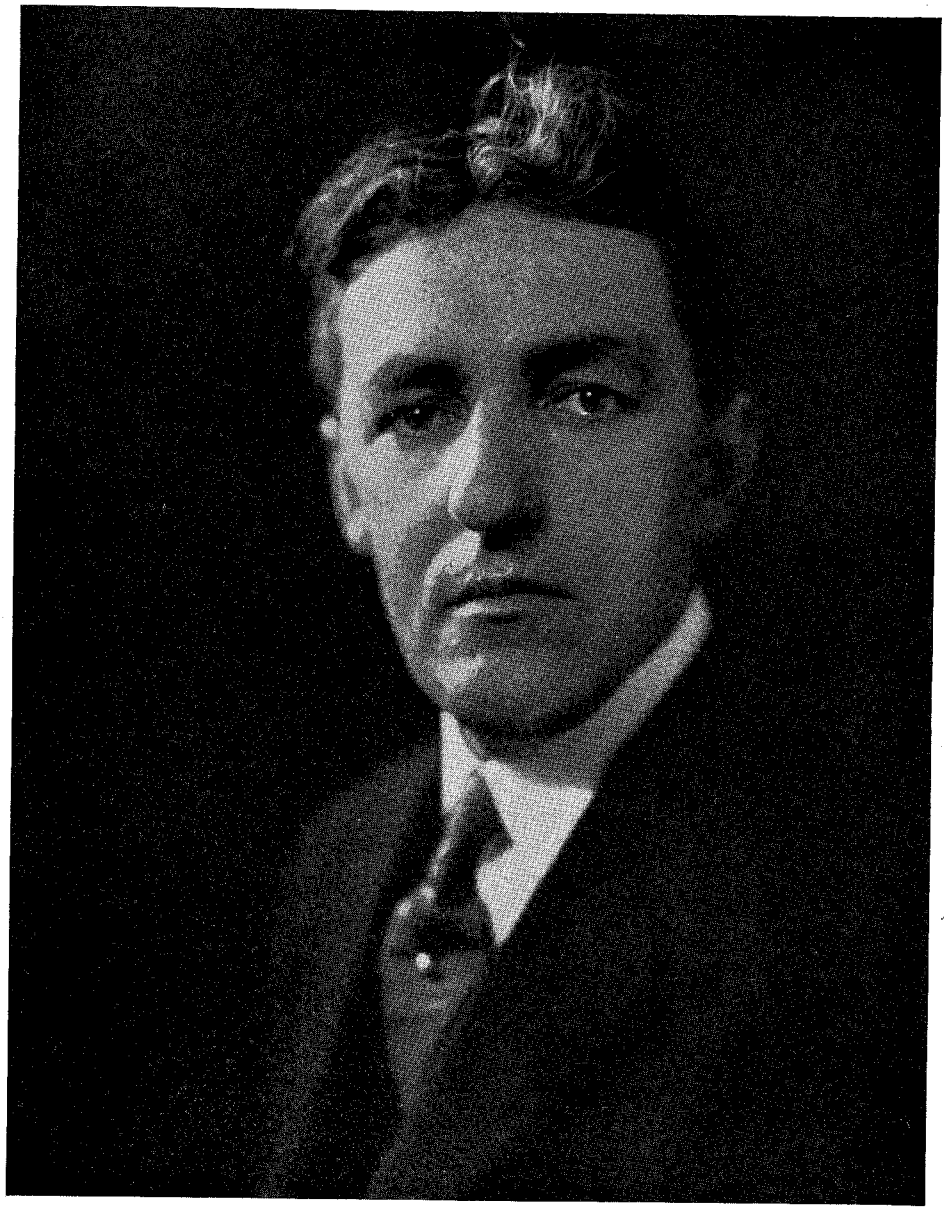

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Editor of the "Commonweal", defender of the Catholic Church in America

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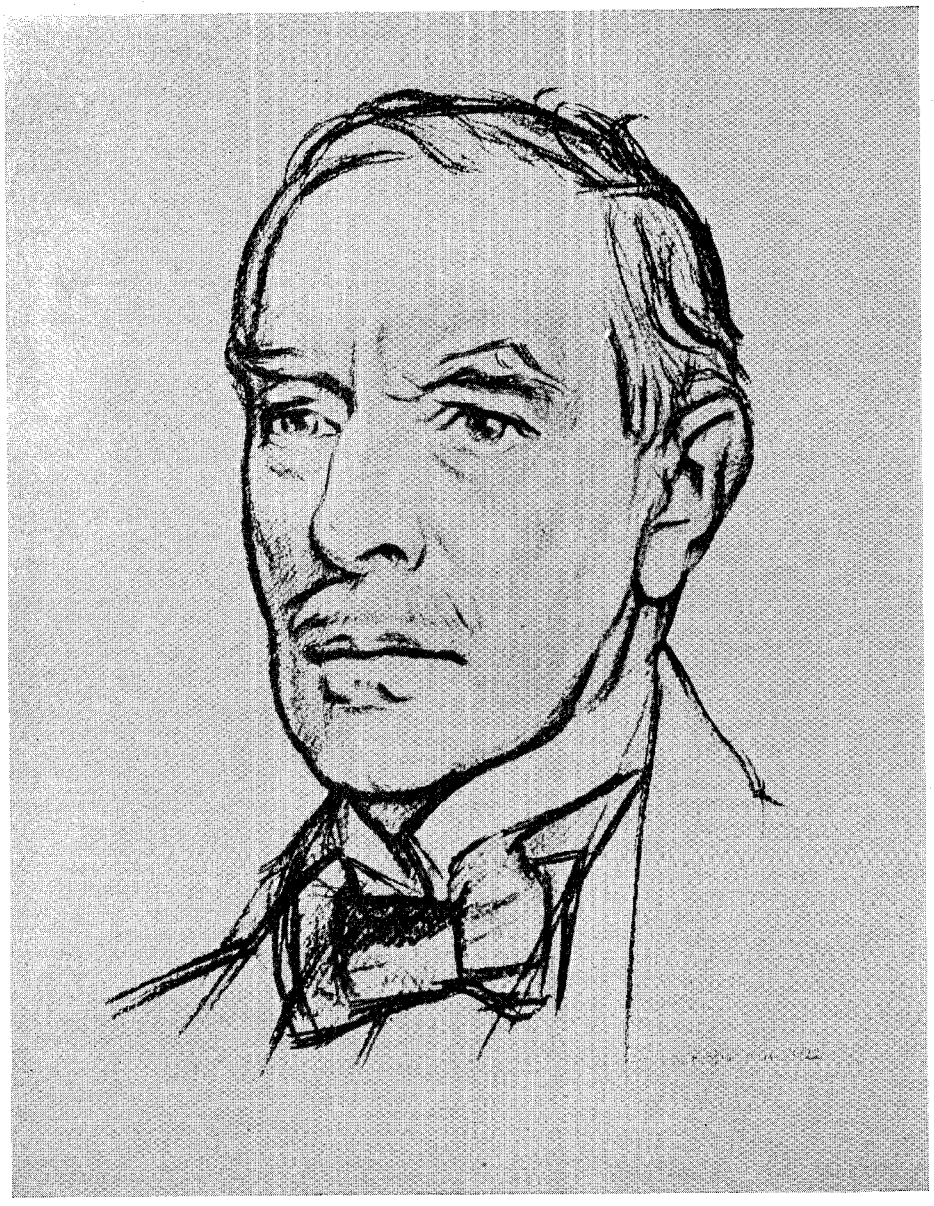

J. St Loe Strachey

Editor of the London "Spectator" and author of "The Christianity of Christ"

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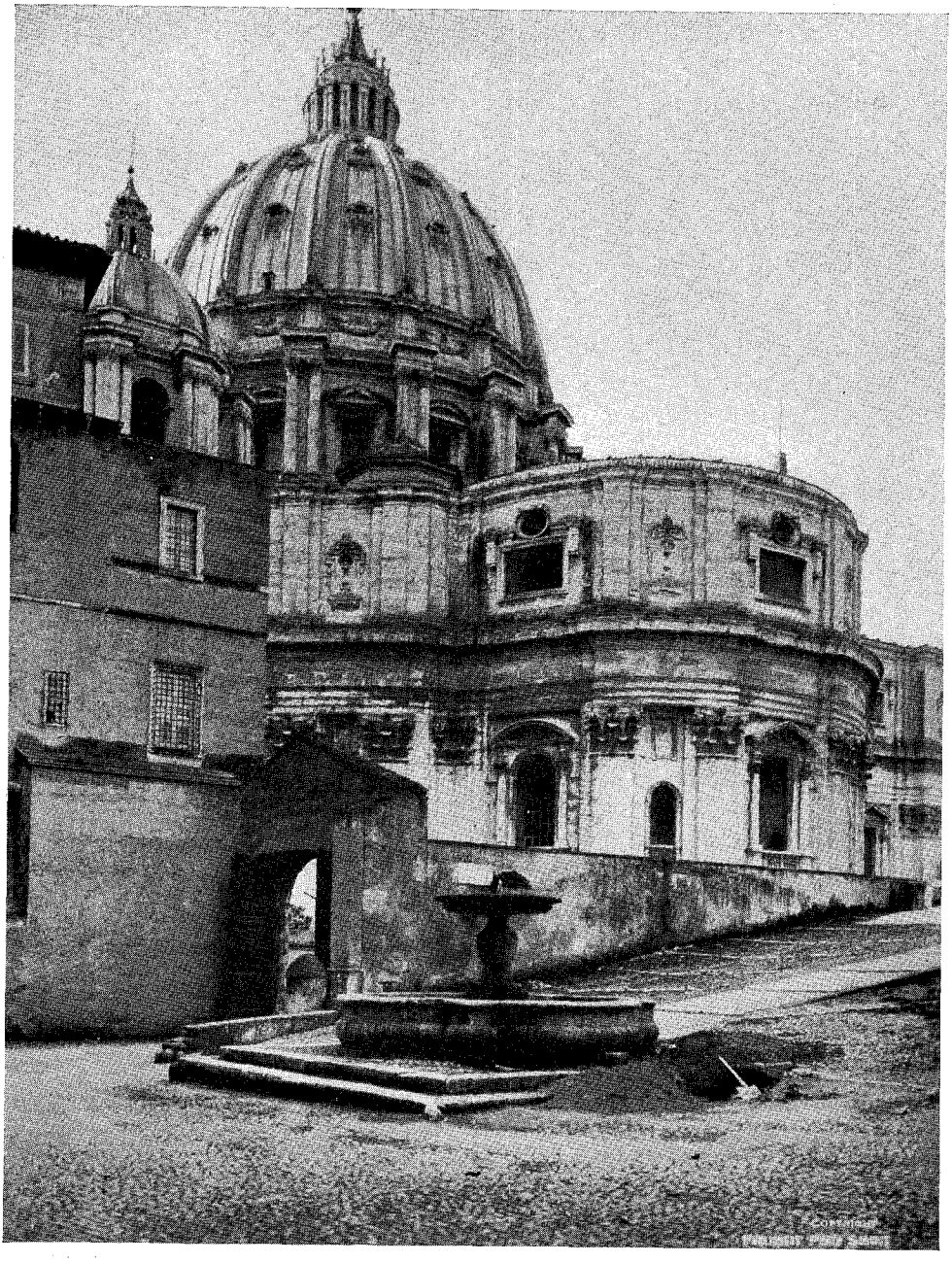

THE VATICAN

A corner of the Courtyard of the Pope's Residence with the dome of St Peter's showing in the background

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